

NOVEMBER 1981

\$1.75

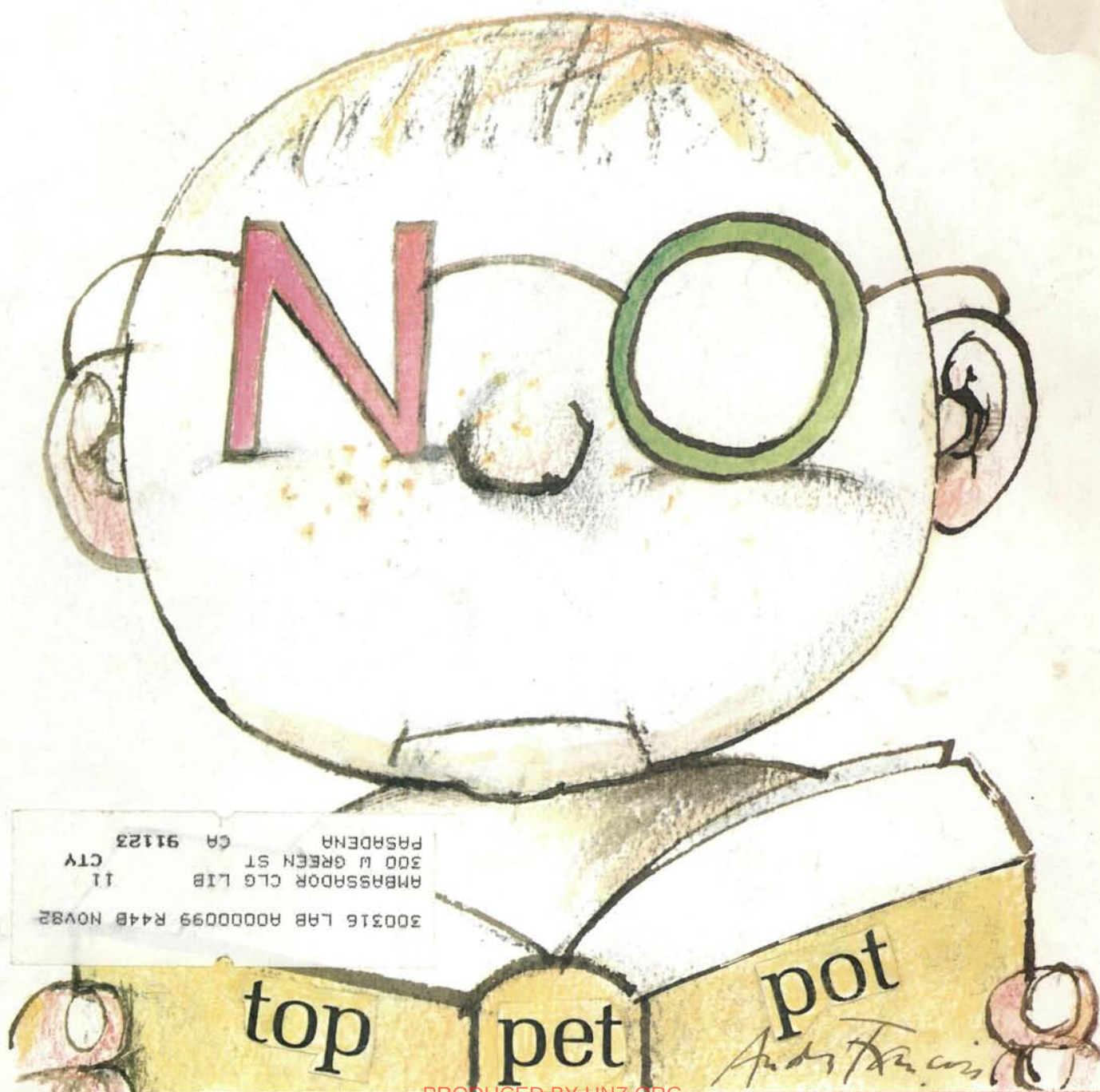
THE Atlantic

JAMES ATLAS / ROBERT A. CARO / JAYNE ANNE PHILLIPS / JAMES WOLCOTT / STANLEY KUNITZ

WHY CHILDREN DON'T LIKE TO READ

BY BRUNO BETTELHEIM AND KAREN ZELAN

OCT 26 1981



300316 LAB A0000099 R44B NOV82
11
300 W GREEN ST
PASADENA CA 91123

1981 U.S. GOV'T REPORT:

THE COMMERCIAL APPEAL MEMPHIS, TENN.

Carlton Scores Best In Cigaret Testing

WASHINGTON (UPI) — The Carlton king-size filter cigarette sold in a hard pack had the lowest tar, nicotine and cost of any cigarette tested.



"TAR"..... LESS THAN 0.01 MG
NICOTINE..... 0.002 MG

CARLTON IS LOWEST.

Today's Carlton has even less tar than the version tested for the Government's 1981 Report.
Despite new low tar brands introduced since—**Carlton still lowest.**

Box—less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nicotine.

Box: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.002 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '81.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Can-Do to the Fore

American esprit, pride, esteem, good feeling—call it what you will. It rises and wanes in track with our national triumphs and troubles. At times it bursts forth with such force that few can escape its unifying effects. One glorious time was America's Bicentennial celebration. Others came with the U.S. hockey team's gold-medal victory in the Olympics, and release of the hostages in Iran.

The character and flavor of a period often can be glimpsed in the recurrent phraseology and catchwords of the day. A few years back, we heard too much about America's "malaise," its "crisis of confidence," our "sick society."

Did those phrases and the attitudes they bespoke truly mirror the mood of Americans at the time? Do they apply to the America of 1981?

"These are important questions for many reasons, particularly when viewed in the context of a new political movement in America," says *Public Opinion*, a magazine published by the American Enterprise Institute.

"A new administration is now purposefully trying to rekindle American optimism. Indeed, much of President Reagan's proposed economic plan is based precisely on national psychology, rather than straight economics. One aspect of the supply-side idea suggests that a new attitudinal buoyancy can play a major role in pulling America out of the economic doldrums. Reaganomics pre-supposes a 'can-do' attitude."

Is can-do coming back? To find out with any accuracy means gauging and quantifying the American mood. We mea-

sure the gross national product, consumer prices, stock market values, the money supply. Why not the American spirit? Why not an index of the Gross National Spirit?

The editors of *Public Opinion* have fashioned such an index. Drawing on the skills and findings of public opinion survey organizations and specialists, they have traced the rise and decline of the American spirit from the mid-1970s onward.

"Sisyphus-like, from the depths of deep recession and political scandal in 1974, the boulder was pushed up the mountain to the Bicentennial and beyond," writes co-editor Ben Wattenberg. "Then, decline. The Carter years, as President Carter pointed out, were indeed years of growing malaise. So far in 1981, we have seen a big bounce in an optimistic direction."

With good reason. A sense of positive purpose now infuses our national leadership; a resolve to alter course and get the country moving again. This spirit seems to be transmitting itself to the American people. In growing numbers, they sense that America is groping its way back. They are feeling better about themselves, their future, and their country.

Not that all is well; far from it. There's a long, winding way to go to restore America to where we want it. But, at least, a solid start has been made. A new mood is taking form; a rekindling of optimism, a bestirring of hope. A climate is being created. It gives promise of renewed performance, progress, and achievement for Americans, both as individuals and as a nation.

The Gross National Spirit is looking up.





THE MACNEIL- LEHRER REPORT. UNERRINGLY ON TARGET.

Weeknights on PBS
with Charlayne Hunter-Gault ➤



Coproduced by WNET/New York and WETA/Washington, D.C., and made possible by grants from the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, Exxon Corporation, AT&T and the Bell System Companies and member stations of PBS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE Atlantic

Reports & Comment

- 8 SAIGON: "LIBERATED" BUT STILL CAPITALIST STANLEY KARNOW
16 CÓRDOBA: ARGENTINA'S SECOND CITY HANS KONING
-

- 25 WHY CHILDREN DON'T LIKE TO READ BRUNO BETTELHEIM AND KAREN ZELAN
Some suggestions for giving the gift of literacy to American children

- 28 THE WASP JOYCE CAROL OATES
A poem

- 32 REMINISCENCE TO A DAUGHTER JAYNE ANNE PHILLIPS
A story

- 41 THE YEARS OF LYNDON JOHNSON ROBERT A. CARO
How Lyndon Johnson, as a newcomer in Washington, acquired a powerful ally

- 64 THE D. H. LAWRENCE ALL-STAR JAMBOREE JAMES WOLCOTT
Show Biz meets Literature in New Mexico

- 68 THE WELLFLEET WHALE STANLEY KUNITZ
A poem

- 70 I FLY WITH THE EAGLES JAMES FALLOWS
After criticizing the Air Force's F-15 jets, our man goes for a ride in one of them

- 76 THE GAMES DAVID SOLWAY
A poem
-

- 79 THE AUTHOR'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS LYNN CARAGANIS

- 81 MUSIC/CLASSICAL RECORDS WILLIAM H. YOUNGREN

- 84 BOOKS/A SURE NARRATIVE VOICE JAMES ATLAS
Short stories by Richard Yates

- 86 BOOKS/NAVIGATING THROUGH REEFS ROBERT TOWERS
Robert Stone's new novel

- 88 SHORT REVIEWS PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS
-

- 4 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- 96 THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER EMILY COX & HENRY RATHVON

Cover illustration by André François

VOLUME 248 No. 5
NOVEMBER 1981



Subscriptions: 1 Year \$18.00,
2 Years \$33.00, 3 Years \$45.00
in the United States, its
possessions, and Canada;
\$2.00 additional, per year,
elsewhere. Address all

subscription
correspondence to
Atlantic Subscription
Processing Center,
Box 2547,
Boulder, Colorado 80322

Advertising sales:

The Atlantic,
420 Lexington Ave.,
New York, N.Y. 10017.
Tel: 212-687-2424

Other offices in Boston,
Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit,
San Francisco, Los Angeles.

The Atlantic, November 1981
Vol. 248, No. 5

Published monthly by
the Atlantic Monthly Company,
8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.
02116.

Second class
postage paid at
Boston, Mass., Concord, N.H.,
and Boulder, Col.

Postage paid at Montreal,
port payé à Montréal.
Printed in the U.S.A.
Copyright © 1981, by
The Atlantic Monthly Company
(ISSN 0276-9077).
All rights reserved.

Unsolicited manuscripts
will be returned *only*
if accompanied by a return
envelope and adequate postage.

Postmaster:
Please send Form 3579
to The Atlantic, Box 2546,
Boulder, Colorado 80322.

THE Atlantic

Editor
WILLIAM WHITWORTH

Executive Editor
RICHARD TODD

Senior Editor
C. MICHAEL CURTIS

Managing Editor
LOUISE DESAULNIERS

Art Director
JUDY GARLAN

Washington Editor
JAMES FALLOWS

Associate Editors
JAMES ATLAS
CORBY KUMMER
DEBORAH MCGILL
MARTHA SPAULDING

Staff Editors
PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS
PETER DAVISON (poetry)
ALISON HUMES
ANNE MORTIMER-MADDOX
SUE PARILLA

Assistants to the Editors
MAUREEN BROWN
AVRIL CORNEL
RHODA GUBERNICK

Contributing Editors
BENJAMIN DEMOTT, WARD JUST
TRACY KIDDER
JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON
ROSS TERRILL, SANFORD J. UNGAR
DAN WAKEFIELD, ANDREW WARD
DANIEL YERGIN

Editor Emeritus
EDWARD WEEKS



President and Publisher
BRUCE W. GRAY

Vice President, Finance and Administration
LAWRENCE MURPHY

Circulation Director
ROY M. GREEN

Circulation Manager
SYDNEY E. LEONARD

Production Manager
JOSEPH T. O'CONNELL

Classified Advertising
MICHAEL P. TRACY

Editorial and Business Office
The Atlantic Monthly Company
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02116

Chairman
MORTIMER B. ZUCKERMAN

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BIOGRAPHICAL BORROWINGS

Lloyd Schwartz's charges against me in his review of my biography of Maria Callas (September *Atlantic*) cannot be allowed to go unanswered.

Let me start with his factual inaccuracies. His claim that I discuss Callas's first encounter with de Sabata only "in parenthetical flashback" is simply untrue, as he would have discovered if he had read as far as page 103. He goes on to charge me with failing to quote Callas's own words on the disaster of the *Rome Norma* ("What a missed opportunity," he wails). On page 319 of my book, Callas's own words on the subject are quoted at length.

Mr. Schwartz further makes a series of points which I am at a loss to understand. He criticizes me, for instance, for calling *Fidelio* a work about "the victory of love over death." What does he think it is—a farce about women dressing up as men? Or a plea for better conditions in federal prisons? He also criticizes me for thinking less of Spontini's *La Vestale* than he does, but what he calls musical judgment is in fact the substitution of his own opinion for mine. And if he would actually say what is wrong with calling the Triumph Scene in *Aida* the Triumph Scene in *Aida* we could all understand his point. (If all he is saying is that he prefers it to be called "Triumphal," then his point is so trivial as to be invisible, and in any case I have catered to his tastes by calling it "Triumphal" on page 87.)

Mr. Schwartz strains hard to find a few sentences in my book similar to those in two previous biographies. The author to whose defense he so gallantly rushes—John Ardoin—is the one who needs such defenders least. Mr. Ardoin read all three drafts of my book, and made many corrections and suggestions for amendment; for these I am deeply grateful, and have said so in the book. He had no complaint about the way in which I had drawn on his *Callas Legacy*, and is quoted on the jacket of my book describing it as "surely the finest biography of Callas ever written." Mr. Schwartz fails to understand that all biography, to say nothing of history,

is obliged to rely on earlier work. I have amply made clear my indebtedness to the works I have consulted, in eight pages of Source Notes, and I have, throughout the book, taken steps to distinguish between my use of secondary sources and my own three years of primary research, interviewing friends, relatives, and critics who knew Callas, and drawing from unpublished letters and tapes of Callas herself.

Mr. Schwartz's real problem can be seen in his quotation of Callas's remark "If anyone really wants to understand me, he will find me entirely in my work," and in his criticism of me for not accepting this statement. Of course I do not accept it; nor could anyone who knew anything about the conflict between life and art that exists in every great artist. It is precisely because the statement is probably less true for Callas than for any other singer who ever lived that she makes so tragic and eternally fascinating a subject, and the very fact that she needed to say something so obviously untrue reinforces both the tragedy and the fascination.

The time has long since gone by when Mr. Schwartz's gushing, fan-club approach could be considered adequate to the biographer's task. Callas is one of the great figures not only of opera but of modern culture, and she played an emblematic role that cannot be grasped solely by reference to her recordings. Mr. Schwartz does not even begin to understand just why she captured the imagination of millions who never heard a note of opera in their lives, as well as those who were musically knowledgeable but also recognized, consciously or instinctively, that her life was one of the most significant human dramas of our century.

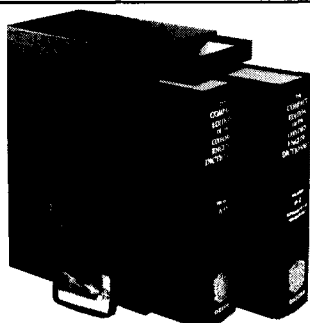
ARIANNA STASSINOPOULOS
New York, N.Y.

Lloyd Schwartz replies:

Surely one of the reasons Maria Callas was a great artist was that she took her art so seriously. Shouldn't her biographer do so too? Miss Stassinopoulos, however, demonstrates in her book not only a lack of familiarity with even some of the best-known musical works

Choose one of these five sets and save up to \$216¹⁵

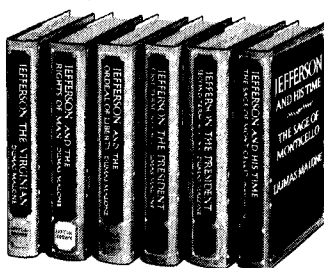
You simply agree to buy 4 books within the next two years.



The Compact Edition of The Oxford English Dictionary

The "most complete, most scholarly dictionary of the English language" — *The Christian Science Monitor*. Through photo-reduction, the original 13-volume set has been reproduced in this two-volume Compact Edition. Magnifying glass included.

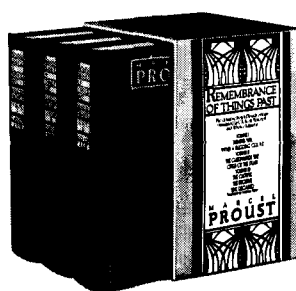
Publisher's price \$125.00
Your savings ~~-\$105.05~~
Book-of-the-Month Club price **\$ 19.95**



Jefferson and His Time by Dumas Malone

The landmark six-volume set that is "a masterly achievement of scholarship, the finest biography of Jefferson we have or are likely to have and a monumental triumph of the senior American historian" — *The New York Times Book Review*.

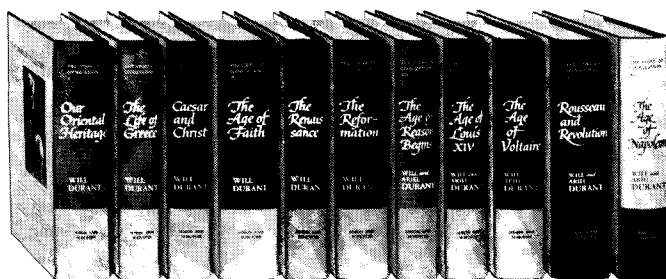
Publisher's prices total \$109.90
Your savings ~~-\$ 94.90~~
Book-of-the-Month Club price **\$ 15.00**



Remembrance of Things Past

The major new translation of Proust's masterpiece that combines its seven parts into three elegant volumes. "An extraordinary venture...brilliantly effected at last" — *The New York Times Book Review*.

Publisher's prices total \$75.00
Your savings ~~-\$65.00~~
Book-of-the-Month Club price **\$10.00**

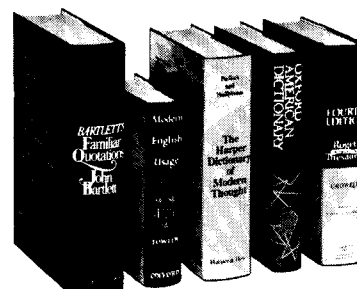


The Story of Civilization by Will and Ariel Durant

For almost half a century, Will and Ariel Durant have been tracing the continuity of world history—the religions and philosophies, the political and economic tides, the arts and sciences, the customs and conquests—to show the foundations of society today. Now complete, the Durants' 11-volume illustrated masterwork is history come alive in all its dimensions. The enormous scope of the work covers ancient and recent civilization, includ-

ing Oriental as well as Western history. A Book-of-the-Month Club exclusive for close to 50 years, it is both a reference work of undisputed authority and a lively portrait of the countless rulers and leaders who have shaped the course of human events. A magnificent centerpiece for any home library.

Publisher's prices total \$241.10
Your savings ~~-\$216.15~~
Book-of-the-Month Club price **\$ 24.95**



Reference Set

The five indispensable works for the home or student library: *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* (revised and enlarged edition), Fowler's *A Dictionary of Modern English Usage*, *The Harper Dictionary of Modern Thought*, *Oxford American Dictionary*, *Roget's International Thesaurus*.

Publisher's prices total \$91.40
Your savings ~~-\$78.45~~
Book-of-the-Month Club price **\$12.95**

Prices shown are U.S. prices. Outside the U.S., prices are generally higher.

Benefits of Membership. Membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club begins with your choice of the extraordinary works offered here. Because our prices are generally lower than the publishers', you will save on works such as these throughout your membership as well as on the finest new fiction and nonfiction titles. In fact, the longer you remain a member, the greater your savings can be. Our Book-Dividend® plan, for which you become eligible after a brief trial enrollment, offers at least 70% off the publisher's price on art books, reference works, classics, books on cooking and crafts, literary sets and other contemporary works of enduring value. Nevertheless, all Book-of-the-Month Club books are equal in quality to the publisher's original; they are not condensed versions or cheaply made reprints.

As a member you will receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*® 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Every issue reviews a Main Selection and 150 other books that we call Alternates, which are carefully chosen by our editors. If you want the Main Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternates—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form and return it by the specified date. **Return Privilege:** If the *News* is delayed and you receive the Main Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense. **Cancellations:** Membership may be discontinued, by either you or the Club, at any time after you have purchased 4 additional books. Join today. With savings and choices like these, no wonder Book-of-the-Month Club is America's Bookstore®.

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012

A8-11

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the set I have checked below, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy 4 books during the next two years. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

CHECK ONE BOX ONLY

- ☐ 912. Compact OED **\$19.95**
- ☐ 913. The Story of Civ. **\$24.95**
- ☐ 934. Jefferson & His Time **\$15**
- ☐ 935. Remembrance Things Past **\$10**
- ☐ 938. Reference Set **\$12.95**

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____ (Please print plainly)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®
America's Bookstore® since 1926

but also a surprising lack of interest in Callas as a musician. The many Callas performances she says she has listened to seem to have made no direct impression on her—almost every description depends heavily on earlier sources and received opinions. More disturbing, dozens of these descriptions contain extensive word-for-word borrowings and close paraphrases offered as her own prose. Even in Miss Stassinopoulos's "Source Notes," as in her letter here, such phrases as "I have drawn on . . ." and "I have relied on . . ." become euphemisms for quoting without quotation marks.

A great deal of work, of course, must have gone into the strictly biographical portions of the book, and they make compelling reading. But my one bit of first-hand sleuthing (into the incidents surrounding Callas's only Boston appearance) proved Miss Stassinopoulos's account largely fabrication. As a result, it's hard to trust the rest of the "original material."

For the record: Miss Stassinopoulos's description of the first Callas/de Sabata collaboration occurs, incorrectly dated, in a brief flashback on page 119; all she says about de Sabata on page 103 is "Victor de Sabata, La Scala's artistic director, was conducting." However much I may—and do—disagree with her evaluation of La Vestale, my criticism was actually directed at her misunderstanding of the plot (which is different from Norma, just as Fidelio is different from Tristan). As for her treatment of the Rome Norma (page 177), my "charge" was not that she failed to use Callas's own words but that she missed the opportunity to put quotation marks around them.

WHAT IS A METEOROLOGIST?

For Eleanor Perényi ("Partly Cloudy," August *Atlantic*) to lump all TV weather people—especially the qualified meteorologists—together is unfair. Many "meteorologists" (not to be confused with weather readers) across the nation give viewers as much information as possible without using the many adjectives available. But our responsibility is to let people know what will happen and how it may affect them—either good or bad. I'm not saying we are perfect; meteorology will always be an inexact science. But

any self-respecting meteorologist will admit on the air when he/she is wrong. I'm not sure where Eleanor Perényi is from or where she gets her weather information, but it's time she started looking for a qualified meteorologist who will tell her the whole story, then let her decide if it's good or bad for the garden.

DAVE MURRAY
Chief Meteorologist, Channel 5
St. Louis, Mo.

Eleanor Perényi replies:

Obviously, weather fans in St. Louis are in luck. My neighborhood gets its forecasts from Hartford and New Haven in Connecticut, Providence in Rhode Island, New Bedford and sometimes Boston in Massachusetts, and my observations on weathermen were drawn from those sources. It would have been helpful if Mr. Murray had defined "qualified" as applied to forecasters. Can one obtain a degree in meteorology? My own favorite forecaster is a blatant amateur who only does the weather when the station's regular man is on vacation. He raves incomprehensibly about dew points and warns us of fronts that are (here the voice is lowered ominously) heading our way. He is much more fun than the fellow in the sprayed hairdo who claims to be a professional, and their batting averages are about equal—confirming my belief that their source is the same, i.e. the National Weather Service. If Mr. Murray has other sources, other methods, I salute him.

MORE ON THE M-16

The piece on the Army's M-16 rifle tells a very small part of a much larger, complex story. Jim Fallows, a wonderful writer, apparently had limited sources. Had he taken time, for example, to visit the U.S. Army Armament Research and Development Command (which he accuses of withdrawing an invitation to interview technicians knowledgeable of the M-16 development), he might have reached quite different conclusions. Alas, when offered the interview, he declined because it could not be arranged in the seven or ten days before his deadline.

JOHN F. DONOVAN
Department of the Army
Dover, N.J.

James Fallows replies:

One of the "limited" sources from which I worked was the transcript of the congressional hearings about the M-16, which is more than 600 pages long and contains extensive submissions from all interested parties, including the Ordnance Corps. Moreover, while Mr. Donovan was always cordial in discussing possible interviews, I ask him to recall our two conversations in mid-March about my visiting his headquarters in New Jersey. In the first conversation, he invited me to visit the installation; in the second, he withdrew that invitation, saying the line I quoted in my article: "We feel like these are the Army's decisions, and the Army should explain them."

INEFFICIENT ENERGY CONVERSION

Julian Simon, in his articles in the June, July, and August issues of *The Atlantic*, fails to recognize the laws of nature. The Second Law of Thermodynamics, which is fundamental to ecology, states that energy conversions can never approach 100 percent efficiency. It applies to economic activity in this way: every economically productive activity (one that adds to GNP in the traditional sense) involves the conversion of matter from one form to another. This can only be accomplished via the use of energy, and since no energy conversion can be 100 percent efficient, every economic activity involves inefficiency or waste. In its simplest form, that inefficiency is waste heat; in its more complex forms, it can range from raw sewage to toxic sludge.

The environment has not evolved with the capacity to deal with increasing quantities of any of these wastes, including heat, and cannot deal with even small amounts of some. We may be able to recover raw materials or increase food production indefinitely, as Simon suggests, but no amount of economists' creative accounting can help us escape the ecological laws that govern the biosphere. We are wholly dependent on the physical and biological world around us. As such we must learn to conform our economy and civilization to the laws that govern it, or ultimately destroy the earth's ecology, and with it ourselves.

PETER O'CONNOR
Alexandria, Va.

Julian Simon replies:

The Second Law of Thermodynamics and the associated concepts of entropy are wholly irrelevant to the choices we now make. That law applies to a bounded system. The practical boundary of our system certainly includes our main source of energy, the sun. And the energy from the sun during the billions of years that we may expect the sun to survive makes ridiculously small by comparison the entropy changes Mr. O'Connor refers to.

But more: Who wants to say that the appropriate boundary of our human system will remain unexpanded to the planets and elsewhere into the solar system for billions of years, assuming humanity and its descendants survive that long? And who is reasonably sure that such expanded "ultimate" solar system limits are finite in principle, let alone in practice, for those eons?

It is not ignorance, then, but rather simple practicality that leads us to proceed with available resources so as to enrich our lives and beautify our world as best we can in tens or hundreds rather than billions of years.

ADVICE & CONSENT

Otto Friedrich's "The Kingdom of Auschwitz" (September *Atlantic*) is brilliant, pervasive, moving beyond description, and by far the best short account of the Holocaust.

Eisenhower came to Gotha, the first death camp uncovered by the American Army, largely because I (as chief of his liaison staff section), with the help of General Bedell Smith (his chief of staff) and the commander and medical chief of the liberating division, convinced him that the outrages were so incredible that no one would believe any accounts of them unless Eisenhower himself observed it all; and I suggested that he come with newspapermen, photographers, and key Allied and American officials. He did come, even though this was the same day Göring's "salt mines" (with their treasures of gold and art) were uncovered; I saw Eisenhower stagger to a corner and vomit when he smelled the stench of death and saw skeletons stacked like cordwood.

I began reading the article late last night, and could not put it down until I

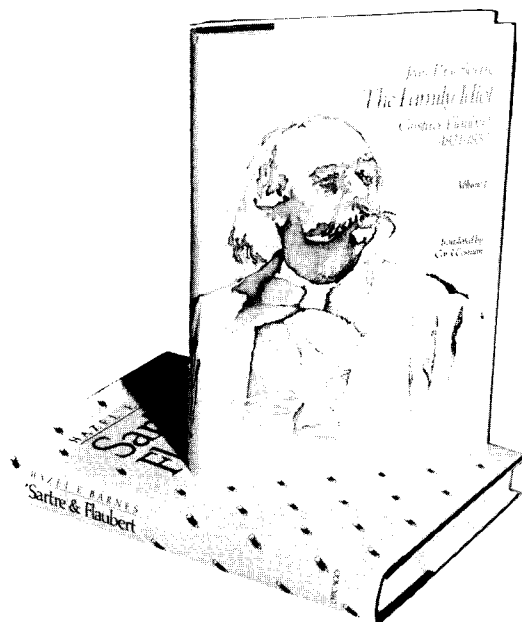
had finished. I did not sleep much. But I felt that this was the supreme synthesis of what I had read and known. And it reminded me of my continued guilt feelings that, although I had heard and read "rumors" and "stories" as early as 1941 or 1942, I could not believe what Hitler's "Final Solution" truly meant until early 1945.

LEWIS H. WEINSTEIN
Boston, Mass.

Fred Kaplan ("The Return of the ABM," September *Atlantic*) accepts the stance of the advocates: take one element at a time and argue the numbers. The result in this case is a complex and weak argument against ABMs—as if the difference between a 2,300 and a 4,600 nuke attack on the MX complex would make any difference to the hundreds of millions throughout the Northern Hemisphere who would be killed or crippled by fallout. Let's not get so used to arguing the finer points of destruction that we forget that annihilation is what we are talking about.

BARTLETT HARVEY
McLean, Va.

A masterpiece translated & explored



THE FAMILY IDIOT

Gustave Flaubert, 1821-1857, Volume 1

Jean-Paul Sartre.

Translated by Carol Cosman

Sartre's study of Flaubert is an acknowledged triumph of intellectual history. It is now being made available in an inspired English translation that captures all the variations of Sartre's style—from the jaunty to the ponderous—and all the nuances of even the most difficult ideas. Volume 1 consists of Part One of the original French work and is primarily concerned with Flaubert's childhood and adolescence. The translation is expected to be completed in five volumes. \$25.00

SARTRE AND FLAUBERT

Hazel E. Barnes

"Is *The Family Idiot* a biography of Gustave Flaubert or a novel? Is it Jean-Paul Sartre's autobiography in disguise? Is it a book about literature? Is it a philosophical work? It has been called all of these." In this absorbing book Hazel Barnes explores the extent to which this work is all of these. "It is a pleasure to read such a lucid, subtle, and generous book."

—Victor Brombert, Princeton University. \$25.00

The University of Chicago Press 5801 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, IL 60637



REPORTS & COMMENT

SAIGON

"LIBERATED" BUT STILL CAPITALIST

The Communist government derides "consumerism," but it knows that a thriving black market is vital to the city's economy



DURING THE AMERICAN war in Vietnam, when I served as a correspondent there, Saigon smelled of decay. Its bars were drug centers, its hotels brothels. Soldiers from Ohio and Georgia and Texas, black and white, their pockets crammed with cash, walked streets crowded with beggars, cripples, and other victims of devastation. South Vietnamese generals, enriched by silent Chinese partners, owned lavish villas near slums sheltering impoverished refugees from bombed villages. It was, in short, a city for sale.

A few months ago, I returned for the first time since the city's "liberation" by the Communists six years ago. As we

sipped green tea under Ho Chi Minh's portrait in a salon of the ornate Hotel de Ville, the vice president of the People's Committee, the municipal administration, assured me that the "socialist transformation" is proceeding on schedule. His lecture was a formality. We both knew that while the Communists have swallowed Saigon, they cannot digest it. Therefore, they are doing very little to stifle its capitalistic vitality.

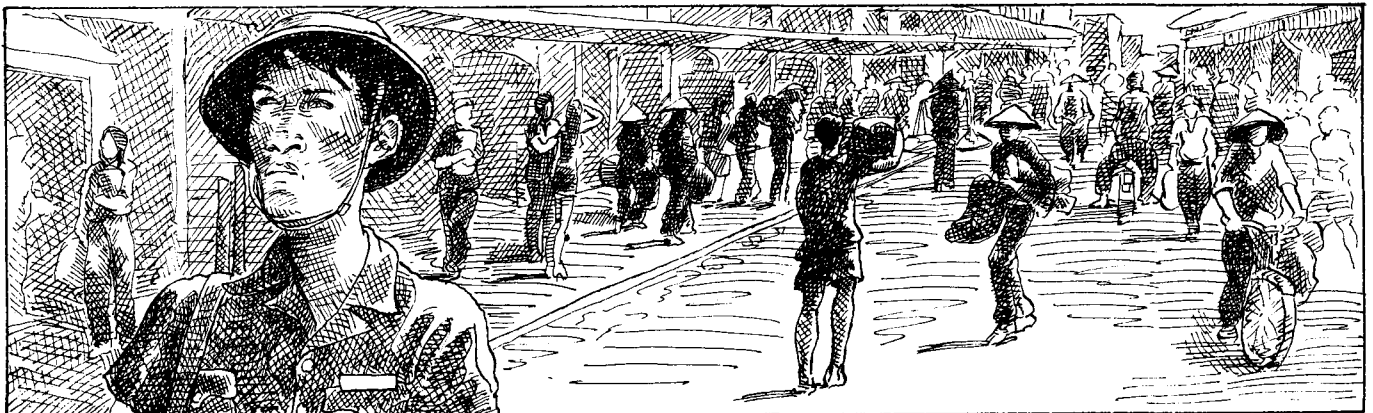
Communist rhetoric may fill the press and radio, but the present economic mood of Saigon is strikingly similar to what it was in the past—with one crucial difference. During the war, Saigon's inhabitants were competing for a piece of American aid, which ran to some \$2 billion a year. Now they are struggling for a share of South Vietnam's scarce resources.

Campaigns against corruption are staged regularly, yet party cadres in severe tunics can be seen in "free" restaurants, where dinner costs more than their monthly wage. Periodic efforts are launched to purge speculators, yet the half-million Chinese residents of Cholon continue to fix gold and black-

market-money rates, and reportedly even arrange transactions for the state. The Chinese, who have unexpected ways of acquiring things, also furnish the government with spare parts for its automobiles and trucks.

A local official proudly told me one afternoon that prostitution, as well as other plagues of imperialism, has been "fundamentally" eradicated. But, that evening, three prostitutes accosted me with a ferocity I had never experienced during the American era, when clients were plentiful. My official, when I related the incident the next morning, remarked with a sense of humor: "Did I say 'fundamentally'? I meant 'theoretically.'"

Despite directives warning against the evils of "consumerism," avenues and alleys are jammed with peddlers hawking everything from English cigarettes and French wine to Australian butter and Japanese radios. The spectacle recalls old times, when goods filched from the American PX supplied illicit vendors, and it was even possible to buy guns and uniforms stolen from military warehouses. The major sources of merchandise at present, however, are the



How to make better mistakes.

Everybody makes mistakes. Especially when they're typing.

But the best typing mistakes are the ones that no one ever sees. And that's what Lift-Rite™ from Smith-Corona® is all about.

Lift-Rite is the correction cartridge that actually lifts mistakes right off the page. Without a trace of white paint or

powder, because there isn't any. Mistakes disappear neatly, easily, smoothly, permanently, because they lift clean off the paper!

Compare a Smith-Corona with any other portable. Any one. Listen to it. Type on it. Examine it closely. Make no mistake.

It's Smith-Corona with Lift-Rite that should be your next portable typewriter.

Smith-Corona



parcels sent by Vietnamese in the United States, France, Canada, Australia, and elsewhere to their relatives in Saigon, who make ends meet by selling the products. A weekly Air France Boeing 747 discharges freight as well as passengers, and a Cathay Pacific freight plane arrives irregularly from Hong Kong. In principle, the legal imports are meant to be consumed only by their recipients. Instead they augment the black market, which is tolerated and widespread. Without it, the Saigon economy would collapse.

The airlines bring in an average of 220 tons of cargo a month, its original value more than \$10 million. By normal commercial measure, that amount is tiny. But it is significant to Vietnam, whose exports are so marginal that its foreign-currency reserves probably total less than \$100 million. Moreover, the imported goods escalate astronomically in value, in terms of the purchasing power they can provide their owners.

Consider, for example, that the average Vietnamese worker earns roughly seventy dongs per month. A pack of American cigarettes sells at a street stall for forty dongs. Thus, if he is lucky enough to have an uncle in Cannes or Toronto who remembers him, that Vietnamese worker can make the equivalent of six months' salary with a carton of Salems.

Officials, including stalwart Communist Party members, rarely hide their involvement in the pervasive traffic. One of them, whose monthly wage of 160 dongs is relatively high, told me that his aunt in Paris sends him toothpaste, vitamins, and other such items, which he promptly sells on the "parallel" market. "I could not survive otherwise," he said.

The authorities recently gave a further boost to this trade by setting up the Ho Chi Minh City Import-Export Company, or Imex, designed to streamline the flow of articles into the city from overseas. Firms in Montreal, Hong Kong, and elsewhere can now channel remittances from Vietnamese abroad to Imex, which delivers duty-free gift parcels containing rice, sugar, condensed milk, soap, and cigarettes to relatives in Saigon, who then sell the merchandise. Imex, which also imports beer, whiskey, and other luxuries for the hard-currency shops patronized by foreigners, is a major source of mer-

chandise that somehow makes its way into the hands of street vendors.

In this intricate and strangely sensitive economy, merchandise is more valuable than money. The lawful but unreal exchange rate for currency is nine dongs per dollar. Depending on fluctuations, the black-market rate is several times the legal rate. A bottle of aspirin, bought for a dollar in New York, can be sold in Saigon for two or three times as much. Merchandise is also safer to receive than money. Customs officers steam open letters, hoping to find banknotes, which they undoubtedly keep for themselves; and the prospective recipients cannot protest, since sending cash through the mail is illegal.

AS IN OTHER socialist countries, which function in a fog of ambiguities, it is almost impossible to gauge the percentage of Saigon's 3.4 million people who gain from this fluid market mechanism. Mysteriously, though, the profits seem to filter down through layers of intermediaries and even reach out into the countryside. Goods from Saigon also stream up to Hanoi, usually on trucks that are supposed to be transporting rice and other cargo.

Top officials share in the profit-taking. Bureaucrats, who process the masses of documents required to operate here, expedite matters in exchange for gifts. Artisans would rather be paid in goods than in cash. And bourgeois families, once wealthy, dispose of their heirlooms in order to buy imports. Accordingly, rare antiques are sold at bargain prices. So are stamp and coin collections, and out-of-print books.

As the result of recent liberal measures, this unorthodox supply network has been reinforced by thousands of small enterprises, manufacturing such products as plastic buckets and electrical fixtures. These businesses can make what they like, as long as they pay taxes. Also new are the hundreds of coffee shops, where unemployed young people sit listening to rock music. At one such place, a throbbing song contained the appropriate words "*I see a boat on the river, it's sailing away . . . where to, I can't say.*"

The basic aim of all this is to generate money for food. Vietnam's food shortage at the moment is severe. The starch ration, composed of rice, wheat, tapioca, and yams, averages thirteen

kilograms per month, which is inadequate for an adult. The alternative is the free market, where a kilo of rice equals a worker's wage for a month. Meat is rationed, but pork can be bought on the black market for the equivalent of a month's salary per kilo—in effect, bartered against the shampoo sent by that brother in Boston. A professor of medicine I met has his own solution: he is raising a pair of pigs in his garden.

The peasants benefit from the trade, particularly if they are close enough to the city to bring in their yields. Originally discouraged by collectivization, they are now permitted to cultivate their own crops as a stimulus to production, as long as they deliver a quota to the state. Predictably, their output of private livestock and poultry and vegetables has increased, though not enough to satisfy demand. Market food prices, consequently, are within the grasp only of urban dwellers receiving goods from Chicago, Hamburg, or elsewhere.

The constant buying and selling, the hustling, conniving, and bargaining, have contributed to a pervasive cynicism, in which Marxist tenets have no place. Saigon's maxim is still, as it has always been, "*Chacun pour soi*"—or, this being a Confucian society, "*pour sa famille*."

One Vietnamese friend predicts that the Communists will sooner or later crack down on the extensive flow of goods, since the liberal trend is bound to accelerate, thus threatening their hope of creating a socialist structure in Saigon. I wonder, however, whether the Communists will be able to curb the city's entrepreneurial momentum. For the present, at least, they are plainly steering away from the revolutionary route. Perhaps they cannot afford to antagonize a population already unsettled by political controls.

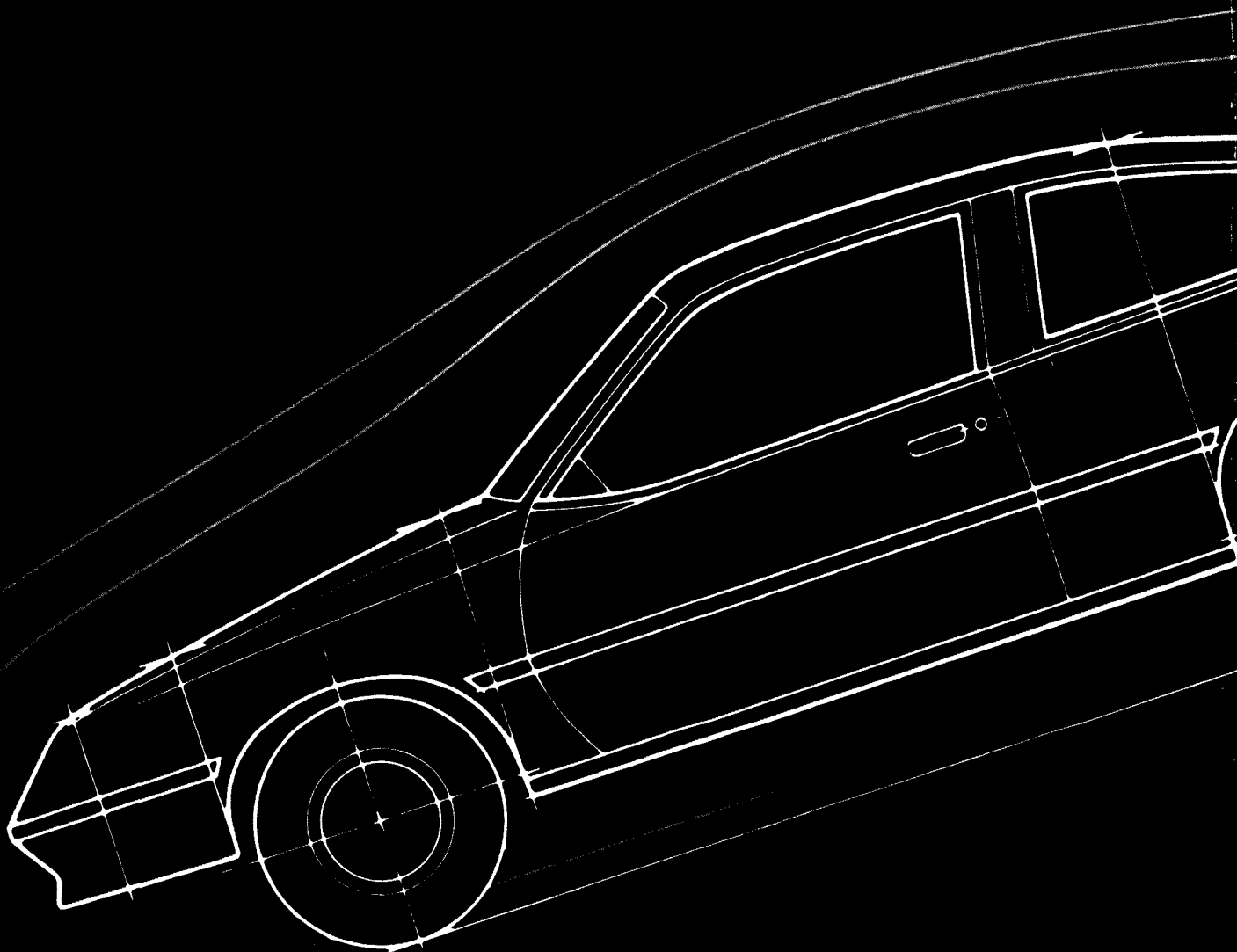
AT THE END OF April, 1975, as President Nguyen Van Thieu's inept regime crumbled, North Vietnamese divisions swept into Saigon, and were astonished by their easy success. They were greeted by a dazed people who welcomed peace for the first time in a generation.

The Communists rapidly began to alter the look of the city, covering its walls with slogans and putting their labels on buildings and streets. The

When curiosity flourishes, worlds can be changed.

Why? How? What if? Young people question. Taking joy in the search for solutions. Their worlds abound with endless possibilities. So, too, it is with scientists. Whose laboratories are as limitless as the universe. Whose ideas shape worlds. To interest young minds in the wonders of science, Phillips Petroleum has made possible a film series called "The Search for Solutions." Stimulating films aired on PBS and seen by over two million students per month. They capture the excitement of discovery. And the discoverer. To teach. To encourage. But most of all, to interest. Because childlike curiosity in the right hands can help turn darkness into light.





After the aerodynamics are right, go to the wind tunnel again.

The original goal had been achieved. It took less aerodynamic energy per pound to move our new car than any other in its size category. But GM engineers sought even better results.

By going into the wind tunnel for yet another test, we found that we could reduce the drag coefficient even more by moving the car's nameplate back less than an inch. It was a small detail, but we made the change. And it was worth it. No American company had ever built a more aerodynamically efficient family car.

General Motors is one of the few automobile manufacturers in the world, and the only one in the United States, with its own full-scale aerodynamic wind tunnel. That means we can run aerodynamic tests round-the-clock, whenever necessary. After the test, we can make improvements right at the site, and test the cars again.

That's our idea of how to use technology to build cars. Attention to details where you don't see them, as well as where you do. Appearance and comfort may sometimes sell a car, but today's customers demand real value.

Our goal, as the company that sells more cars than any other manufacturer in the world, is to maintain our lead by using new technology to build cars that run better and last longer, with lower maintenance costs, than those built by any competitor—American or foreign.

General Motors

The future of transportation is here

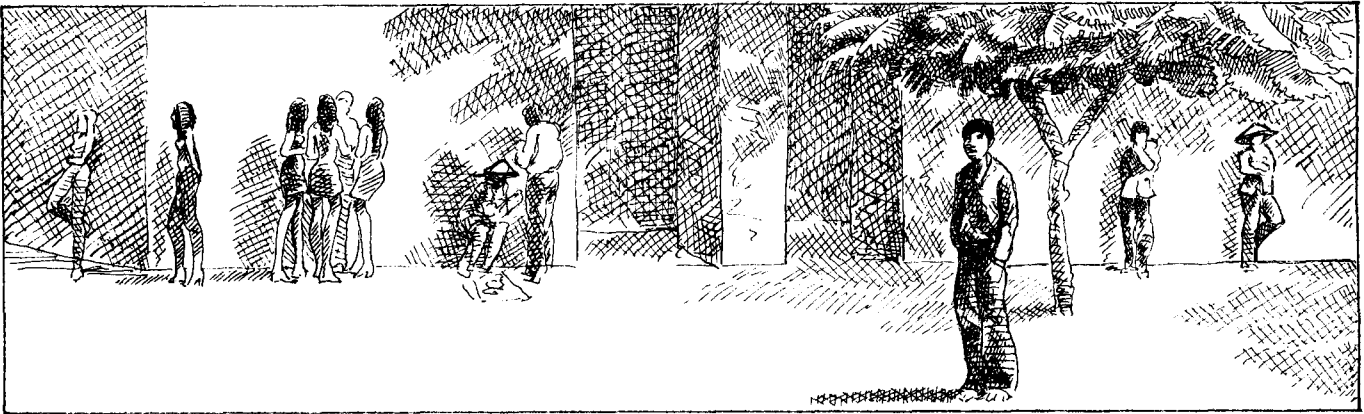


Come to Marlboro Country.

Famous Marlboro Red
and Marlboro Lights—
either way you get a lot to like.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



modern Caravelle Hotel became the Doc Lap (Independence); the Rue Catinat, changed in the 1960s to Tu Do (Freedom), is now Dong Khoi (Uprising), but is still called Catinat by everyone.

Repression matched these cosmetics. Compared with Stalin and Mao Tse-tung, who slaughtered vast numbers of adversaries, the Vietnamese Communists were lenient. But 400,000 former South Vietnamese officials, army officers, doctors, lawyers, journalists, teachers, and others were sent to "re-education" centers, some for months and some for years, and about 80,000 continue to languish in camps. The penal decisions are hard to comprehend. A businessman, recently released, had been detained simply because his firm constructed roads for the American forces. I gather, though, that the warden of the notorious Con Son "tiger cages," in which suspected Communists and harmless dissidents died, is still alive in jail, where he is being "reformed."

What irritates many Vietnamese, among them Communists who fought against the Americans and the former Saigon government, is the takeover by northerners. The Tet offensive of 1968, an ambitious bid by the Communists to win in one bold stroke, cost the lives of thousands of southern cadres of the National Liberation Front, as the Vietcong called itself. Thousands more were killed the following year in the Phoenix program, an operation directed by the American Central Intelligence Agency, which the Communists themselves now concede was extremely effective. Northerners moved in to fill the vacuum. To a degree, they are resented as outsiders. And they, in turn, tend to resent the southerners as former "collaborators," tainted by imperialism.

The political tension can be felt especially among the residual bourgeoisie. A student would like to practice his English over a lemonade, but he dares not, since being seen with me in a café might cause him trouble with the police. I sought out a former South Vietnamese general, recently released from a camp, to give him news of his family in America. An official advised me that a meeting was "inconvenient," implying sympathetically that I could hurt the former officer's chances of obtaining an exit visa for the United States. I refrained from attempting to see other Vietnamese acquaintances of mine.

The regime's pervasive interest in the behavior of Saigon's residents extends even to the city's "Cinderellas," girls hired by the government to dance with foreigners at a weekly ball. Saturday Night Fever takes place in the former American officers' club atop the Rex Hotel, now the Ben Thanh. Colored lights beam around the luxurious room as the band plays disco music and a singer, sinuous in her clinging gown, belts out the lyrics. The girls, office employees and shop assistants, are paid twenty-five dongs for their presence, and they are dazzling creatures, in stretch jeans and tight blouses. They dance with French, Scandinavian, and Russian partners, mostly technicians on projects, and they go home alone at midnight. Anything else would be too risky.

I am inclined to favor this puritanism, for the saddest legacies of the French and, later, American intervention in Vietnam are leftover children—some with blond hair and blue eyes and others partly black, outcasts who wander the streets, peddling and begging. Those fathered by French troops, European or African, are known as Eur-

asians. Those born during the American war are called "Amerasians." The Vietnamese care for a few in showcase orphanages. Privately, they tell Western refugee experts that the children can leave at any time. The problem is finding them sponsors overseas.

The French government has agreed to accept some 10,000 Eurasians born between 1946 and 1955, and some have already emigrated to France. The Vietnamese have privately expressed a willingness to let the Amerasians leave, but their entrance to the United States is blocked by immigration law, and a bill to reform the regulations has gone nowhere. There may be as many as 50,000 Amerasians. Their mothers, socially stigmatized by their misfit children, bombard the Red Cross and the United Nations offices with appeals for help. But even if the American fathers were willing to take their children, locating them would be close to impossible. A Vietnamese woman, her letter, in pidgin English, obviously prepared for her, writes to a Western refugee official:

"I was married an American citizen whose name was Dick. We have with each other a daughter. My husband left Vietnam on 1975. From then on we have lost contact. I hope you will come to our assistance so that my child may see her father and I shall be able to live. . . ."

It was a cruel war, and its aftermath is cruel. It disrupted this city while it was being fought, and the trauma is not over.

—Stanley Karnow

Stanley Karnow has been working on a television series based on the history of the Vietnam War.



CÓRDOBA ARGENTINA'S SECOND CITY

The smoke drifting overhead is only stone dust, but this may be one of the battlefields where Latin America's future will be decided



CÓRDOBA, KNOWN ONCE in all of Latin America as "La Docta," the learned city, lies 430 miles northwest of Buenos Aires, in the valley of the Rio Primero, where the foothills of the Andes first cut the monotony of the pampas, and the air becomes buoyant. A writer who lived in the town in the early forties described for *The New York Times* how it was then: "A church in every block, streams of students, priests, and nuns. Small, Indian-looking army recruits in German-style helmets made passes at the servant girls. Across the cathedral was the Royal Cinema where American movies were shown, with the love scenes heavily cut by the Catholic censor. . . . A city of bookstores, religious processions, student demonstrations and military parades; a gentle city, dull, almost torpid, on the surface, but simmering with tensions."

It was an old colonial town, which built itself a university in 1613, when Buenos Aires was a collection of huts on a mud flat; Córdoba was the center of the Jesuit mission and culture for the Spanish Empire. Because they were near the pampas with their free-roaming horses and cattle, and far from the

deadly silver and mercury mines of Bolivia and Peru, Córdobans avoided the use of slave labor and created for themselves what was called *la civilización de cuero*, the leather civilization—a cult of manliness, tradition, freedom, and food for all, with little emphasis on violence. When industry and modernity began to reach across the pampa from Buenos Aires with fences and railroads, the gauchos felt as threatened as the last free Indians. The Indians were exterminated by the army from the capital, and the gauchos were subdued; the name they had given themselves, *montoneros*, has become that of the left-wing guerrillas now fighting the powers entrenched in Buenos Aires.

Córdoba is no longer quiet, dull, and full of nuns and bookstores (and the army recruits now wear U.S.-style helmets). After 1945, heavy industry moved here, beginning with Henry Kaiser's automotive plant, and in recent years Córdoba became a leftist, almost proletarian city, the second largest in the nation (a million inhabitants plus the uncounted squatters of the slum *banda de miseria*), the center of Argentina's opposition, plots, uprisings. The *Cordobazo*, a general strike in May of 1969, bloodily suppressed by the army, was the real beginning of the Argentine guerrilla movement. Daily life here now has a feeling of uncertainty, a seemingly apolitical malaise. There is an uneasiness about human contacts, which is not surprising in a country where men, women, and even children have vanished simply because they knew the "wrong" person or persons. It is a mood that took me back to the 1940s, when I was a teenager in Holland under the German occupation.

But Córdoba still stands in the minds of its people for gauchos, for Spanishness, and for what were the supposed values of the *hidalgo*, the penniless gentleman, as opposed to Buenos Aires, with its crass and inhuman financiers. Its impoverished gentry has lost its power to the men of action, the live-wire entrepreneurs from the coast, but Córdobans are among the leaders of revolutionary groups, in whose utopias they find a kinship with their own vanished society, where money played a small role, and loyalty and solidarity were the prime virtues. Córdobans stress their "human dignity and humble pleasures," as contrasted with the values of the grabbing gringos—"grin-

gos" meaning all outsiders. And the Spanish word *humilde* means more than the English "humble"; it has an added dimension of concern for others. All this helps explain how descendants of Spanish conquistadores may come to call themselves socialists or communists and join with disenfranchised factory workers.

WALKING THE CÓRDOBA streets, I see myself on one of the battlefields where the violent forces of Latin America are meeting and where its future will be decided, with politics, with money, with arms. "A terrorist is not only someone with a gun but anyone who spreads ideas contrary to Western and Christian civilization," one of the ruling generals has said, and several of them have announced over the past years that thousands of dissidents had and have to be killed, "including 5,000 mistakes," as Luciano Benjamin Menéndez, a major-general, once added. The specific hopelessness of Argentine politics is shown by the large numbers who still believe that the best hope for the country is "Peronism"—a populist program personified not even by an exiled old man, as it was during Juan Peron's long years in Spain, but by his widow, Isabel, a former chorus girl now in turn exiled to Spain. With the military caste (which, of course, has never fought anyone but its own people) once more supported by Washington; with the once powerful union leaders corrected or lying low or, for that matter, murdered; with no opposition possible other than the extremity of going underground, the future is bitter to contemplate.

But for the moment, the smoke drifting over this battlefield is only stone dust, rising as the bulldozers wipe out the old-style Spanish houses with their cool courtyards and ocher colonnades. They make way for shabbily luxurious condominiums, built with cash hidden from the tax collector, and inhabited by a new breed lacking the old *humildad* that mitigated the painfulness of the chasm between haves and have-nots. The quiet plazas are disappearing, and with them is disappearing a way of life of benches and cafés as meeting places, where people discussed community affairs and read newspapers. Only a couple of café terraces remain in Córdoba, and not one decent local paper has survived.

Although about every fourth shop in

Write now.

Have you ever felt the desire to write? Did you ever yearn for a royalty check, a byline, or just the prestige and fulfillment enjoyed by thousands of writers? Then don't let time, opportunity, and publishers pass you by.

You can find out what writing to sell is all about by reading *Writer's Digest* magazine, just as this famous author did:

*"In 1930, I picked up a copy, which I still possess, of *Writer's Digest*, at the corner drugstore, and for the first time in my life I learned that magazines paid money for writing. I thought to myself, 'you mean people make a living doing this wonderful - this kind of wonderful, fantastic, daydreaming thing?'"*
—Irving Wallace

Thousands of people, just like you, write and sell short stories, magazine articles, books, and poetry every day. Some are full-time writers, but the majority of them are teachers,

housewives, accountants, cashiers, and others, who enjoy writing as an exciting and profitable hobby.

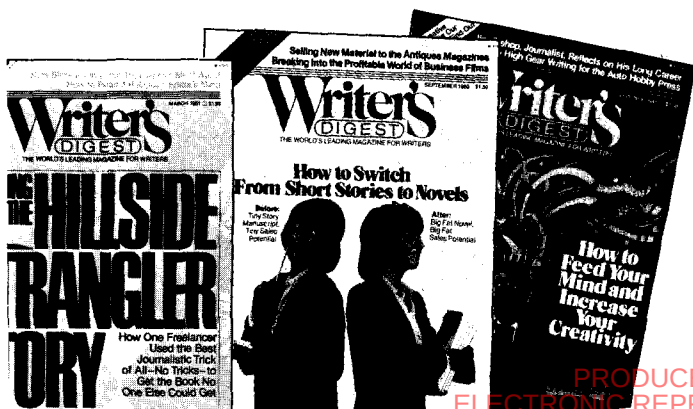
You don't need a degree in English to succeed as a writer. Most publications are written at a junior high vocabulary level. But, you do have to know what's selling, who's buying, and how to slant your material for that market. Where do writers get this information?

Every month, more than 150,000 of them go to their link with the publishing business — *Writer's Digest*, the world's leading magazine for writers. *Writer's Digest* is written by writers, for writers — and aspiring writers. You'll enjoy its practical and entertaining style, while you learn what markets are hot, how to break into them, and who to sell your material to.

Send us the coupon below and you'll have access to the same information that thousands of writers rely on every month. To a would-be writer, "someday" can mean "never". Don't delay, subscribe today.

... or forever hold your peace.

**Subscribe Now While You Can Still
Get *Writer's Digest* At A Savings
Of \$6.00 Off Newsstand Price**



Writer's DIGEST

Yes, I've put off the rewards of writing too long. I want the same information that helps thousands of writers write and sell their material every month. Enter my subscription today while I can still save \$6.00 off the newsstand price.

Please check appropriate spaces:

- ☐ I want 12 issues for the money saving price of \$12.
☐ WAIT, I can save even more. I'll take 24 issues for \$23.
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

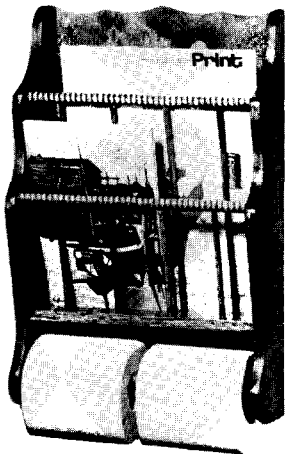
State _____

Zip _____

Mail Coupon To:

**Writer's Digest Subscription Dept.
205 West Center Street
Marion, Ohio 43305**

WXAMA-X



**Our lowest prices
in two years!**

Kit: \$9 Finished: \$12

The Bath Reader: A clever bathroom accessory that holds your tissue and your magazines! 18" h x 11 1/4" w x 4 1/2" d. Finished is dark pine. Include \$2.50 postage with your order.

Yield House®

Dept. X111
North Conway, N.H. 03860
Call toll-free: 1-800-258-4720

**National bestseller—
now in paperback!**

PARADIGMS LOST BY JOHN SIMON

Reflections on literacy and its decline by a steadfast defender of literate speech and writing "will entertain all who love our language...witheringly, wildly funny." —*The Wall Street Journal*

\$5.95 at your bookstore
A PENGUIN PAPERBACK



New Natural Way To Sleep

Pure Cotton Knit

Tee-PJ's resemble a T-shirt, but over a foot longer. Special knit gives when you move, eases up when you relax. No bind, no bunch, no chafe, no buttons, no ironing! Most comfortable sleeper you've ever worn or money back. (Great for Ladies, too). Choose snow white or soft blue. S-M-L-XL (to ensure best fit include height-weight when ordering.) Order NOW, while prices include postage/handling!

\$12 ea. 3 for \$26
Long sleeve style (not shown)
\$15 ea. 3 for \$35

WITTMANN TEXTILES

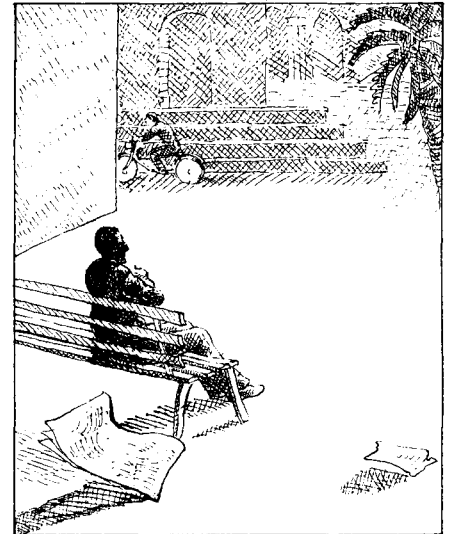
Dept. 425, Hobe Sound, Fla. 33455



town has been converted into a state lottery outlet, the streets are swarming with children and beggars whose only income is derived from the sale of still more lottery tickets. Others sell pieces of chewing gum and singly wrapped Bayer aspirins, or offer to polish one's shoes. In cavernous stores one finds day-old bread, meat a gaucho wouldn't have fed his dog, and textiles and plastic gadgets from Taiwan. The Argentine inflation rate has consistently hovered near 100 percent for the past decade, and life for the average person has become ugly. The cost of living in Córdoba, moreover, is also consistently higher than it is in Buenos Aires. This is the result of political decisions made by those in the capital, who see Córdoba as enemy country. You need three jobs to survive here, I was told. "Three? How is that possible?" "Well, my brother is a cabbie, a house painter, and . . ." "And what?" "And a police informer."

The new rich, in their international-style apartment houses, entertain at home; they keep two or three servants, who wear white gloves to serve drinks; they make fortunes by riding a currency that in the first six months of this year devalued nearly 300 percent on the world market; and they keep the lobby doors of their buildings locked. Behind the heavy plate glass stand tough-looking doormen with the ice-cold stares of trained gunmen. Blue-and-white stickers (the national colors) on Mercedes bumpers proclaim, "I Have Faith in Argentina—and You?"

I ARRIVED IN CÓRDOBA on the night train. Here, as in America, passenger trains are vanishing, but the Buenos Aires-Córdoba train has survived because it is famous and has been kept in shape. It leaves the capital at nine in the evening; an hour later a splendid dinner is served in the dining car, and after that one retires to a bed in a wagon-lit. From my bed, I saw out over the pampa in the winter moonlight. We rolled through silent towns with small, modern centers of supermarkets and gas stations but with outskirts of unpaved roads. Between these towns was a vast emptiness, without a light on the horizon. When I woke up, the sun was rising in the northeast (as it does in the Argentine midwinter), and we descended into the hollow where Córdoba lies.



The twin elements of distance and emptiness kept emerging. My Córdoba hosts, Chichina and her husband, own a weekend place higher up in the mountains. It is 200 miles away, but they think nothing of driving that distance. A hundred-mile drive to a favorite picnic spot is not unusual for them. Driving with them at night, I passed road signs with the names of little towns I had never heard of; a sign might point down a narrow road, with one such name, and give the distance as, say, 436 kilometers. Thinking of such "lostness" makes me dizzy. And surely these vastnesses add to the alienation that now seems to haunt this city, and the country.

The distances were always there, but until very recently, communities were isolated. Chichina told me how her father used to take her on horseback to Alta Gracia along the sandy road; that was a day's outing, only half a generation ago. At carnival time, Córdoba children went there, put on costumes they had made, and fought battles with water bombs in the gardens of its old Hotel Sierras. Now Alta Gracia (in spite of its beautiful name, "High Grace") is a dirty suburb of Córdoba, busy urban streets under a sky of billboards and neon; and the only house in Spanish architecture left from Chichina's childhood sits incongruously amid the commercial din. It was preserved because Manuel de Falla there lived out his last years, a voluntary exile from Spain.

My first morning in Córdoba, when Chichina and I walked through the center of town, she said at one point, "This used to be the main street. Now it has

been asphalted over. People used to promenade here."

Since it was packed with pedestrians, I said, "But they still do."

"Oh, no," she said. "This is different. Then everyone knew each other. Now no one does."

Her husband, a man from a more recently settled family, who thinks at times of emigrating to Canada, told me once, "My generation is the first one that has vanquished our nostalgia for Europe." But when, about a year ago, Argentine Airlines started a direct flight from Córdoba to London, leaving every Wednesday evening, he wrote to me (and not jokingly), "Now we are no longer isolated." And he told me how for weeks the whole family used to drive out to the airport Wednesday evenings, just to watch those planes leave.

ONE DAY I WAS introduced to a lawyer who used to defend people arrested in Córdoba without warrant and kept without trial. "No longer," he said. "Now there is nothing you can do. You don't get a reaction, not even when it's someone with friends, with connections. It is a wall. Graham Greene wrote somewhere that Latin America has its 'torturable' class. The distinction no longer exists. Everyone is in that class. Do you know what the *pica-na* is? It used to be applied to a person's anus, to the vagina. Then word came from above that it was all right to insert it into the uterus."

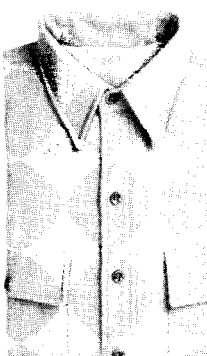
I must have paled, for he made a kind of calming gesture. "There's really no need for all those machines," he said. "I knew a woman who was simply kept with a hood over her head by the police. After five days she had gone mad."

I learned in high school how Napoleon had decreed the abolition of torture within his empire (something which lastingly prejudiced me in his favor). It was weird, and obscene, to hear of these things while drinking coffee in a modern hotel room.

WHICHINA AND A cousin of hers took me to the Córdoba zoo, which is famous for its condors. They sit in a hollow between two hills, which has been covered with a net. She and I had both read Jules Verne's "The Children of Captain Grant," and remembered the drama of young Robert's being carried off by a condor. Those in the zoo looked miserable and far too small and

L.L.Bean®

Outdoor Sporting Specialties



Chamois Cloth Shirt

(For Men, Women and Children)

Mr. Bean's favorite hunting and fishing shirt. Well made from a 7 oz. cotton flannel, thickly napped on both sides. Warm, wind resistant and comfortable to wear. Machine Wash. Six colors: Navy, Bright Red, Tan, Forest Green, Slate Blue, Ivory. Men's regular sizes: 14½ to 20. #1611W, \$17.00 ppd. Men's long sizes: 15 to 19. #1612W, \$18.25 ppd. Women's sizes: 6 to 20. #4311W, \$17.00 ppd. Children's sizes: 8 to 18, #4335W, \$15.75 ppd. (No Ivory).

Flannel Sheets

Take the chill out of getting in bed on cool evenings. Made of a tightly woven, softly napped flannelette fabric. 80% cotton, 20% polyester. Whipstitched ends. Machine Wash and Dry. Colors: White/Blue Stripes. White/Pink Stripes. White/Gold Stripes. Cut generously to allow for normal shrinkage. Three sizes: #7481W Twin (70" x 100"), \$12.00 ppd. #7488W Double (80" x 100"), \$13.50 ppd. #7489W Queen (90" x 104"), \$16.50 ppd. King size available in 65% polyester, 35% cotton (102" x 102"). Solid colors: Beige, White, Sky Blue. #7464W \$18.00 ppd.

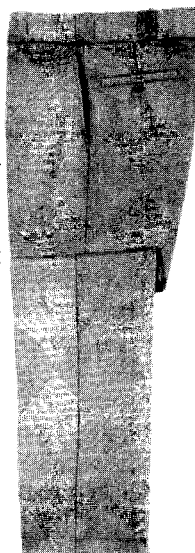


Wood Carrier

Manufactured by us from heavy duck. Leather handles are rounded for a comfortable grip. A practical arrangement for carrying stove or fireplace wood. No dirt or bark on the floor with this convenient carrier. Size 20" x 42". #8731W, \$9.75 ppd.

Corduroy Work Pants

Same comfortable pattern as our popular Chino Pants. Full cut, yet neat in appearance. Durable medium weight corduroy is 84% cotton and 16% polyester. Machine Washable. Two front, two rear pockets; 1¼" belt loops. "Easy alter" waistband can be expanded 1½". Even waist sizes: 30 to 44. Inseams: 29", 31" and 33". Two colors: #2815W, Navy. #2816W, Tan. An exceptional value at \$18.00 ppd.



FREE Fall Catalog

Features practical apparel and footwear for men, women and children; hunting, hiking and winter sports equipment. Many items of our own manufacture. All fully guaranteed. Our 69th year of providing dependable outdoor sporting specialties.

Ship Postage Paid

100% Guarantee

Item#	Qty.	Color	Size	Description	Price

Add 5% Maine Sales Tax On Shipments To Maine Addresses

TOTAL

☐ Check Enclosed

☐ Master Card

☐ VISA

☐ American Express

Card Number _____

Exp. Date _____

☐ PLEASE SEND FREE CATALOG

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

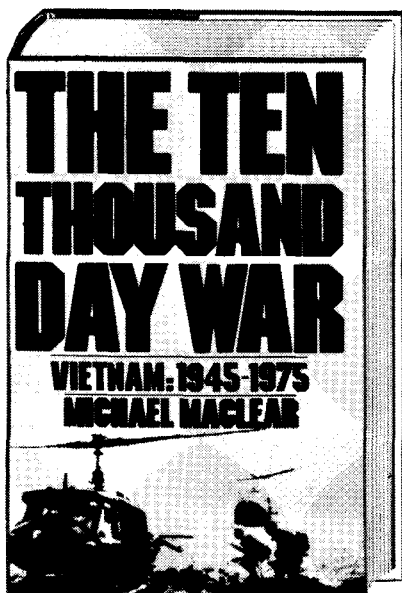
State _____

Zip _____

L. L. Bean, Inc., 171 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

"And throughout the war we never lost a battle."

—General William Westmoreland



Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. called Vietnam "the most useless, most mysterious war." Useless perhaps, but no longer mysterious once you read *THE TEN THOUSAND DAY WAR*. In this authoritative, documentary account you'll hear the voices, the stories, of those who took part on every side—and you'll learn:

- How FDR's plans to support an independent Vietnam were thwarted
- Why Kennedy was planning to withdraw U.S. military advisors from Vietnam only weeks before he was shot
- Why Kissinger announced in 1972 that peace was at hand when he knew General Thieu had rejected the peace accords

and more about America's Vietnam policy and its present-day implications.

\$16.95 wherever bestsellers are sold
With 32 pages of photographs

St. Martin's Press

175 Fifth Avenue New York, N.Y. 10010

weak for any such feat, and I was sorry I had seen them.

Out in the street, the three of us walked past half-demolished city blocks to the garage where Chichina had left her car. A stream of cars sped by, blowing their horns at pedestrians, who are the outcasts of Argentine traffic. Neon ads in English blinked. Children tugged at our sleeves. "Sometimes Córdoba seems a foreign city to me," the cousin said. "Still, it is the best place in Argentina. I am happy to live here."

I had just been thinking how strange it must appear to them, this staggering transition from Spanish colonial to post-Bronx.

The cousin went on. "I wish I were young now. There were so many rules in our time. Now young people have so much freedom."

Chichina disagreed totally. "We managed in spite of the rules," she said. "Young people now may not have so many rules, but they don't have much else either."

That evening I sat by myself in the central plaza. No one was walking there. Paper was blowing about, carried by the cold south wind. A sign with one letter missing stated that everything goes better with Coca-Cola. The only source of life came from a group of teenagers circling the plaza on motorbikes, free to do what they wanted, no doubt, but with nowhere to go: a motorized caricature of those old, formalized, Latin American courting promenades, where boys and girls walked around the evening plazas in concentric circles, clockwise and counterclockwise. Across from me, a brightly lit record shop, with not a soul visible in it, had its door still open. Interrupted by the roar of the bikes whenever they passed, its loudspeaker carried the voice of Mercedes Sosa along the empty pavement. She is a folk singer, and her song was about country roads, love, the sun, and the sea, from an album of hers I knew, called *Para cantarle a mi gente*, "Singing for my people." They were beautiful words. But theirs was a false romanticism, based on a world of careful ties between people, a world with stillness and trees, a world well-nigh gone. It was a romanticism of language, and only the words were left.

—Hans Koning

Hans Koning's new novel, *The Kleber Flight*, has just been published.

The ancient gods of the Severn River have not lost their power to kill.

A cult of modern-day Druids who worship a golden vessel that may be the Holy Grail is at the center of Geoffrey Household's latest exercise in terror. Between ancient gods and human sacrifices on the one hand, and bone-chilling dives into the treacherous Severn tides on the other, the reader is drawn into a horrifying maelstrom where legend and reality are confounded.

"The author of *Rogue Male* and many other memorable novels has invented a top-notch tale of derring-do, mysticism and sensuous love.... Breathtaking."

—Publishers Weekly

Atlantic/Little, Brown

\$11.95

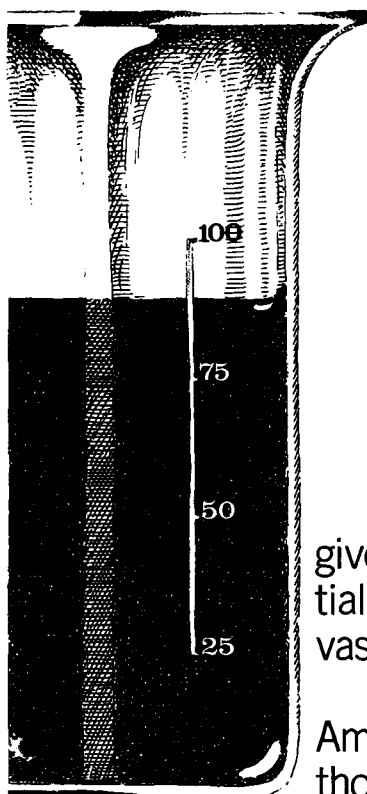


Summon
the Bright
Water
Geoffrey
Household

The promise of oil lies just beyond our shore.

Some say the risk puts it beyond our reach.

There may be more than 20 billion barrels of oil still to be discovered beneath our offshore waters. And, along with it, possibly 100 trillion cubic feet of natural gas.



Today, technology gives us the potential of tapping these vast reserves.

But every concerned American must demand thoughtful answers to questions about environmental safety.

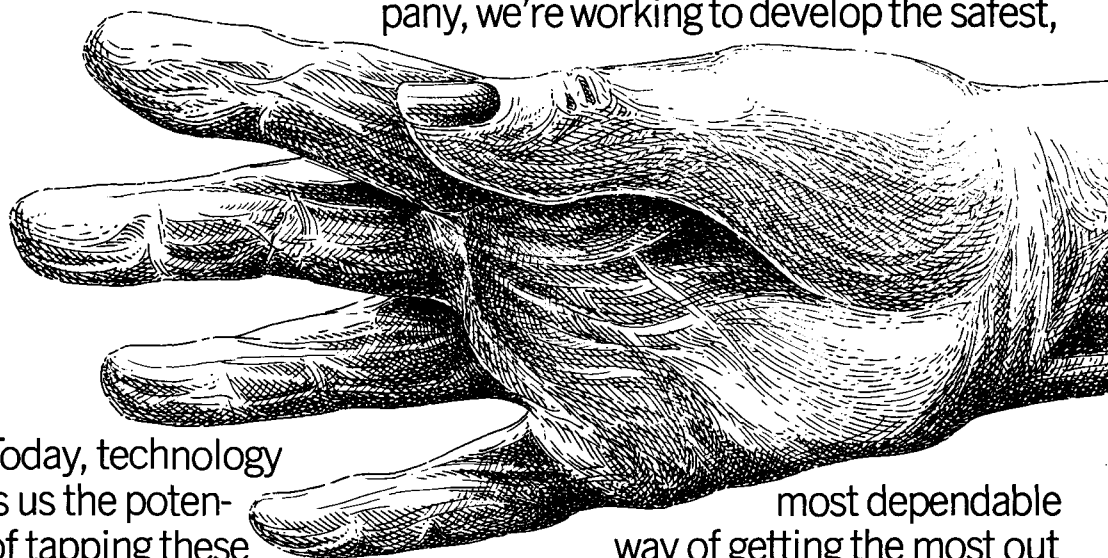
The facts are these: Few of the 21,000 current offshore wells have caused environmental problems.

And technology is further reducing the risk. This includes pumping techniques and blowout preventers that automatically shut down wells at the first sign of an emergency, sealing the well against fluid leakage.

What's more, commercial and sport fishing actually improves around oil platforms. They provide underwater areas where marine life can flourish.

Offshore oil and gas now provide about 10 percent of our daily energy needs. With only 2 percent of the country's one billion acres of potential offshore oil now leased, there is clearly much oil to be explored for under the sea.

Through our ARCO Oil and Gas Company, we're working to develop the safest,



most dependable way of getting the most out of the oil America has to offer.

Atlantic Richfield and thousands of Americans who have invested with us believe that exploring undersea is important in reducing our dependence on foreign oil.

And that's something we can't afford to ignore.

There are no easy answers.

ARCO 

Atlantic Richfield Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WITH SO MANY PEOPLE WORKING SO LATE, WHY ISN'T MORE WORK GETTING DONE?

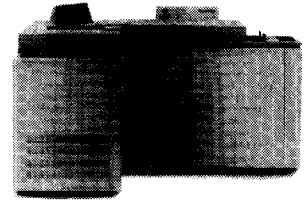


GRAND CENTRAL STATION
10:18 P.M.

The trouble with commuter railroad stations is that they tend to be misleading economic indicators.

Crowded late-night trains are supposed to mean busy executives, soaring output and higher productivity.

Today there are plenty of busy executives, but productivity is anything but higher. In fact, it's fallen during six of the past seven quarters.



All of which illustrates something we've believed for some time: Productivity has less to do with how late people work than how well.

At Xerox, helping people work better is our business. And has been since the first Xerox copier revolutionized the way businesses reproduce information.

Today we make advanced machines that not only copy, but also automatically collate, reduce and even staple sets together.

Machines that let you create, store and re-

trieve documents much faster than humanly possible.

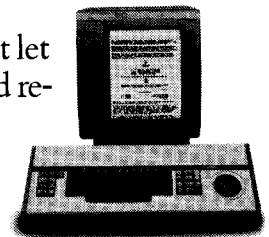


Machines that print out computer information much faster than ordinary computer printers.

And a special cable—called the Ethernet cable—that lets office machines work together so that they can literally save businesses millions of dollars in wasted time and effort. We even supply productivity experts to help your people make the best possible use of it all.

The purpose is obvious. To relieve people of various time-consuming chores so they'll have the time to do their jobs.

Not by working longer hours or shorter hours—but better hours.



XEROX

XEROX® and Ethernet are trademarks of XEROX CORPORATION.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WHY CHILDREN DON'T LIKE TO READ

BY BRUNO BETTELHEIM AND KAREN ZELAN

A CHILD'S ATTITUDE TOWARD READING IS OF SUCH importance that, more often than not, it determines his scholastic fate. Moreover, his experiences in learning to read may decide how he will feel about learning in general, and even about himself as a person.

Family life has a good deal to do with the development of a child's ability to understand, to use, and to enjoy language. It strongly influences his impression of the value of reading, and his confidence in his intelligence and academic abilities. But regardless of what the child brings from home to school, the most important influence on his ability to read once he is in class is how his

teacher presents reading and literature. If the teacher can make reading interesting and enjoyable, then the exertions required to learn how will seem worthwhile.

A child takes great pleasure in becoming able to read some words. But the excitement fades when the texts the child must read force him to reread the same word endlessly. Word recognition—"decoding" is the term used by educational theorists—deteriorates into empty rote learning when it does not lead directly to the reading of meaningful content. The longer it takes the child to advance from decoding to meaningful reading, the more likely it becomes that his pleasure in books will evaporate. A child's ability to read depends unquestionably on

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDRÉ FRANÇOIS

his learning pertinent skills. But he will not be interested in learning basic reading skills if he thinks he is expected to master them for their own sake. That is why so much depends on what the teacher, the school, and the textbooks emphasize. From the very beginning, the child must be convinced that skills are only a means to achieve a goal, and that the only goal of importance is that he become literate—that is, come to enjoy literature and benefit from what it has to offer.

A child who is made to read, "Nan had a pad. Nan had a tan pad. Dad ran. Dad ran to the pad," and worse nonsense can have no idea that books are worth the effort of learning to read. His frustration is increased by the fact that such a repetitive exercise is passed off as a story to be enjoyed. The worst effect of such drivel is the impression it makes on a child that sounding out words on a page—decoding—is what reading is all about. If, on the contrary, a child were taught new skills as they became necessary to understand a worthwhile text, the empty achievement "Now I can decode some words" would give way to the much more satisfying recognition "Now I am reading something that adds to my life." From the start, reading lessons should nourish the child's spontaneous desire to read books by himself.

Benjamin S. Bloom, professor of education at the University of Chicago, has found that who will do well in school and who will do poorly is largely determined by the end of the third grade. Thus, reading instruction during the first three grades is crucial. Unfortunately, the primers used in most American schools up to and sometimes through the third grade convey no sense that there are rewards in store. And since poor readers continue to be subjected to these primers well past the third grade, their reading can only get worse as their interests and experience diverge further from the content of the books.

That rote learning is the wrong way to teach reading was recognized more than seventy years ago. In the first important treatise on the teaching of reading published in this country, *The Psychology and Pedagogy of Reading* (1908), the author, Edmund Burke Huey, urged that drills be kept separate from the activity of reading. He wrote: "The school should cease to make primary reading the fetich [sic] it has long been. The child should never be permitted to read for the sake of reading, as a formal process or end in itself. The reading should always be for the intrinsic interest or value of what is read. . . . Word-pronouncing will therefore always be secondary to get-

ting whole sentence-meanings, and this from the very first. . . . School readers, especially primers, should largely disappear, except as they may be competent editings of the real literature of the mother tongue, presented in literary wholes, or as they may be records of the children's own experiences and thoughts."

For many decades, textbooks have been used as the basis for reading instruction by the vast majority of elementary school teachers, and they are much worse today than the ones Huey objected to. According to one study, first readers published in the 1920s contained an average of 645 new words. By the late 1930s, this number had dropped to about 460 words. In the 1940s and 1950s, vocabulary declined further, to about 350 words. The vocabularies of primers in seven textbook series published between 1960 and 1963 ranged from 113 to 173 new words. More recent primers, compared with the 1920s editions, also have small vocabularies. For example, *Let's See the Animals*, published in 1970 by Bowmar/Noble, introduces 108 new words; *May I Come In?*, published in 1973, by Ginn & Company, introduces 219 new words; *Finding Places*, published by the American Book Company, in 1980, introduces 192 new words. Although in the 1920s few children went to kindergarten and little pre-school reading instruction was given, by the 1970s, when many children were attending kindergarten and reading was consistently taught there, the first-grade primers contained only a quarter of the vocabulary presented to first-graders fifty years ago.

When they enter school, most children already know and use 4,000 or more words. Nobody has to make a deliberate effort to teach them these words, with the exception of the first few learned in infancy. Children make words their own because they want to, because they find them pleasing and useful. Even the least verbal group of first-graders has mastered well over 2,000 words, thus invalidating the claim that children of culturally deprived families would be unfairly burdened by primers of larger vocabulary. This condescending assumption ignores the richness of daily life in even the poorest households. By encouraging the adoption of less challenging books, it has helped to deprive most children at school just as poverty deprives many children at home.

The Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT) is a particularly reliable measure of an age group's intellectual accomplishment, because, unlike most of the various achievement tests administered in schools, its standards do not change from one year to the next. The mean score on the verbal SAT (which registers reading comprehension) has been declining for the past ten years. Although it would be difficult to establish a cause-and-effect relationship between the declining verbal ability of college-bound high school juniors and seniors and the decline in vocabulary of primers over the past several decades, there can be no doubt that the scores reflect diminishing regard for the written word.

Bruno Bettelheim, a psychoanalyst, directed the Orthogenic School for disturbed children at the University of Chicago for thirty years. He is the author of Surviving and Other Essays and The Uses of Enchantment, among many other books. Karen Zelan is a child psychologist who specializes in the treatment of children with learning disorders. On Becoming Literate: The Child's Fascination with Meaning, by Dr. Bettelheim and Dr. Zelan, will be published by Knopf in January.

RESEARCH IN THE TEACHING OF READING, FAR FROM justifying the continuous reduction in the number of words used in primers, fails to show any reason for it. It is therefore hard to understand why textbook publishers have pursued this course, and why educators have not rebelled. One possible explanation is that as primers become simpler, children, because they are bored, read them with less and less facility. The publishers, in response, make the books even simpler and, thus, even less effective.

Primers have no authors. Many people help to create the books, and the financial investment required runs into the millions. (The sizable staff of one large publishing house worked for five years to produce a first-grade program alone.) Yet despite such prodigious effort and expense, all basic series are more or less alike. To recoup the large investment in a series, a publishing house must be able to sell it to schools all over the country. It cannot risk controversy.

We can cite two examples from our own experience. One publisher, in an effort to improve a first-grade reader, came up with a story in which children bring a balloon home from a fair, whereupon a cat leaps on it and it bursts. The story would seem harmless enough to most people, but when the book was tested in an Illinois school system, cat-lovers were outraged: the story had maligned their pets, turned children against animals, and so on. The local school superintendent, who was coming up for re-election, decided to withdraw the book, and the publisher, fearing similar setbacks elsewhere, decided to drop the story.

Another publishing house was preparing a new edition of its widely used series. One of us, asked to consult, objected in detail to the blandness of the stories proposed. The company's vice-president in charge of textbooks confessed that he, too, thought the stories would bore young readers, but he was obliged to keep in mind that neither children nor teachers buy textbooks: school boards and superintendents do. And their first concern is that no one mind their choices. Fairy tales, for example, would never do. Some people would complain that the stories insult stepmothers; others would find the punishment of evildoers too cruel.

The result of such constraints is a book full of endlessly repeated words passed off as stories. Many teachers have told us that they don't like such a book, but assume that since a primer has been put together by experts, and approved by experts, it must be appropriate for children even if it is obnoxious to an adult. In the course of our research on the teaching of reading we have talked to children who were not so credulous. Many told us that their teachers must have faked an interest in the stories, or that they must think children are not very smart.

Fourth- and fifth-graders who had left the beginners' books behind described their resentments to us quite clearly. One rather quiet boy, who preferred to read or

work by himself and rarely participated in class, spoke up all on his own and with deep feeling. He had felt so ashamed to say the things written in primers that he could not bring himself to do it. And although he now liked reading a lot, he said, he still had a hard time reading aloud.

The first- and second-graders were as unhappy with their books as the older children remembered being. They said they read only because they had to, and that on their own they would never choose such "junk." "It's all impossible," one of them said. When he was asked why, answers came from around the room: "The children aren't real!" "They aren't angry!" When one child exclaimed, "They aren't anything!" all agreed that there was nothing more to be said.

TEXTBOOK WRITERS AND PUBLISHERS KNOW THAT their books are dull, and they have tried to make them more attractive by commissioning many colorful illustrations. For example, the number of pictures in primers of the Scott, Foresman series doubled between 1920 and 1962, from about one picture per one hundred words to nearly two per hundred words. The trouble with pictures is that the printed text becomes even less appealing in comparison. Words seem to be less vivid and to convey less information. Worse, being able to guess from the pictures what the text is about, a child who is reluctant to read has no incentive to learn.

The publishers' advice to teachers reinforces this syndrome. Typically, the elaborate teachers' guides for each book in a series suggest that the class be asked questions about the pictures before reading the story. Yet there is evidence that pictures retard or interfere with learning to read. Consider the following report by a psychologist of reading, Eleanor J. Gibson: "Children in the second term of kindergarten were given practice with three-letter common words ('cat,' 'bed,' 'dog,' etc.) on flash cards. In one group, the word on the card was accompanied by the appropriate picture. In another, it appeared alone. Training trials, in which the experimenter pronounced the word as it was displayed to the child, alternated with test trials [in which] the child was shown the word alone and asked to say what it was. The picture group made significantly more errors and took longer . . . than the group without pictures. The pictorial redundancy appeared to be distracting rather than useful." Yet in most of the preprimers and primers in classrooms today, words are used primarily as labels and captions.

Learning to read is not an entertainment but hard work. Rather than face this directly, publishers seek to distract children with references to play. But allusions to strenuous physical activities make a child want to move, not think. Worse, a first-grader knows from his own experience just how complex a ball game can be. So a

weak story about a ball game is most likely to convince the child that reading about a ball game is dull compared with playing in one.

In Harper & Row's "Janet and Mark" series (1966), school makes its first appearance in second grade in *All Through the Year*. The last section of the book is titled "Too Much Is Too Much of Anything," and the first story about the things that are too much, "A Feeling in the Air," is about school. "Everyone was waiting. . . . It was the last day of school. A little while, and it would be all over." The children are "daydreaming . . . of baseball and swimming and bicycle rides." In the last picture of the story, we see them streaming out of the school building, joyful to be released.

Psychoanalytic studies of the so-called "double bind" have shown that nothing is more confusing and disturbing to a child, or has more detrimental effects, than contradictory messages from an adult about important issues. Almost every preprimer and primer bears such contradictory messages. Tacitly, they say that the educational system, which requires the child to go to school and presents him with a book so that he may learn to

read, holds that school and learning are serious business. But the explicit message of the text and pictures is that the child should think—that is, read—only about playing. The idea seems to be that a suggestion of what books are really for—to open new worlds of thought and imagination—would have the most undesirable consequences for the child's reading achievement.

From a psychoanalytic perspective, the primers' emphasis on play ensures that the books will be addressed solely to the child's pleasure-seeking ego—the earliest, most basic, but also most primitive motivating force in man. But as the child reaches school age, around age five, he should have learned to exchange (at least to some extent) living by the pleasure principle for making choices in accord with the reality principle. The primers, by presenting him almost exclusively with images of fun, throw the child back to the developmental phase he is trying, with difficulty, to outgrow. Such primers insult the child's intelligence and his sense of worth, and the offense goes far to explain why children reject their reading books as empty. The books talk down to children; they do not take children's aspirations seriously.



THE WASP

Oh the instrument draws close,
very close.

The wasp is silent.

Gowned and gloved and regal
the surgeon makes his perfect
incision, oh watch.

Don't flinch: a deep inky hair
from the base of the skull to the parietal.
It cannot hurt, such thin trickling blood.

Oh the rubber fingers peel back the scalp,
the sticky scalp. Lie still.
When the bone is exposed the air hums.

Oh the wasp is in a fury,
a sudden fury.
His crevice, his cavity—so close!

Angry buzzing and flailing papery wings,
oh the tiny holes are drilled with *such*
precision!

And the membrane is cut,
and the bone swung out,
and the air tickles,
and the wasp is silent.

Oh the instrument draws close,
very close.
A small silver tweezers.

Oh graceless as lead you sleep,
and grateful. The wasp is removed
frantic, a tiny fury.

It buzzes in its rage,
oh don't flinch!—though the tweezers
has pinched it in two.

Heavily you sleep, saved,
and too feeble to protest
as the instrument rudely wipes
the wasp on a cotton pad.
Oh don't flinch! You are grateful.

—Joyce Carol Oates

IN CLASS, CHILDREN READ ALOUD. FOR SOME TIME to come, even if the child does not voice what he is reading, he will form the words with his lips. Reading aloud feels to a child as if he were speaking to his teacher, or whoever might be listening to him. For that matter, it is not unusual for a child to think that his teacher wrote the book, and has planted messages for him in it. In a conversation, we wish to hold our listener's attention and impress him with what we have to say. But the teacher is oblivious of the child's impression that reading aloud is a sort of conversation; instead, the teacher listens carefully to make sure that the child reads the words as they are printed in the book, and corrects him when he fails. To do so is a teacher's duty, according to the teaching methods favored in this country; it may also be the only way a teacher can remain alert through the near-hypnotic effect of the words. In any case, the child experiences the teacher's interruptions as rejection, which certainly does not make reading more attractive to him.

Furthermore, a child may have good reason to make a mistake. Reading for meaning is anything but passive, even when the content is absorbed exactly as presented. And the more intent a reader is on taking in the meaning, the more active he is in his reading. In order for a child to maintain the minimal interest necessary for reading a story, he may try to correct the story or improve it by misreading it. The barrenness of the text may tempt the child to project meaning where there is none.

The texts of preprimers and primers consist of words that can be readily sounded out. But these words are often combined in sentences that no one would ever say. Such a text is actually harder for the beginner to read. For example, because the child usually learns early to recognize the words "store" and "man," one widely used basal text (*People Read*, one of the Bank Street readers) tells about a "store man" when referring to a salesman. Out of a wish to make learning to read easy, children who know the word that the text of this story means to convey are asked to recognize and use in their reading a phrase that rarely comes up in writing or speech. To compound the irony, the phrase appears in a book whose title by implication promises to tell how everybody reads and what they read. The result is that children may be provoked to errors by the discrepancy between ordinary language and the uncommon language of the book.

We have spent a number of years observing school reading lessons, and have learned that children make mistakes for many reasons, in addition to the obvious one of ignorance. For example, a first-grade boy was reading "Van's Cave," a story in the 1969 J. B. Lippincott series about a hunter and his dog, Spot. The story goes that the hunter shoots five ducks, which the dog retrieves. They then return to the cave, where they live. The man starts a fire on which he plans to roast the ducks. The text says: "Spot must not leave the ducks. He can see a wolf near

the cave." This, inexplicably, is accompanied by a picture showing the dog asleep. The boy reversed the meaning of the sentence by reading, instead, "He can't see a wolf near the cave." It is possible that the boy did so because the picture shows the dog asleep. But it is more likely that the boy's knowledge of dog behavior made it seem unreasonable to him that a dog would sleep when it saw a wolf lurking nearby. A first-grader might also wish to believe that his dog would safeguard him. So the misreading of "can't" for "can," seemingly a simple error, reflects on one level the child's attempt to bring what the text says into accord with the picture. On another level, it may register the boy's protest against a dog that sleeps when its master needs protection. Finally, the misreading is a statement correctly describing normal dog behavior.

One first-grade girl complained about a story in McGraw-Hill's Sullivan Storybook series which told of a ball falling into a patch of tar. She thought it should have said that the ball fell into a puddle. The teacher, knowing that this phonics-based text used "patch of tar" in preference to "puddle" because these words are pronounced as printed, while "puddle" is pronounced "puddel," said that perhaps the author of the story thought children would have difficulty in recognizing "puddle." By this she meant difficulty in decoding and reading the word. But the girl fastened on the exact words the teacher had used. She was indignant, and angrily exclaimed, "I know 'puddle' when I see it." We cannot say for sure that her remark did not simply reflect the fact that the word "puddle" was in her active vocabulary, while the words "patch of tar" were not, but the way she expressed herself suggests a more subtle reason for her sense of insult. She made it clear that she saw puddles in everyday life, not tar patches; and her reaction entailed the wish that teachers and those who write for children show respect for a child's experiences of the world.

Another smart first-grader puzzled his teacher because all year he had balked at reading, despite evidence that he knew how. On the day we observed him, the boy made numerous errors—for example, reading "stick" for "chick." This, the teacher told him, showed he had not mastered word beginnings and endings, and that he should therefore continue with his exercises. The boy refused.

The teacher then suggested that we read with him, upon which the boy strenuously protested that the workbook the teacher had assigned to him was boring. (The book, part of McGraw-Hill's Sullivan Programmed Reading series, is typical of most workbooks, in that the exercises require the student to fill in missing letters.) With our encouragement, the boy made one more attempt; again he read "stick" for "chick." But this time, before anyone had time to react, he corrected himself and angrily blurted out: "Fill in the blanks, that's all I get! Witch, witch, witch . . . ditch, ditch, ditch . . . stick, stick, stick

... chick, chick, chick!" And that was it. He would not do any more reading with us that day. The boy had made error upon error, in this way giving vent to his negative feelings. But by pairing "witch" with "ditch," and "stick" with "chick," he showed that he understood well the different word beginnings and endings, and that his substitutions were not made in ignorance.

A couple of days later, we again asked the boy to read. He refused the Sullivan series but was willing to try something more interesting. We settled on *The Bear Detectives*, by Stan and Jan Berenstain. The story tells how Papa Bear and his children hunt for a missing pumpkin, using a detective kit. Although the small bears discover various clues to the pumpkin's whereabouts, they can't find it. After reading the story eagerly for some thirty pages, the boy substituted the word "defective" for "detective": "He's in the barn. This is it! Hand me that defective kit." Earlier he had read "detective" correctly, demonstrating that he was well able to read the word—that he knew what it designated and how it fit into the story. It seemed to us that the boy, having read for so many pages that the detective kit was no help in the search for the pumpkin, and carried away by the excited wish of the bears to find it, was once more expressing his frustration with a text.

A few days later, this boy's workbook again required him to read a list of words that, bereft of context, made no sense. He then read "dump" for "jump." Responding to the feelings this misreading suggested, we asked, "Who wants to dump this?" The boy immediately read the correct word, "jump," and then nodded at us. When we asked him why he wanted to dump the workbook, his unhesitating reply was, "'Cause it's garbage."

Just as children are likely to change the words of a dull story in order to make it more interesting, they are also likely to change the words of an interesting story because they have a personal stake in the meaning. For example, one competent first-grader read a story to us smoothly and with interest and comprehension in her voice. The story was about tigers, and the little girl made only one mistake: she consistently read "tigger" for "tiger." It is easy to understand why this child would shy away from thinking about dangerous tigers in favor of contemplating the harmless character of Tigger in the Pooh books, which were favorites of hers. Her switch in thought seemed to relieve her fear about what the ferocious beast would do next as the story unfolded.

It requires considerable ingenuity on the part of first-graders to make radical alterations in meanings by only the slightest change of letters. In the examples of the boy reading about the dog and the wolf and the girl reading about the tiger, the children retained all the letters of the printed word, adding to them a single letter. By adding a "t," the boy substituted correct animal behavior for an incorrect description of it, and by adding a "g," the girl replaced an animal threatening danger and destruction

with one symbolizing safety and pleasure. In the third example, by substituting one letter for another in a nine-letter word, the child expressed his dissatisfaction with the uselessness of an object that played a central role in the story he was reading.

When a child utters a word entirely different from the one printed in the book, teachers are likely to assume, correctly, that the child's attention has wandered, or that he may have given up on reading a word that is hard for him. When what the child reads is only slightly different from what is printed, teachers are also likely to conclude that the child has a problem—faulty discrimination between letters—even though the error may change the meaning of the sentence radically. They assume this despite the fact that the child has already read most letters as printed, suggesting that he was paying attention to the page and could recognize the letters correctly. But what if a child's substitution of one or a few letters makes good—though altered—sense within the context of a story? Perhaps he has perceived what the printed word signifies, decided that it is unacceptable, and found a solution that suits his purposes.

A teacher's reflex to catch and correct mistakes is but one example of a situation that occurs over and over again in schools, and not only where beginners are taught to read: the educator's faith in abstract theories about how learning must proceed blinds him to the sophistication of the child's mind. The teacher's insistence on accuracy often barely hides the fact that what is involved is also a power play, in which the teacher uses her superior knowledge and her authority to gain her point. The child—consciously or, more often, subconsciously—reacts to being the victim of such a power play, and is antagonistic. Unfortunately, many children manage to defeat the teacher by refusing to learn; their victory robs them of their chance to be educated, and it deprives society of competent citizens.

IT IS NOT IMPOSSIBLE TO TEACH CHILDREN TO READ while respecting their intelligence and dignity. The primers used in Europe are generally far more difficult than those in use in this country. We believe their success is proved by the fact that at the end of the first grade, the average European child has a larger reading vocabulary than that of the average American child. Moreover, reading retardation, the curse of so many young Americans, is much less common among European children and, when it occurs, is rarely as severe.

The most recent series of basic readers published in Switzerland stands as a notable alternative to the American textbooks that we have complained about. The early reading program consists of three preprimers and one primer. The preprimers are loose-leaf booklets, each page (with a single exception) comprising a few short lines of text and an illustration. Since there are no pictures on

the covers of the booklets, the child is encouraged to form his own opinion of what each booklet is about by reading.

The first preprimer is entitled *We are all here*, meaning "here to read together." Its first page has only two words: "I am." And on this page there is no picture, no face to rival the child's own. The Swiss child's reading thus begins with the strongest statement of self-assertion imaginable. After sixteen more pages, each with a few words for the child to learn, there follow twenty-eight pages devoted either to snatches of well-known songs or to a few lines from popular fairy tales. In this way, the first preprimer leads easily to the next, *Once upon a time*, which is composed of five fairy tales from Grimm. Though quite simple, these versions are nonetheless faithful in all essentials to the originals.

The third Swiss preprimer, *Edi*, is about a little boy who might be the peer of the children reading about him. The first page shows Edi with his school satchel on his back, standing between his father and mother. The story goes that Edi, who has eaten something that disagrees with him, gets sick and is sent to the country to stay with relatives and get well. We follow Edi's experiences on the farm until the end of the book, when he returns home, his health fully restored. There he finds that while he was away, his mother had a baby; Edi has a sister. Edi's story deals with two of the most critical events in a child's life: sickness and the birth of a sibling.

The primer of the Swiss series, *It's your turn*, meaning "it's your turn to read," begins with counting rhymes and songs typically sung by children as accompaniment to their games. Since Swiss children know all these rhymes and songs, they know how the words they are decoding ought to sound, and so it is likely that at this more difficult level of reading, their attempts will be error-free. Thus the children's confidence in their ability to read this new, thicker, rather scary-looking book is supported, and they are ready for the remaining sections, which are longer and a little harder.

It's your turn has many colorful pictures that embellish the text without giving away its meaning; the child *must* read in order to understand. For example, a poem by Christian Morgenstern, "Winternight," is illustrated by a picture of a town at night, covered with falling snow; the picture conveys the spirit of the poem but permits no conclusion about its substance. In addition to the Mor-

genstern poem, the book contains a number of other poems and short stories, many by famous German authors. The selection represents all periods of German literature: contemporary, Romantic, classical, and medieval, and legendary folktales, rhymes, and riddles.

This first Swiss reader, like its American counterparts, tries to introduce children to reading by means of attractive and fairly easy material. The chief difference is that none of the pieces in the Swiss reader patronize the child; there is no deviation from ordinary language or ordinary usage. Children have been reciting the counting rhymes to each other for hundreds of years. No words are avoided because they might be difficult (as is done constantly in American primers)—and they prove not to be too hard, because the child who uses them in everyday conversation already knows what they mean, and is thus eager to master whatever technical obstacles they present on the page. In one way or another, all the stories appeal to children of primary age, but in none of them is there even the mention of active play. If anything, the pieces are on the contemplative side, though with a light touch. The most impressive difference between this book and American primers is the literary quality of many of its selections. The Swiss primer manages to introduce the child to literacy at the same time that it teaches him the rudiments of reading.

These primers, used in the German-speaking parts of Switzerland, have a special lesson to teach American educators and publishers. It has been argued that our primers have to employ unnaturally simple words because many minority children speak a different language at home: Spanish, Chinese, "black English," and so on. But the language that *all* children growing up in the German parts of Switzerland speak—a dialect called *Schweizer Deutsch*, or Swiss German—is very different from the High German they must speak and read in school. Although during the first few months of school the children are allowed to speak to the teacher in their dialect, from the start they learn to read only the High German in which their primers are published. For some reason, Swiss children do not find this enforced bilingualism such a handicap that they fail to become able readers. We believe that their lack of difficulty is explained to a great extent by the fact that they like what they are given to read. □



REMINISCENCE TO A DAUGHTER

A SHORT STORY BY JAYNE ANNE PHILLIPS

IT'S STRANGE WHAT YOU DON'T FORGET. WE HAD A neighbor called Mrs. Thomas. I remember reaching up a long way to pull the heavy telephone—a box phone with a speaking horn on a cord—onto the floor with me. Telephone numbers were two digits then. I called, 7, 0, and said, "Tommie, I'm sick. I want you to come over." I can still hear that child's voice, with the feeling it's coming from inside me, just as clearly, just as surely as you're standing there. I was three years old. I saw my hands on the phone box, and my shoes, and the scratchy brown fabric of the dress I was wearing. I wasn't very strong and had pneumonia twice by the time I was five. Mother had lost the child before me to diphtheria and whooping cough, and stillborn twins before him. She kept me dressed in layers of woolens all winter, leggings and undershirts. She soaked clean rags in goose grease and made me wear them around my neck. Tommie would help her and they'd melt down the grease in a big black pot, throw in the rags, and stir them with a stick while I sat waiting, bundled in blankets. They laid the rags on the sill to cool, then wrapped me up while the fumes were still so strong our eyes teared. I stood between the two women as they worked over me, their hands big and quick, and saw nothing but their broad dark skirts.

I was so skinny as a kid, and had such big brown eyes. In the summer I was black as a ducky and Mother called me her pickaninny. She used to say I was the ugliest baby she ever saw; when I was a few days old she laid me in the middle of the high walnut bed and stood looking. The neighbor woman said at her elbow, "Just you wait. She'll be the joy of your life." Mother would tell that story as I was growing up—I don't know how many times I heard it—then she'd smile at me. "And it's true, you are."

Later you look back and see one thing foretold by another. But when you're young, those connections are secrets; everything you know is secret from yourself. I always assumed I'd have my own daughter. I picked out your name when I was twelve, and saved it. In a funny way, you were already real. I never felt that way about your brother. You were firstborn, then he arrived and made a place for himself; I'd had no ideas about him.

Maybe it's that way with boy children; maybe they're luckier.

I WAS LIKE AN ONLY CHILD, GROWING UP ALONE WITH my mother. She'd lost those three babies before me, and my brother and sister who survived were ten and twelve years older—out of the house by the time I needed someone to talk to. They had grown up very differently—Dad had money then. Mother's furniture was new; the house was kept up, the street, with all those big trees shading the sidewalk, was still referred to as Quality Hill. Dad had the biggest lumber business in the state at one time. He was twenty years older than Mother and she was his second wife; at the time they married he had grown children nearly her age. Even though he was rich, her parents hadn't wanted her to go with him—I guess he had quite a reputation: an eccentric, a womanizer. Her family ran a small hotel in Pickens. That town is a ghost town now but the building, the old hotel, is still standing. Did I ever take you to see it? He stayed there on business trips and Mother had seen him come and go. One night she was clerking at the check-out desk and he suddenly noticed her. She was seventeen; he must have seemed worldly and dashing. After a few months of courtship and presents—mostly by mail—they eloped and went to Niagara Falls for a wedding trip. It was her first time away from home since childhood; all her clothes were new and they stayed in a suite of grand rooms. Mother told me how she'd sit up at night, writing letters back about the steamer boat and the spray of the Falls; how the spray turned colors in the sun but was cold even in summer, and smelled to her of mint or violets. She begged her mother to forgive her but the letters weren't answered; it was a year before they'd let her come visit.

Dad brought her home through Hampton to impress her. Now it's just shacks bought out by the mines and fallen to ruin, but then it was a town of forty frame saltboxes he'd built by the river to house his workers. The mill hands lined the tracks and cheered as the train pulled in.

They lived near the mill in the master house for the first couple of years. She was a help to him in the business, though he never admitted as much and pretended not to take her advice. Soon he moved her to the big house in town and was home every other night; he

Jayne Anne Phillips is the author of Black Tickets. This story is part of a work in progress.



was accustomed to doing just as he liked and had a succession of “secretaries” out at the mill. My sister told me she remembered a big row between them when she was thirteen or so. I was just a baby. He’d hired a manager that summer and was going to be in town most of the time; he said there was a lot of work to do and he was going to move his secretary into one of the spare rooms down the hall from his. Mother said she’d sooner march down the street naked than take one of his women under her own roof. He said by God it was his roof, he’d paid for every inch of it. He did move the girl in for a few weeks—daughter of one of the mill workers. She wasn’t very bright and Mother ended up being nice to her, but my sister hated Dad from that time on and never spoke to him again except when threatened. But what toys she had as a child! China dolls and a dollhouse with a circular stair. I think of those times as grand because they had no money worries, but Dad was always hard to live with. Still, he was a shiny figure, dapper, and gone from home enough that they were often left in peace.

By the time I was seven the mill was lost and he was a terror, sentimental or raging. He’d always been a drinker but he drank more; he’d extended credit to easterners and what we called gypsies—Italians from the upstate river towns. He liked being owed and flattered, begged for more time. He thought he was doing good works by letting his buyers go further and further into debt, and the Depression finished him.

We got along, but just barely. Mother had kept every stitch my elder sister hadn’t worn out, and she made those clothes over to fit me. My dresses were always mismatched affairs of good fabrics, twelve years out of style. I liked them and thought I looked grown-up. We kept a big garden and canned for weeks—she had a full pantry and those cloudy jars fed us through the winter. Any money we had came from the sale of milk or cream or butter—we had four cows in the barn, up the hill back of the house. Mother did the work year round but I remember the cows especially in summer. We seemed to spend the long days in attendance to them while Dad sat on the porch or disappeared into the unused rooms on the stifling third floor of the house. He was totally unpredictable and talked to himself. Sometimes he fed the cows or walked out in the evening to inspect the barn, to knock on the falling boards with his fist and listen as though testing the wood. But he did chores as a whim. Usually I fed the cows and chickens. It used to occur to me at the age of seven and eight how stupid those cows were—like big warm rocks. Though we came to the barn every day at regular times, they didn’t recognize us except as they’d recognize rain or snow. They didn’t even have the nervousness and greed of the chickens, but ate placidly, like machines. The only time they seemed at all human was at calving, and that was terrible to watch. They bawled in pain and seemed bewildered. Then the calf was out on the straw, blinking.

Mother milked into a quart cup and dumped the milk in a can. When the can was full she pulled it to the house in a hand wagon. We had the coolest cellar, like a still tomb, with stone walls and stone floor. Rough shelves along the side were lined with the Mason jars sealed full of tomatoes and beans and beets. The jars were just jars but you were always aware of them in the dimness, dense and weighted. The milk crocks were on the floor, white earthen urns. Mother wore a long man's apron over her dress and spun the cream off the milk with a wooden spoon shaped like a small flat spade. We dipped the milk back into cans with a gourd dipper and carried them up the stone steps, across the yard into the kitchen. The bottles had to be boiled and the milk strained through a sterile cloth. She set some of it aside and let it curdle to frothy clumps the size of popcorn, then poured that heavy yellow cream over it and ground fresh pepper on top. Her cheese was famous but I wouldn't touch it, and they had to beg me to drink milk. I guess I didn't like it because we were always fooling with it, from dawn to dusk, the cows and the milk and the bottles.

Mr. Hardesty delivered for us and I helped him in summers. I could see him driving the cart along from way down the street. He had an old barrel-chested workhorse named Gus and that horse knew every stop by heart. Gus was well-known around town. Mr. Hardesty did landscaping and plowing as well—Gus wore blinders then and pulled a big double rake by harness; they graded yards for seeding or turned gardens. When we delivered milk I met them at the top of the hill and handed up our four metal racks of four bottles each. Then I rode beside Hardesty and jumped down to take the orders to the doorsteps. The horse always waited just long enough. There was one customer who had died a couple of years before I'd ever started helping, but Gus stopped at that house anyway. We sat waiting the time it would have taken me to run to the door and back. I would look up at the sky and almost hear my own footsteps on the cement.

MY FATHER GOT WORSE AS TIME WENT ON. WHEN my friends stayed with me, he used to stride into the room, pull the sheets off us, and tell them to get dressed—he didn't want strangers in his house at night. One autumn we were burning trash on the hill. He picked up a pitchfork of blazing leaves and chased Mother around the fire. After that we had to have him put away. A couple of weeks later, a guard knocked him down and that was all. I was fourteen. My mother and I turned on every light in the house that evening and sat on the porch, looking at the street. October, a clean moisture in the air. We both felt such relief. We'd been ashamed to send him there, but we'd gotten afraid of him and had no money for anything better. I didn't know until he was gone what a shadow he'd cast. Partly because we were free of him, the next few years were good. We took in

roomers, students from the college. I had a part-time job and lots of friends; I was eager to know people. You may not like me to say so, but high school was the best time of my life.

On Sundays in the spring, the kids in my crowd got all dressed up and walked downtown to the drugstore for sodas—that was our big thrill. But Tomblyn's was beautiful then—as grand, everyone said, as any soda fountain in Washington or New York. The big mirror was beveled glass and the fountains themselves were brass. The floor was marble tiles with a black border and the deep booths mahogany. Only the high carved ceiling and bar wall are left now, and the store is half as large as it was.

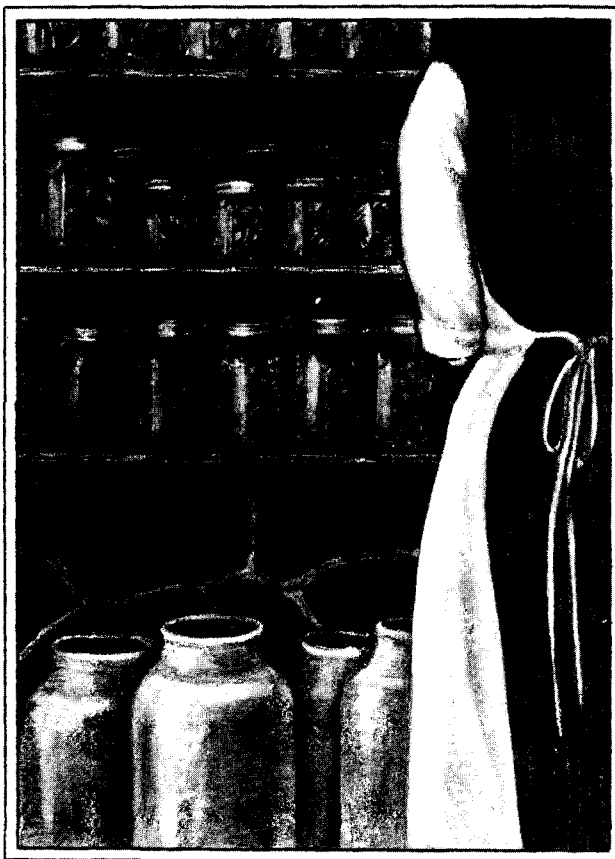
We girls took pains and were high-style, but really, all the young women then dressed like matrons—silk shoulder pads in our dresses and those somber hats. We got the shoulder pads from our mothers, and silk lingerie at rummage sales; you couldn't buy silk during the war. The war influenced everything. We were the Class of '43, and all the boys worried the fighting would stop before they could get overseas. Rummage and church sales were War Benefits; all the women's clubs rolled bandages and collected tin. High school girls wrote to boys who'd graduated five and six years before, boys who'd driven their cars past them as they stood on the sidewalk playing hopscotch. Three letters a week to Europe on blue onion-skin stationery; letters to boys who'd been their heroes, and boys who hadn't. We tacked Kodak snapshots on our walls—small black-and-white pictures the size of six postage stamps. A soldier in a graveyard and on the back: *All these Germans are dead ones.* You've seen your father's war album—airstrips, everyone in khaki; how it was. Easy to tell good from evil.

THERE WAS ONE BOY I WENT WITH OFF AND ON through high school. He wanted to go to medical school instead of to war, and be a doctor like his father and two of his older brothers. The Harwins: they were a family of four brothers and one sister, grew up in one of the fine old turn-of-the-century houses and were well-off. But Dr. Harwin had died when Tom was fourteen, and his mother died two years later, both of heart attacks. Tom was the youngest and Peggy, the sister, was in her twenties, taught phys. ed. at the local college. One of the brothers, the oldest, I believe, was a sort of ne'er-do-well—had a traveling job and then joined the Navy. The other two were studying at Duke. They sent what they could, but the mother's death took the last of the family money. Tom and Peggy had to sell the house his senior year, and the college bought it, like they'd bought several of the old homes. Shinner Black was Tom's best friend and Shinner's mother ran a rooming house, so Tom moved in for the summer. He didn't really want to, but Peggy said he'd spend half his time there with Shinner anyway, and they couldn't take a chance on losing the

offer. Peggy was very practical and steady. She used to go along as chaperone when the high school kids went on picnics out by the river. Yes, we had chaperones, can you believe it? But Peggy was like one of us. I remember her lying on the rocks at Sago, wearing a black one-piece with a pleated bodice, and smoking cigarettes . . .

Sago was lush before mine drainage ruined it; the river so quiet, isolated. We went to Blue Hole—clear water circled with massive flat boulders, like a stone beach. We walked a long train trestle to reach it, a shaky old trestle high over the gorge, then down a trail by old tracks and over a wooded bank. Once we broke through the trees and a colony of butterflies, big orange monarchs, were dipping their wings at clear puddles collected on the rocks. Forty or fifty of them, so silent. Oh, and the water was so cool and clean then, twenty feet deep at Blue Hole. We swam and got lazy on beer, ate a picnic dinner, and went home. Peggy always took a wristwatch and hung it on a bush; we left at seven, before dusk. She'd tell us to wake up, children, and she yelled some hide-and-seek chant into the woods for the ones who'd gone off together. We walked back in a warm exhaustion, watching our feet on the trestle ties; trash, broken toys, trickle of stream in the weeds far down. Peggy said not to look—if you stared straight ahead you could be sure of every step and run to meet the train. She was a beautiful girl, fair, with honey-colored hair. Tom resembled her; the other brothers were dark.

Tom's father died before I really knew him but I'd seen his mother. She dressed her gray hair in a chignon and always wore gloves in the summer. I have a photograph that must have been taken the summer after the father died: Mrs. Harwin in the garden with her children, wearing a long black-lace dress, a gold brooch, three strands of pearls. The sons flank her, all in black suits, and Peggy is behind them, peering over her mother's shoulder. Must have been an occasion, a wedding, the men in boutonnieres, morning coats, cravats. The wide trellis is behind them, and the shaggy trees. Tom is fifteen and pleased with himself, the kid brother dressed in his first tuxedo. Considering what happened, it's a scary picture. Only Peggy is still living—all the rest died of heart. And Tom



died youngest; we were eighteen, just graduated from high school. Now it seems to me he died as a child, before anything touched him. But that's not really true. He'd already lived through the deaths of his parents, not easy at any age. He was one of the boys, popular, but he had such a presence, a gravity. Everyone respected his family and he grew into that same respect. Sure, he fooled around sometimes—once he and Shinner Black dressed like girls on Class Day. Bobby sox, sweaters over C-cup bras stuffed with apples, headscarves, and lipstick. Pretty Peasants, they called themselves, and played it up all during the ceremonies. Another time they somehow got a bull into the chemistry lab. It must have been difficult to lead that animal up the three

flights of steps; it was nearly impossible to lead him down.

Tom was different because he was mannish and independent, but not afraid to be attentive the way a woman would be. He never forgot anything I told him, and he was proud of me. Sometimes when we were at a dance or out with the crowd, he'd nod in my direction and say, "Look at her. Isn't she the prettiest thing you ever saw?" Probably sounds silly to you, but it wasn't really about being pretty. He wanted everyone to know he loved me.

I'D GOTTEN A JOB AT THE TELEPHONE OFFICE THAT spring. "Number please" a few hundred times a day, plugging and unplugging the connections. The operators knew everything that went on in the town—if you wanted to be straight out and weren't rushed, you could listen in by leaving the key open. But you didn't need to, there was plenty of information in who called who, and what they said to the operators. We could always count on Mr. Lee, who owned the dry-goods store, to be tight drunk by noon and to curse us out for answering too slow or for getting him a busy signal. A lot of the girls knew which married men were seeing who, by the calls they made at odd hours. I never worried about all that and was glad to be getting a paycheck. I only minded our supervisor, a red-headed spinster named Lindstrom. She

watched our work shifts to the minute and called us her chickens, as if the clicks and scratchings of the board were *our* sounds. She thought we were brainless, trying to take advantage. And I was so scrupulous, the perfect employee. Like a dumb kid, I was glad to work long shifts and have a lunch hour like a grown-up.

Tom wasn't working yet. He and Shinner Black had decided to paint houses for the summer and were looking to buy a cheap truck. But they were in no hurry, and it was around then that Tom started getting sick. He would walk me home every night from the telephone office, and we'd have to stop twice on the way up the hill for him to rest. He had chest pains and shortness of breath. After a few days he went to Doc Jonas at my insistence and was told he had gas on his stomach, to take some antacid pills and exercise. But he couldn't, he had no stamina. He'd played sports all his life and suddenly he couldn't run up the hill.

I think he knew all along, though he may not have thought it actually possible—at seventeen. The last week, he stayed in bed most of the time. I would go by after work and make supper for him in Mrs. Black's kitchen. One night he lay in bed sweating and would barely talk to me. I went home crying to Mother that he was going to lie over there and die if nothing was done. So she called Mrs. Black and told her to phone Tom's brother Nate in Durham. Nate, who was a fourth-year med student, recognized the symptoms right away and drove all night to get to Tom by morning. He examined him and hired an ambulance, made arrangements for surgery down south. Tom said he would only go if I went with him, and Nate agreed. Mother had my bag packed and they were to pick me up from work . . . Tom got out of bed to comb his hair, and dropped dead by the bathroom sink. That quickly. I put the call through from the Blacks' house, recognized Nate's voice, and kept the key pressed down. He was calling Peggy, told her to come at once, that they were all too late and why hadn't she known Tom was so sick? Then he hung up and called the undertaker. I put that call through too, then left the board and went into the bathroom. I sat there dry-eyed and stared at the brooms and mops propped against the wall. Outside, the other girls were talking. One of them was sobbing and Lindstrom was saying there was no one to take over, I would have to finish the shift. I went back out; none of them looked at me, and I finished: thirty-five minutes. I started walking home and Mother had someone meet me at the bottom of the hill, in a car. Who was it? Oh, yes, Shinner. He'd been there when it happened. He saw Tom lying on the floor, then went to my mother in a panic. She sent him after me but he stopped the car at the hill and waited; he couldn't be the one to tell me. We went home and sat on my bed and wept for hours. He said Tom lay there in his pants and no shirt or shoes, on his side, his feet reaching into the hallway. His face just empty, like you wouldn't believe anything could look.

THEY ASKED ME TO PLAN THE FUNERAL AND WE buried him with his parents. All of that was a blur. I've almost no memory of it. A few days later Peggy and I went down to North Carolina for a month, to visit Nate and his wife and their new baby. In pictures from that time, I look like somebody's grandmother, my face puffy, my hair tied in a kerchief. And Peggy is so blonde and bright, too bright, her hair perfectly curled, light blue eyes straining above a set smile. She looks perpetually surprised, but scared and insincere, like a playactor. She felt guilty because she'd insisted they sell the house; Tom was off with his friends all the time and there she was with the cleaning and the upkeep and her teaching job, as well—but the fact was he had to move out and she didn't, since the college turned the place into a girl's dorm and Peggy stayed on, in her own room, as house-mother. She and Tom had argued and three weeks later he was dead—she hadn't even known he was sick. She thought I blamed her but wouldn't say so. I did blame her some, but with such a resignation there was no anger. It was all muddled. I kept thinking Tom and I might have broken up anyway when he went off to college, and said so, but they all denied that as though his honor were at stake. We talked about him endlessly. Finally I sickened on the whole thing and told myself it was his business, his death. We all seemed to have so little to do with it, and no right to such feeling. I suppose I was stunned. All the days were like some repetitive dream—sometime next week I would wake up and be in the real world.

MOTHER SAID, "YOU'RE YOUNG. YOUR LIFE'S NOT over." A girlfriend of mine moved in with us and Mother gave us the whole top floor of the house. We moved the Victrola upstairs, played records loud and practiced dance steps. "Fascination" is a song I remember from that time: *I might have gone on my way empty-hearted*; every jukebox had two or three versions. I wore anklets and heels and did the furniture in gaudy colors. Took one of Mother's beautiful antique vanities, painted it pink and black, and hung a starched white ruffle around the legs. Wow, I said, isn't it pretty; Mother said yes it certainly was. Anything I did was fine with her. My girlfriend and I had jobs as clerks at the grocery, and clothes, and dates—I never went out with the same boy three times. I forced myself to be happy and flip. Really, I was mad at all of them, and mad at Tom for leaving me. There in town with all the same people and sidewalks and buildings, it was as though he still existed but wouldn't come near me. Like he was watching me all the time, disappointed and sad-faced. What had I done wrong? Nate and Peggy had made copies of all their snapshots of Tom, then given me the originals and the negatives. Envelopes of those stiff dark negatives, squares that rattled when I shuffled them. I kept them in my high school scrapbook. Sometimes I took them all out and held them

to the light one by one. We all glowed up like angels. The smiles and unsuspecting gestures made more sense, full of a secret everyone ignored, but what was it?

So the time went on quietly. I worked, took classes at the college. Life wasn't like it is now. Look at you—born here and think you have to get to California or Europe, go so far, do so much so fast. Crazy situations, strange people—all this I hear about drugs. We had the Depression and then the war—we didn't have to go looking for something to happen. And the things that happened were so big; no one could question or see an end to them. People died in the war and they died at home, of real causes, not what they brought on themselves. Living with that was enough.

Late in '44 I enrolled in the Cadet Nurse Corps in Washington, a special accelerated course subsidized by the government. My mother's trouble, the cancer, had started the spring before—but she wasn't ill except when she had the treatments, and she so wanted me to have the training, some security. So I went. I lived in a dorm at American University. The food was terrible and we all smoked cigarettes to cut our appetites. Washington was exciting in wartime, full of soldiers and service people. And I loved the classes. But I only stayed four months; Mother got worse. My brother was in the service, my sister was divorced and had a child to support—there was no one to help but me. At that time we still thought she'd recover, but I didn't want her to be alone. I was twenty years old, almost an adult, and felt I should earn the money to support us, the money to get her whatever treatment she needed. And that's what I was doing two years later, just barely, when I met your father.



was with; I was dating Bink Crane and Jimmie Darnell at the time. I was always going out with older fellas, but not as old as Mitch Hampson, and I was a little scared of him. What year was it?—1946. And he was thirty-eight, a man about town since the war was over. He was so much older that even though he'd gone to high school in town I'd never heard of him, and no one I knew had heard of him, except he was related to the Bonds that owned the hospital. He was wearing a nice suit and drove his own car, and asked me to lunch. I said no; I didn't have enough time, my lunch hour was too short.

But we must have had lunch, because we certainly started going out. I remember him then as very patient, a perfect gentleman, none of

the cussing and bad temper he was full of later. Of course it's not hard to be a gentleman for a two-week courtship. Two weeks, and we were married! Drove to Oakland, Maryland, with a wedding party of eight people. I wore a white suit I'd bought on sale and altered, and a white broad-brim hat I'd done in pale blue net and sprays of silk honeysuckle. What little fool would marry a man after two weeks? I should have had my head examined. But it seemed the right thing at the time. Mother said from her bed, "What's your hurry?"

She and I had been through a lot those three years she was sick. Mitch and I were married in June and she died in December. He really was good to her. Every evening he went down to the drugstore to get the paper, and he'd go into her room before he left, sit and talk to her about the weather or the news, ask if she wanted anything.

She was bedfast about the time I started seeing him, and I guess I felt the ground going under me. We were alone in that big house, mostly living on my salary. I did office work for Maintenance at the State Road Commission—I balanced the payroll, answered phones. . . I kept a telephone on Mother's bed so she could call me if she got in trouble. The cancer had gone clear through and her body just didn't work. She was so afraid she'd offend people. She'd drag herself to the bathroom every day and wash herself out with a syringe. I kept a big bowl of gauze pads on the table right next to her, gauze cut to measure from long strips I bought at the hospital. She

HOW DID I MEET HIM? I MET HIM AT A VFW DANCE. Veterans of Foreign Wars had fixed up an old house down near Main Street—there was a bar and jukebox and no furniture in the parlor so couples could dance on the hardwood floor. He was there with Marthella Barnett—she was wearing a purple sweater with cheap pink glass buttons down the front—and he left her and asked me to dance. I don't remember who I

kept herself clean with them all day, and every night I washed them along with her sheets.

Sometimes I wonder how things would have turned out if she'd never gotten sick. I didn't want her to die thinking I was alone. It seemed the least I could do for her, but really, I suppose I was scared for myself. I had no idea what I would do without her.

I'LL NEVER FORGET THE DAY SHE FOUND IT. ONE of those first warm days in early April, and a woman had come from Clarksburg to measure the couch for slipcovers. She had spread material samples a yard wide, five yards long, all around the living room—a bright blue and a pale blue, a green floral, a beautiful off-white cream they called "oyster." I was standing in the dining-room doorway looking in at the colors. Mother came out of the bathroom and said she was spotting. She was fifty-one then, just past menopause. She said she would call the doctor to be safe. The seamstress had opened a window and there was a smell of mown grass from across the street . . . We chose the cream; it really was lovely, textured with raised threads and very rich. A little more expensive, but Mother said the material would make the room seem lighter, summer and winter—and later we could have the chairs done in a print, maybe the floral.

Those slipcovers were the last thing we bought for three years except necessities, and the last housewares I bought until she was gone and the house was sold and I was buying for my own house. You never see the everyday the way you might.

She did call Dr. Bond that very day and made an appointment. He diagnosed it and said there was no problem at all, not to worry, they could cure her with radium at Baltimore. So she went to Kelly Clinic by train. They told her it was a spot the size of a pinpoint on the mouth of the uterus. She went every three months, always by herself—we couldn't afford anything else. Sometimes they wouldn't find a trace in her whole body. The disease seemed to come and go like a shade. For a long time she had no pain, she would just get terribly tired.

Once she hemorrhaged and I took her by ambulance to Baltimore. They gave her radium and deep X-ray, and she was so quickly recovered that we walked to the hotel. The room was depressing—two little single beds on steel frames, no rug on the floor, dusty, like the place was never aired. I was upset to see this was where she'd been staying all those times, but she seemed accustomed to it and talked about all the fine people she'd met at the clinic. She said the doctors and nurses were generous and kept her informed; that the patients were interesting and came from all sorts of places.

She had every amount of hope.

Even after the disease had spread, she wasn't as afraid as most people would be. Her life hadn't been easy but

she was never a downhearted type. In an odd way, I suppose, she was prepared.

The last eight months she was good and bad; then she was bad. She stopped the treatments and I kept her at home and kept her comfortable and clean. What did we give her? I don't know, I don't remember—whatever they gave then. Morphine, maybe. Why do you ask me all these questions? Living through it once was enough, and I hate for you to know her through these kinds of stories. I live with the fear of it, I'll tell you. When I had the hysterectomy, I woke up in that bed in the recovery room and thought—even through the terrible pain—"Good, now there's nothing there to go wrong."

Right before she died, she seemed to come to herself. After two days of drugged sleep she opened her eyes and looked all around the room. It seemed she saw everything at once without looking at any one object. She was perfectly calm, and the air of the room went still. Only for a moment . . . as if the room had detached from the house and come clear, the way light looks when a hard rain suddenly stops. Then she turned her head and was gone.

I felt the difference in her hand. Her body was empty; it lay there, familiar and strange. So many months we had tended it. Then I absolutely felt her absence, and left the room.

It's true the body turns empty as the shell of an insect, or like something inflatable and flattened. You don't know that until you're present at a death. And if it's someone whose presence is so known to you, so specific—you feel their movement, a lifting . . . you recognize them in what moves. Not ghostly, but amazing and too much to understand.

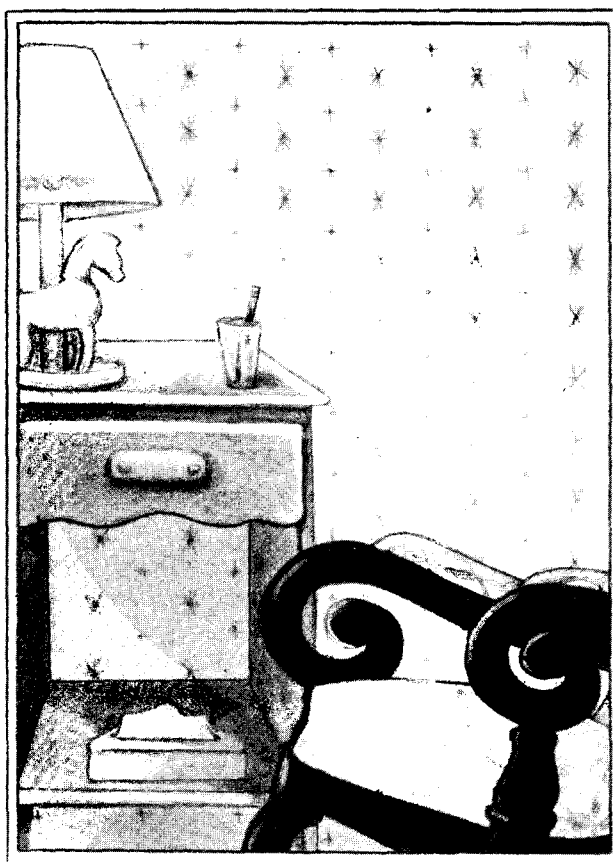
That winter, my breath caught each time I heard a sigh of heat from the register in the hall. Small, silly things. I did sometimes talk to her in my mind, and answered myself with memories of things she'd said, or particular details. An hour before the death, I'd given her a drink of water from a teaspoon. Months afterward, I felt us both frozen in that instant, the spoon at her mouth. She was semiconscious and I had the feeling, as the wetness touched her lips, that I was only taking care of things—the house, the rooms, her body. Then or later, I wasn't aware of any anger toward her, or even toward the disease. But there was so much sadness, and constant measuring up. Those cold months, I sewed or read in the evenings. Her sayings seemed present in the walls of the house—*between* the walls, unseen as the supports and beams. Alone, without her sense of humor, the words were prayerful and heavy. Anything worth doing is worth doing well. Sit down and collect yourself. Look until you find it and your labor won't be lost. Hitch your wagon to a star. The Lord helps those who help themselves. Lay it in the lap of the Lord.

She thought funerals were barbaric. We had talked it all out. She wrote her own service and wanted to be cre-

mated. The service? I really don't remember. She didn't pretend to be educated; it was only a poem she'd written, a list of quotations, two hymns. Very simple. We'd thought the cremation would be simple as well, but it was more difficult to arrange than you'd think. Not a usual practice then, not here. Some of her friends disapproved and tried to dissuade me—maybe she'd made such a choice, they said, but she wasn't herself. Legally, I had to get permission from the state and from each county whose lines we crossed in transporting the body. Then we took her ninety miles, my brother and sister and I, in a rented ambulance. The place was a plain one-story building with a cellar and no sign outside but "Thompson Brothers." We arrived in the evening and were to come back for the ashes next morning. The man who spoke with us was very kind. I wanted to know everything; he explained the whole process. He said the words "white heat" and showed me the crematorium, three long ovens built back into the wall. There was a strong steel mesh, very fine, with a sort of flat tray below, "so the ashes stay pure and are contained." He seemed to want to reassure me about that.

I knew it was only her body, and I hadn't let myself open the casket except once. Still, it was strange to leave her there. Walking out of the building was physically hard, as though I were moving against a wind. That night in the hotel I didn't sleep. I can't describe my feeling. The others slept, or seemed to, but I sat up and kept a light on. If I lay down or closed my eyes, I felt so far away, as though the bed rested on air. When we could afford a stone, she'd said to put simply her name, the years, and "It is over." That phrase ran in my mind all night until it lost its meaning.

We went for the ashes very early, 7 A.M. When I saw them I felt a first easing, a release, handed me like a gift. They were more like sand than ashes. Irregular grains the color of ivory; soft and rough to the touch. So clean they smelled of nothing. I kept them all winter in a small brass box. One day in the spring, I scattered them in the garden at home. Must have been March. Jonquils had budded early and the wind moved across them in a swath.



I THOUGHT MY MARRIAGE would work. Maybe you always think that; you have to. Times had been so hard for everyone. When the war was over and the thing with Mother finished, all I wanted was to have a family. Not just for something to do, but because I knew what family meant.

People had lost whatever was taken in those years and survived—a lot of them married, had children, quickly. It was denying what had happened, in a way, saying life had started again and you could trust it. For me that feeling was delayed, as if the war didn't really stop until my mother died. She had first gotten sick in wartime; we had always struggled, with the sickness, with money, in the shadow of the war—then suddenly the war was over and the men were

home, but we were just starting the hardest part, that last six months. I married and Mitch moved in with us. His presence helped but he wasn't directly involved; it wasn't his job to be. Mother and I saw it through. Then I took a year, some time for myself, and I *wanted* my children; she had wanted them for me.

And family wasn't just who you were married to, not here. Late forties, the end of that decade, people were relieved. There were jobs and money and no more catastrophes. People knew each other, they helped each other. A lot of people around town were good to me, good to us. Family was more than blood relation.

Your father and I lived with Gladys Curry while our own house was being built. We'd sold Mother's place to get the money to buy land, and Gladys let us stay in her spare bedroom. What a pistol she was—still working at the dress shop then, hard as nails and took no truck from anyone. We weren't paying rent and I did a lot of work around the house, or tried to; I could spend all morning scrubbing the kitchen floor—she'd come home, get down on her knees right in front of me, and do it over to suit herself.

But she was a lot of fun and said outrageous things—especially considering she'd known me since I was a little girl, and her daughter, Jewel, her one child, had married my older brother. They'd lived with Gladys a while too, before moving to Ohio, and we filled the space they'd left. Gladys was a widow, one of those women three times

stronger than the man she married. She'd tell me that every woman should have a husband and a lover; it took at least two men to stay this side of the desert; no one man had sense enough to take care of things and it was useless expecting him to. She'd had her daughter at seventeen and her husband died in a mine accident when she was thirty; she never did marry again but had a boyfriend for years. He kept a room downtown but spent most of his time with her—she cooked and cleaned for him and cajoled him and entertained him—she said she was no fool, she owned her house and her car and why on earth should she marry again.

We'd moved out to the other house by the time you were born, but Gladys was around a lot all those first few years. When you and Billy were toddlers, we'd dress you both up every summer afternoon and take you somewhere. You were like two dolls, done up in matching blue-and-white piqué sunsuits. We'd show you off to her neighbors in town. Mrs. Talbot across the street from Gladys would sit on her leafy porch and shake her head. She thought I took too many pains keeping my children so clean. Especially Billy. "You wash that child too much—you're going to sap his strength. You're washing his strength away."

Gladys and I would take you both down to the train station. The trains were still running then. Patchen, the engineer, would hold Billy on his lap and drive the engine back and forth across the yard. Then he'd hand him back to me covered with soot and crowing. Those engines were coal-burners, dirty and loud. You were three. While Billy rode you stood without a word and never took your eyes from that square of filthy window in the cab. I remember Patchen's old striped hat and those yellow gauntlets he wore—elbow-length padded gloves covered with coal dust. He would say to me, "Best let that boy alone. A boy can raise himself." Gladys said she had never raised a boy, but she doubted they could fix their own meals or mend their own clothes any more than a man could.

She was there the night you almost died of pneumonia—you were five months old. Your father was out of town and there was a blizzard; the phone lines were down and the car was drifted in. You couldn't seem to breathe if we laid you down so we kept you awake all night, upright, to keep your lungs from filling—took turns walking the hall and holding you. You were so small but you'd open your mouth when you felt the spoon near your face; you wanted that bitter medicine. By dawn we were giving you whiskey with an eyedropper, a drop at a time. Gladys walked a mile through that deep snow to the

neighbors, and the doctor came by seven. Somehow you were better and he said just to keep you at home—it would only be worse to try to get you to town.

It stayed way below zero that whole December and January, one storm after another. If you hadn't been breast-fed from the beginning, I don't think you would have made it. Several people lost young babies that winter—influenza and pneumonia. Adults got sick and didn't get well till spring.

I was always afraid when you were sick because you couldn't take drugs. You never could—allergic to sulfa and penicillin, and almost anything affected you badly. You were always strong, but if you really got sick it was a matter of luck that you didn't get worse and worse.

You couldn't even take motion-sickness pills. Once in summer Gladys and I took her old Plymouth up to Ohio to visit Jewel and my brother—you were almost a year old and Billy would be born in a month. Gladys did all the driving because I was too pregnant. We weren't on the road an hour before you went crazy on those pills—thrashing and screaming, throwing yourself against the dash. "We've got to stop," Gladys said. "She's going to bounce that baby right out of you." So Gladys walked up and down the road with you while I sat and sweated on those prickly car seats; they were woolly and as full of springs as an overstuffed chair. When she brought you back you had quieted and your eyes were glazed; you went into such a sound sleep that I was worried to death.

You were always too sensitive. Everything that passed through you showed. That's why I don't know how you can take the kind of life you have, always moving around. You've got too much guts for your own good, and one of these days you'll come to a dead halt. Sometimes I'm afraid for you; I feel responsible. I stayed married all those years until you were grown, thinking the marriage secured some certainty . . . I only kept going to make you safe.

Still, you and I will go on and on, despite whatever differences, whatever quarrels. How are we different? Body and soul, I know—but some things don't change.

You were late getting born. I drank a pint of castor oil to start my labor. I remember leaning out the door still holding the bottle, yelling to the neighbor woman across the road that I'd drunk it all. July, ten in the morning, already hot as Hades. Then there were twenty hours, on and off the delivery table three times that night while other women had their babies and got on with it. I thought you were a boy for sure; no girl would cause such trouble. But when I knew I had a daughter, I was so thankful—like my own mother had come back to me. □

THE YEARS OF LYNDON JOHNSON

BY ROBERT A. CARO

LYNDON AND MISTER SAM

IN NOVEMBER OF 1934, after a two-month courtship, twenty-six-year-old Lyndon Johnson, who was then a congressman's assistant, married twenty-one-year-old Claudia Alta Taylor, a quiet, deeply shy, intelligent woman from Karnack, Texas, who was known as Lady Bird. Hardly had they moved into their one-bedroom furnished apartment, at 1910 Kalorama Road in Washington, when Johnson informed her that a congressman—Maury Maverick—and his wife would be coming for dinner.



Lady Bird's shyness and her upbringing in a house full of Negro servants made entertaining difficult for her; until the day she moved to Kalorama Road, she recalls, "I had never swept a floor, and I certainly had never cooked." Mrs. Maverick says that when she entered the Johnsons' apartment, in which a table had been set in the living room, and met Lady Bird, she felt "as if a little girl had invited me"—and not just because of the obvious nervousness of her small, slim hostess. "One of the first things I saw was a Fanny Farmer cookbook open on the table," Mrs. Maverick says. "Staring at me was a recipe for boiled rice. The menu included baked ham, lemon pie, and of course the rice. The ham and pie were very good, but I'll never forget that rice. It tasted like library paste. To this day, I connect boiled rice and library paste."

But Mrs. Maverick was also struck by Lady Bird's sweetness and graciousness as a hostess, by the way,



covering her nervousness with a smile that never wavered, she made both the congressman and his wife, so much older than the Johnsons, feel at home in the small apartment. Others were struck by the same qualities: congressmen such as Marvin Jones and Ewing Thomason, who condescended to accept a staffer's dinner invitation because the staffer's father was Sam Ealy Johnson, their old friend and colleague from the Texas Legislature; young reporters ("Get the furniture insured for Friday night," Johnson

told Lady Bird one day. "I'm having a bunch of newspapermen out there . . . We'll have a wild evening"); congressional assistants—all of them felt, as she said good night to them at the door with "Y'all come back real soon, hear now," that she really *wanted* them to. And this graciousness, Lady Bird Johnson's remarkable ability to make anyone feel at home, was, within just a few months of their marriage, to give her husband's career the biggest boost it had yet received.

For one of the guests visiting the Johnsons' little apartment—visiting it more and more frequently; after a while, coming every Sunday for breakfast, and staying, Sunday by Sunday, longer and longer, sitting always in a straight, hard chair, but, week by week, more and more often bending forward, hands on his knees, to tell stories of Texas, and, slowly starting to relax, chatting with Lyndon Johnson hour after hour—was a man who seldom visited anyone, and who had *never* visited anyone regularly, a man as shy in his own way as Lady Bird was in hers, a small, stocky man with a bald head, and a face like a rock.

Robert A. Caro is the author of The Power Broker: Robert Moses and the Fall of New York, which won the 1975 Pulitzer Prize for Biography. The first volume of his biography of Lyndon Johnson, from which this article is drawn, will be published by Knopf next fall.

RAYBURN. RAYBURN WHO HATED THE RAILROADS, whose freight charges fleeced the farmer, and the banks, whose interest charges fleeced the farmer, and the utility companies, who refused to extend their power lines into the countryside and thus condemned the farmer to darkness. Rayburn who hated the "trusts" and the "interests"—Rayburn who hated the rich and all their devices. Rayburn who hated the Republican Party, which he regarded as one of those devices—hated it for currency policies that, he said, "make the rich richer and the poor poorer"; hated it for the tariff ("the robber tariff, the most indefensible system that the world has ever known," he called it); hated it because the Republican Party "fooled . . . the farmer into" supporting the tariff, enabling the rich to "fatten their already swollen purses with more ill-gotten gains wrung from the horny hands of the toiling masses"; and hated it for Reconstruction, too: the son of a Confederate cavalryman who "never stopped hating the Yankees," Rayburn, a friend once said, "will not in his long lifetime forget Appomattox"; for years after he came to Congress, the walls of his office bore many pictures, but all were of one man, Robert E. Lee; in 1928, when his district was turning to the Republican Hoover over Al Smith, and he was advised to turn with it or risk losing his own congressional seat, he growled: "As long as I honor the memory of the Confederate dead, and revere the gallant devotion of my Confederate father to the Southland, I will never vote for electors of a party which sent the carpetbagger and the scalawag to the prostrate South with saber and sword." Rayburn who hated the railroads, and the banks, and the Republicans because he never forgot who he was, or where he came from.

Forgetting would have been difficult. The eighth of eleven children, Samuel Taliaferro Rayburn was born, on January 6, 1882, on a forty-acre farm in Tennessee whose worn-out soil could not support so large a family. In 1887, the Rayburns moved to a forty-acre farm in Texas, in Fannin County, northeast of Dallas. (The thousand-mile train trip to Texas provided him with one of his most enduring memories: from the train windows, he was to recall, he saw "the people . . . on their trek west, all their earthly belongings heaped on covered wagons, men in plainsmen's outfits with wide-brimmed hats and guns on their shoulders, leading the oxen.") The first year in Texas almost finished the Rayburns: floods covered the fields and boll weevils feasted on the cotton that survived. Although Fannin County soil was deep, rich loam, and the rainfall was plentiful, forty acres was inadequate for a large family when the interest on the mortgage was 10 percent and cotton was selling for nine cents a pound. The Rayburns managed to hold the farm year after year

only because the whole family, even five-year-old Sam, worked in the fields.

Except for four months each year in a one-room, one-teacher schoolhouse, Sam Rayburn spent his boyhood in the cotton rows. In the spring, he plowed—plowed while he was still so small that his weight couldn't keep the plowpoint in the ground and he had to strain to hold it down as the mules yanked it forward. In the summer, in the searing Texas sun, he worked with a hoe, bent over and chopping at the plants to thin them out, going to bed at night with an aching back—knowing that at daybreak he would be out with the hoe again. And in September, he would be in the rows on his knees—crawling down the rows, dragging behind him a long sack, while he picked the cotton; in the rows day after day, knees raw and bleeding from the crawling, hands raw and bleeding from the picking, back aching even worse than from the chopping. "I plowed and hoed from sun 'til sun," Sam Rayburn was to recall. "If some of our city friends who talk about the beauty and romance of farm life would go out and bend their backs over a cotton row for 10 or 12 hours per day and grip the plow handles that long, they would see how fast this romance that they have read in the novels would leave, and how surely it would come down to a humdrum life of work and toil." Work and toil—and little to show for it, thanks to the government's tariff and currency policies, which kept prices of farm produce low and prices of manufactured goods high. The injustice that farmers felt was embodied in these policies—and that made northeast Texas a stronghold of the reform-oriented People's Party, the "Populists"—was exemplified by the inclusion of steerhides on the "free" (unprotected by tariff) list, which meant that farmers received little for their steerhides, and by the inclusion of the shoes manufactured from steerhides on the protected list, which forced farmers to pay high prices for shoes. Cotton prices were kept low, too. When, after a year's work in the fields by the entire family, the cotton went to the gin (and Sam remembered, decades later, how scared he had been: a little boy driving the big horses), the Rayburn family might have left, after paying the merchants and the mortgage-holder and the railroad's cruelly high freighting charges, *in a good year*, as much as twenty-five dollars.

And it wasn't the work and toil—or the poverty—that he dreaded most. His father, the bearded Confederate veteran, was a gentle but very silent man, except when telling stories about the war (the most prominent object in the living room was a framed picture of General Lee), and his mother ("Hard Boss," the family called her, because of her rigidity), who loved and was devoted to her children, was careful to conceal her affection; to

PHOTO CREDITS: P. 41, left, Wide World Photos; right, courtesy The Lyndon Baines Johnson Library. Pp. 43 - 44 courtesy The Sam Rayburn Library. P. 46 top, *Life Magazine* © Time Inc., courtesy The Sam Rayburn Library; bottom, courtesy The Sam Rayburn Library. Pp. 52 - 53 courtesy The Sam Rayburn Library. P. 56 *Life Magazine* © 1949 Time Inc. P. 61 courtesy The Lyndon Baines Johnson Library. P. 62 Washington Post courtesy The Lyndon Baines Johnson Library.



THE RAYBURN FAMILY AT HOME IN FLAG SPRINGS IN 1902: FROM LEFT: SAM'S PARENTS, WILLIAM AND MARTHA; HIS UNCLE JIM RAYBURN; HIS BROTHERS ABNER AND RICHARD; SAM; AND HIS SISTER LUCINDA

Sam's parents, a friend said, "any show of sentiment toward young children was a sign of weakness." All through his boyhood, Sam's life was the cotton fields—the fields and little else. If chores were light on Sunday, they were supposed to be replaced not by play but by piety. "Many a time when I was a child and lived way out in the country," Sam Rayburn later recalled, "I'd sit on the fence and wish to God that somebody would ride by on a horse or drive by in a buggy—just anybody to relieve my loneliness." Terrible as were the toil and the poverty, the loneliness was worse. Poverty, he was to say, only "tries men's souls"; it was loneliness that "breaks the heart. Loneliness consumes people."

IN THE BLEAKNESS AND BOREDOM OF SAM RAYBURN'S childhood, there stood out a single vivid day.

Fannin County's congressman was Joseph Weldon Bailey, who, as minority leader of the House of Representatives, "dominated the Democratic minority like an overseer and carried himself like a conqueror," according to the historian Claude Bowers, and was expected, if the Democrats won control of Congress, to become Speaker. Bailey was one of the greatest of the great Populist orators. When he spoke in the House, it was said, "his tones lingered in the chamber like the echo of chimes in a cathedral." In 1894, when Sam Rayburn

was twelve, Bailey spoke in Bonham, the county seat. And Sam Rayburn heard him.

He was to remember, all his life, every detail of that day: how it was raining so heavily that his mule took hours to cover the eleven miles to town, how he felt when he arrived at the tent "tabernacle" of the Bonham Evangelical Church, where Bailey was speaking. "I didn't go into that tabernacle. I'd never been to Bonham since we bought the farm, and I was scared of all the rich town-folks in their store-bought clothes. But I found a flap in the canvas, and I stuck there like glue while old Joe Bailey made his speech." And, most vividly of all, he remembered Joe Bailey. "He went on for two solid hours, and I scarcely drew a breath the whole time. I can still feel the water dripping down my neck. I slipped around to the entrance again when he was through, saw him come out, and ran after him five or six blocks until he got on a streetcar. Then I went home, wondering whether I'd ever be as big a man as Joe Bailey."

Passing the barn the next morning, Sam's brothers heard a voice inside. Looking through the door, they saw their little brother standing, legs apart, on a feeding trough, practicing a political speech. From the day he heard Joe Bailey, Sam Rayburn knew what he was going to be. Knew precisely. He told his brothers and sisters and friends; as one recalls his words, "I'm going to get myself elected to the state legislature. I am going to spend



RAYBURN AT HIS DESK IN THE TEXAS LEGISLATURE

about three terms there and then I want to be elected Speaker. After that, I am going to run for Congress and be elected." He would be in the House of Representatives, he said, by the age of thirty. And eventually, he said, he would be its Speaker, too. Sam's ambition became a joke on the Rayburn farm; his brothers and sisters would stand outside the barn and laugh at the speeches being made inside. But the speeches went on. And in 1900, when he was eighteen years old, Sam Rayburn, standing in a field with his father one day, told him he wanted to go to college.

His father said that he had no money to send him. "I'm not asking you to send me, Pa," Sam said. "I'm asking you to let me go." The cavalryman's back was stooped from the fields now; he was old; two of his eight sons had already left the farm; the loss of a third pair of strong hands would be hard to bear. "You have my blessing," he said. On the day Sam left, his clothes rolled up and tied with a rope because he had no suitcase, his father hitched up the buggy and drove him to the railroad station. A silent man, he stood there silently until the train arrived, and his son was about to board it. Then he suddenly reached out and pressed some bills into Sam's hand. Twenty-five dollars. Sam never forgot that; he talked about that twenty-five dollars until the end of his life. "God knows how he saved it," he would say. "He never had any extra money. We earned just enough to live. It

broke me up, him handing me that twenty-five dollars. I often wondered what he did without, what sacrifice he and my mother made." And he never forgot the four words his father said to him as he climbed aboard the train; he was to tell friends that he had remembered them at every crisis in his life. Clutching his son's hand, his father said: "Sam, be a man!"

Tuition at East Texas Normal College, a handful of buildings on a bleak prairie, was twelve dollars a month; to supplement his parents' gift, he got a job as janitor at a nearby elementary school, and became the college's bell ringer, running up to the bell tower every forty-five minutes to signal the end of a class period. Unable even with those jobs to stay in school, he dropped out, taught for a year in a one-room school to earn money, then returned, to take a heavy load of courses and graduate with his class. (He was so ashamed of his only suit and its frayed elbows that he tried to avoid attending the graduation ceremony.) After graduation he taught again, this time in Fannin County, and then, in 1906, at the age of twenty-four, announced for the legislature.

HE WAS A SHORT, STOCKY MAN, FIVE FEET six inches tall, with a hairline that was already receding, and earnest brown eyes. He campaigned on a little brown cow pony, riding from farm to farm. Unable to make small talk, he discussed farm problems. Two incidents in the campaign showed that he had not forgotten his father's four words of advice. A man approached him one day and said that a ten-dollar contribution to an influential farmer would ensure the votes of the farmer's relatives. "I'm not trying to buy the office," Rayburn replied. "I'm asking the people to give it to me." He and his opponent, Sam Gardner, of Honey Grove, became friends, and near the end of the campaign toured the district together in a one-horse buggy; arriving in a town, they would take turns standing in the back of the buggy and speaking. In one town, Gardner became ill, and spent three days in bed. Although Gardner appeared to be leading, Rayburn didn't use the three days to campaign. He spent them with Gardner, nursing him. Gardner was to be a friend of Sam Rayburn's all his life.

The votes were cast on a Saturday, but, because the ballot boxes had to be brought in to the county clerk's office in Bonham, and the ballots counted by hand, the results would not be announced until Tuesday. Sam arranged for a friend with a fast horse to bring the news the eleven miles to the Rayburn farm. On Tuesday, he sat with his family in the living room, waiting for the hoofbeats that would announce his destiny. It was victory, by 163 votes.

In Austin, Sam Rayburn didn't forget where he came from. Enlisting in the small band of Populists (among them Sam Ealy Johnson) that fought "the Interests" and

spoke in almost mystical terms of "the People," he introduced bills regulating railroads and banks. Unlike some of that band, he never sold out. Years later, when a friend mentioned that Rayburn's father had not left him much of an inheritance, Rayburn quickly corrected him—his father, he said, "gave me my untarnished name." He kept it untarnished. He wouldn't drink at the Driskill Hotel, where lobbyists picked up the tabs, and he wouldn't live there (many legislators did, with lobbyists paying their bills); staying at a cheap boardinghouse below the capitol, he shared a small room to save his five-dollar-a-day salary for tuition at the University of Texas Law School. After paying the tuition, he was to recall, he had so little money that once, having offered to buy a soda for a representative named Pharr, he realized as they entered the soda fountain that he had only a nickel to his name. "So when we got to the counter, I told Pharr I wasn't feeling so well and I would not take anything. He went on and got his drink and I paid for it. I don't know what I'd have done if he had ordered a dime drink." But when he had obtained his law degree and joined a law firm, one of his partners handed him the largest check he had ever seen as his share of a monthly retainer from the Santa Fe Railroad, and Rayburn handed it back, saying that he would never "accept a dollar of the railroad's money." To his partner's request for an explanation, he replied in simple terms: "I said to him that I was a member of the Legislature, representing the people . . ." Legislators were routinely presented with free railroad passes; Rayburn returned his—even though, at the time he refused his pass, he was desperately lonely in Austin, and unable to make the 300-mile trip home because he could not afford the fare. (His mother approved. "We often wish for you to be with us," she wrote, "but we would rather wait a little longer than for you to accept free passes.") It was while he was in Austin, where legislators were bought wholesale, that there was first heard a saying that men would be repeating for fifty years: "No one can buy Sam Rayburn."

He didn't forget where he came from—or where he was going. He discussed his ambitions as bluntly with his fellow members of the Texas House of Representatives as he had done, years before, with his brothers and sisters. He wanted to be Speaker of the Texas House, he said, and he told them quite frankly why: "I've always wanted responsibility, because I want the power responsibility brings."

Not only did he know what he wanted, he knew—seemed to know instinctively—how to get it. Like Sam Johnson, he had a gift for the legislative process, but unlike Sam Johnson, he was not a romantic or a dreamer. When he helped someone, he insisted on help in return, even when the recipient of his aid was his idol.

Arriving in Austin, Rayburn found his idol on trial there: debate was raging over the threatened legislative investigation of Joseph Weldon Bailey, now a United

States senator accused of selling out to the railroads and to Standard Oil. Rayburn, who throughout his life was to refuse to believe those charges, offered his support to Bailey's legislative lieutenants, noting that because he was the representative from Bailey's old district, his opinion might carry more weight than that of the average freshman legislator. But in return for his support, he said, he wanted more than might be given the average freshman legislator. He gave his support—and proved, during his first days in the legislature, a very effective, if quiet, figure in Bailey's defense. And he got what he wanted in return. The backing of Bailey's lieutenants gave him, in his first term in the legislature, the chairmanship of a key legislative committee.

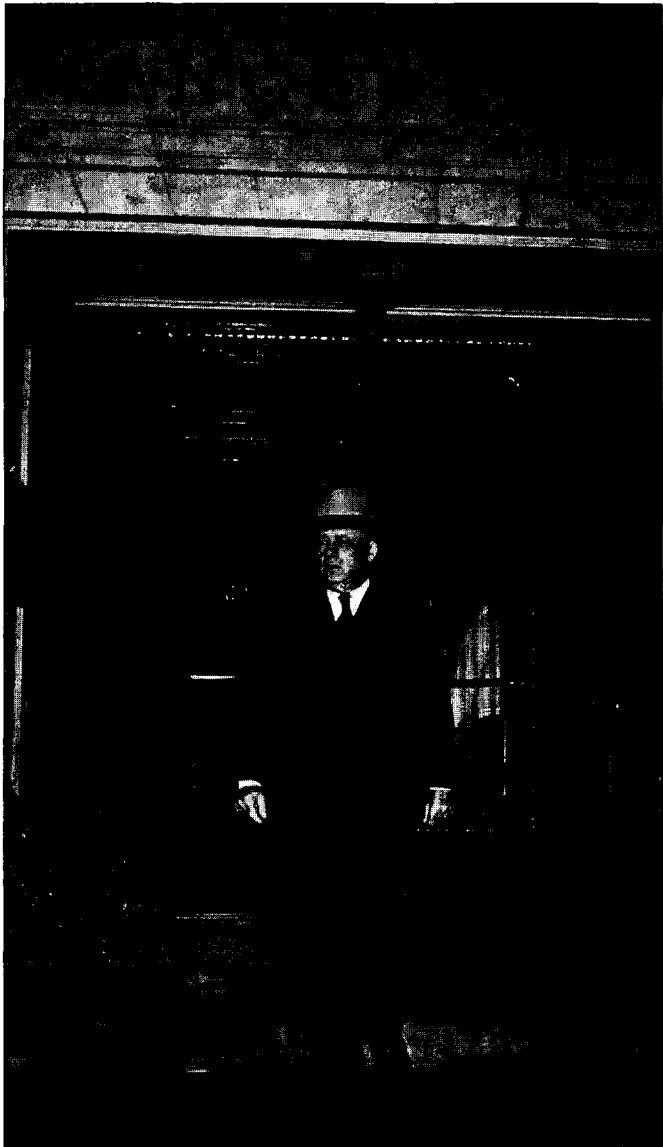
A committee chairman's power was used to get more. The favors for which he asked were, like the favors he gave, shrewdly chosen. Hardly had he arrived in the Texas House, it seemed, than he was a power in it, thanks to a gift—a rare gift—for legislative horsetrading.

He had other gifts, too—in particular, a very unusual force of personality.

In part, that force was physical. Sam Rayburn was a short man, but his body was broad and massive, the chest and shoulders so thick that they bulged through the cheap fabric of his suits. His head, set on a bull neck, was massive, and seemed more massive even than it was, for already, in his twenties, there was almost no hair to soften the loom of the great bare skull. His face, broad and heavy, could be pleasant in private, but in public it was expressionless, immobile, grim; so hard was the thin line of the lips, and the set of the broad, jutting jaw, that except for the eyes that smoldered in it, it was a face that might have been hewn out of a rock—and that exuded an immense, elemental strength.

That impression was not dispelled by Sam Rayburn's character.

Already men were whispering about his temper. When he lost it, and he lost it often, a deep flush would rise along the bull neck and completely cover the great head, and the lips, so grim, would twist in a snarl, and the voice, so low, would rasp. "In dark moods," one observer was to write, "his profanity was shattering," and when he cursed, he spat—and, as the observer tactfully put it, "If a . . . cuspidor was handy, that was fine. If there wasn't, it was too bad." In a rage, "Mr. Rayburn's face blackened in a terrible scowl and his bald head turned deep red. . . . That was the way he looked . . . and few cared to see such a mien turned upon themselves." When he lost control of that temper, he was deaf to reason; not even considerations of career or ambition could stand before it. The most feared figure in Austin was the recently retired governor, Tom Campbell; the ruthlessness he had exhibited in the statehouse, rumor had it, had not been tempered since he had become lobbyist for the state's banking interests—and the power of those interests still enabled him to punish opponents. Rayburn,



RAYBURN IN FRONT OF HIS LONGTIME WASHINGTON RESIDENCE

RAYBURN AFTER HIS ELECTION AS HOUSE
MAJORITY LEADER IN 1937

THOMAS D. McAVOY

fighting bank-sponsored legislation in his committee, and pushing his own, became an opponent. Campbell planted in cooperative newspapers stories that Rayburn was fighting in committee because he was afraid to fight in the open—articles that Rayburn considered an attack on his personal honor. Friends aware of his temper urged him not to lose it; Campbell, they warned him, had destroyed the careers of other men who had opposed him, even indirectly. Rayburn thereupon took the floor of the House with a speech that was not indirect. His own bills, he said, “are in the interest of the people, and I will stand here day by day and vote for them. . . . It matters not to me what Mr. Campbell’s views are.” Pausing, he raised his head and stared straight at Campbell, who was sitting in the gallery, not speaking again until faces throughout the chamber were turned toward Campbell. Then he said: “It matters not to me whether Tom Campbell stands for a measure or against it. Tom Campbell, in my opinion, is the least thing to be considered in legislation.” The temper, the aura of immense strength, the legislative cunning, the implacable standards: in Austin men learned that they couldn’t buy Sam Rayburn—and that they couldn’t cross him.

Nor was his temper the only striking aspect of Sam Rayburn’s character. His colleagues whispered not only of his rage but of his rigidity.

His standards were very simple—and not subject to compromise. He talked a lot about “honor” and “loyalty,” and other legislators learned that he meant what he said. “There are no degrees in honorableness,” he would say. “You are or you aren’t.” Harsh though that rule was, he lived up to it—one of his fellow legislators said, “He had a reputation for honesty and fair dealing; you could always swear by anything Sam told you”—and he insisted that others live up to it. “Once you lied to Rayburn, why, you’d worn out your credentials,” an aide says. “You didn’t get a second chance.” His colleagues learned, however, that if they paid Sam Rayburn what they owed him, they would never be short-changed; his friendship, they learned, was a gift to be cherished. “If he was your friend, he was your friend forever,” one man was to say. “He would be with you—*always*. The tougher the going, the more certain you could be that when you looked around, Sam Rayburn would be standing there with you. I never met a man so loyal to a friend.”

He used the words “just” and “fair” a lot, and his colleagues learned that he meant those words, too. “Whether or not he liked an issue was actually immaterial,” a friend said. “He kept saying he wanted to find out what was *right*—and after a while you realized: by God, he was trying to do just that.” During his second term in the Texas House, the Speaker, A. M. Kennedy, was the target of a smear campaign by powerful state interests, who demanded his removal on trumped-up charges. Although Rayburn hardly knew Kennedy (and Kennedy’s defeat was certain), Rayburn defended him—because, he said,

the charges weren't "fair," and the legislators knew it.

He would spend "about three terms" in the legislature, he had told his brothers and sisters so many years before, and then he would be elected Speaker. During his third term, he ran for Speaker. His speech in the well of the House was to the point. "If you have anything for me," he told his colleagues, "give it to me now." It was a personal appeal, and the response was personal. Bailey's weight was behind him, but that was not a decisive factor—not for a candidate supported by none of the state's major power interests. "Sam Rayburn was elected," says one of his colleagues, "because of the simple respect everyone had for him." For a moment, the iron façade cracked, and the emotion beneath it showed—but only for a moment. When the vote was announced, recalled a friend, "Sam jumped up and gave a cotton-patch yell and then sat down real quick—like he was ashamed of himself." There was another brief crack—during his acceptance speech. "Up there in Fannin County there is an old man already past his three score, and by his side there sits an old woman at whose feet I would delight to worship," he said. "For them also I thank you."

A Speaker's power was used to get more. The Speaker's "rights and duties" had been undefined. When, at his direction, they were defined now—by a committee of his friends—the definition gave the Speaker unprecedented power. He had no reluctance to use it. He himself recalled, "I saw that all my friends got the good appointments and that those who voted against me for Speaker got none." Even supporters could not threaten him; when he turned down their nominee for a clerkship, their spokesman told him, "If you don't appoint her, I'll get up a petition signed by a majority." "I don't give a damn if every member signs your petition," Rayburn replied. "I still won't appoint her." And he knew what he wanted to use the power for: during his single year as Speaker, the Texas House of Representatives passed significant legislation regulating utilities, railroads, and banks—including bills whose passage the Populists had been urging, without hope, for years.

A single year: he had, after all, told his brothers and sisters that he would be in Congress by the age of thirty, and now, in 1912, he was thirty. He appointed a committee to redraw the boundaries of congressional districts—and the committee removed from the Fannin County district the home county of the state senator who would have been his most formidable opponent. Running for Congress, he evoked his destiny. "When I was a school-boy," he said, "I made up my mind that I was going to run for Congress when I was thirty . . . I have reached that age, and I am running for Congress. I believe I have lived to be worthy of your support. I believe I will be elected." He displayed a quiet, but effective, wit: "I will not deny that there are men in the district better qualified than I to go to Congress, but, gentlemen, these men are not in the race." And he was elected.

DECADES LATER, WHEN SAM RAYBURN WAS A LEGEND, one aspect of the legend, fostered by the almost cryptic terseness of his rare speeches, was taciturnity, at least in public. And the reporters who created the legend, who had not known Rayburn when he was a young congressman, assumed that such taciturnity had always been a Rayburn characteristic.

It hadn't. He had been in Congress less than a month, in fact, when he took the floor. He was aware, he said, of "the long-established custom of this House, which . . . demands that discussions . . . shall be left . . . to the more mature members," but he was going to break that custom—to "refuse to be relegated to that lockjawed ostracism." He was refusing, he said, because he represented 200,000 people, and they needed someone to speak for them—and, in his speech, which lasted for almost two hours, he did indeed speak for them, pouring out all the bitterness and resentment that had a generation before fueled the People's Party in northeast Texas.

The issue was the tariff. The House, newly Democratic, was, under the spur of the newly inaugurated Woodrow Wilson, debating the Underwood Bill, which would begin to reform the tariff laws that Populists hated by, for example, placing shoes as well as steerhides on the free list.

The Republicans "talk about the hard deal the producer is getting in this bill," Rayburn said. The Republican Party, he said, was always "willing and anxious to take that small rich class under its protecting wing, but unwilling at all times to heed the great chorus of sad cries ever coming from the large yet poor class, the American consumer." What's wrong, he demanded, with reducing the price of the shoes a man "must buy to protect the feet of himself and his children?" The system that kept that price high was "the most indefensible system the world has ever known." Under it, "the poor man . . . is compelled to pay more than the rich man," and manufacturers profited at the expense of the people who "have forever been ground under the heel of taxation with a relentless tread."

He was especially bitter about the Republicans' attempt, then in full stride, to persuade the farmer that tariffs were really in his best interest. The Republicans "talk about the farmer," he said. What do they know about the farmer? "What consideration have they shown him?" They will find that they underestimate the farmer, he said; they will learn, to their shock, that "they are dealing with a thinking and intelligent class." The Democratic Party, "the party of the masses," was in power, at last. Its representatives were "men who came from every walk of life, and who were fresh from the people, who knew their hopes and their aspirations, and their wants, and their sufferings." Its President was "clean and matchless," with "the great heart and mind that he could interpret the inarticulate longings of suffering humanity." The Democrats would pass the Underwood Bill, reduce the tariffs, break up the "swollen fortunes,"



Audi 100 Turbo—Photographed at the Grangery, Fulda, West Germany

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only one car sold in America has 50 years of front-wheel drive.

The 1982 Audi.

Audi Long before there was an energy crisis, there was a front-wheel-drive Audi.

The 1931 "Front."

Back then, Audi was already building front-wheel-drive, lightweight cars in Germany.

Audi engineers knew even then that front-wheel drive provided considerable advantages over conventional rear-wheel drive:

Superior directional control, particularly on wet and snowy roads.

Greater space efficiency and weight reduction, with the elimination of a bulky driveshaft.

So Audi began building, out of conviction, the car most auto makers would build, out of necessity, 50 years later.

Significant as this early achievement was, it wasn't the first time that Audi had introduced advanced technology.

In 1921, for example, Audi had already developed an aluminum engine block, four-wheel brakes and a ball-selector transmission.

As early as 1910, Audi's engineering art had produced rather astonishing performance marks:

August Horch, one of Europe's leading automotive designers, and his Audis were winning prestigious Continental road races and rallies.

From this fast start, we at Audi have maintained our long commitment to innovative technology and



Audi 5000S 5 speed \$13,665†
*EPA estimates mpg [22] highway mpg 34



Audi 5000 Turbo \$18,490†
*EPA estimates mpg [18] highway mpg 26



Audi Coupe 5 speed \$12,370†
*EPA estimates mpg [24] highway mpg 37



Audi 4000 4E 5 speed \$9,755†
*EPA estimates mpg [28] highway mpg 42



Audi 4000 Diesel 5 speed \$10,515† (alloy wheels extra)
*EPA estimates mpg [38] highway mpg 52

precision, old-world craftsmanship.

Over the years, we have perfected our front-wheel-drive geometry to the point it is regarded as a standard by which others are measured.

We have given equal attention to developing equally sophisticated engines, transmissions, and suspension systems; such as our five-cylinder in-line gasoline engine, the world's first.

No less outstanding is the engineered luxury of an Audi: Anatomically contoured seats. Thick carpets that absorb road noise. Advanced instrumentation for easy scanning.

In sum, it is not surprising that Audi is one of a few car makers not feverishly downsizing whole fleets of overweight automobiles.

Today, while front-wheel-drive cars are still an experiment with many manufacturers, they are a refined art at Audi.

Indeed, today the 1982 Audi is probably the car most of the world is trying to build.

And who knows how to build an Audi better than Audi?

For your nearest Porsche-Audi dealer, please call toll-free (800) 447-4700. In Illinois (800) 322-4400.

*Use "Estimated mpg" for comparisons. Mpg varies with speed, trip length, weather. Actual highway mpg will probably be less.

†Suggested retail price, POE. Transportation, local taxes and dealer delivery charges additional.

© 1981 Porsche Audi.

PORSCHE + AUDI

Audi: the art of engineering.

destroy the "trusts," "lift the load from the bending backs," the "stooped and weary backs," of the farmers and the laboring class.

Decades later, when Sam Rayburn was a legend, and reporters constantly quoted his advice to young congressmen—"To get along, go along"—one staple of the legend was the assumption that when *he* had been a young congressman, he had "gone along," that he had subordinated his own views to those of his party's leaders.

He hadn't. As a young congressman he had "gone along" with no one—not even with the President, the President of his own party, whom he idolized. During his first term in the House, he wrote—with no staff assistance—a bill embodying the old People's Party dream of intensified government regulation of railroads, by giving the government authority over the railroads' issuance of new securities. Happening, by chance, to see the bill, presidential adviser Louis D. Brandeis thought it so good that, says the Wilson biographer Arthur Link, it was made one of the three measures that formed the centerpiece of the President's campaign against the trusts. Despite the opposition of the senior member of the Texas delegation, the popular and powerful John Nance Garner, Rayburn pushed the bill to passage in the House; in a note hand-delivered to Rayburn's little office in the fifth floor "attic" of the House Office Building, the President said he had watched Rayburn's fight "with admiration and genuine appreciation," and for some months thereafter the President frequently invited Rayburn to the White House. But the heady moment passed. Railroad lobbyists killed the bill in the Senate, and by the following year Wilson had had second thoughts; Rayburn was told that the President did not want the bill re-introduced. Although he knew that without White House support the cause was lost—as, indeed, it proved to be—Rayburn refused to stop fighting for it; he re-introduced the bill anyway. This was an embarrassment to the White House; Rayburn was told the President did not want an active campaign made for the bill. Rayburn actively campaigned for it. The President sent the message again—via a messenger whose orders he was sure would be obeyed: the leader of Rayburn's own state delegation, Cactus Jack Garner himself. Rayburn continued campaigning. Then Wilson summoned the obstinate freshman to the White House to give him the order face-to-face. If Wilson received an answer at all, it was a short one; Rayburn was to recall replying only: "I'm sorry I can't go along with you, Mr. President." Turning his back on his "clean and matchless" idol, he walked out of the room without another word.

Angered by this recalcitrance, President Wilson threw the weight of the White House behind Rayburn's opponent in the next Democratic primary. Holding his seat nonetheless, Rayburn, on his return to Congress, introduced half a dozen railroad bills against the President's wishes. He played a crucial role in winning the eight-

hour day for railroad workers. Admiring colleagues gave him a nickname: "The Railroad Legislator." He was active—defiantly and eloquently active, against the wishes of party leaders—in other areas, including the creation of the Federal Trade Commission.

One aspect of the legend that *was* real was his personal integrity. Men learned in Washington what they had learned in Austin: no one could cross Sam Rayburn—and no one could buy him.

Lobbyists could not buy him so much as a meal. Not even the taxpayers could buy him a meal. Spurning the conventional congressional junket, Rayburn would during his forty-eight years in Congress take exactly one overseas trip—a trip to inspect the Panama Canal, which he considered necessary because his committee was considering Canal legislation—and on that trip he insisted on paying his own way. He refused not only fees but travel expenses for out-of-town speeches; hosts who, thinking his refusal *pro forma*, attempted to press checks upon him quickly realized they had made a mistake: the face, already so hard, would become harder; Rayburn would say, "I'm not for sale"—and then he would walk away without a backward glance, as he had walked away from a President. His integrity was certified by his bankbooks. At his death, at the age of seventy-nine, after decades as one of the most powerful men in the United States, a man courted by railroad companies and oil companies, his savings totaled \$15,000.

Sam Rayburn's blocky figure—pounding along the Capitol corridors with strides that one observer likened to the pumping of a piston—seemed broader now, even more massive, the face beneath the bald head even more grim and hard. The impression of physical strength was not misleading. Once, two big congressmen—one was a 230-pound six-footer, Thomas Blanton of Texas; the name of the other has been lost in time—started throwing punches on the House floor. Stepping between them, Rayburn pushed them apart. Then, bunching each man's lapels in one hand, he held them apart as effortlessly as if they had been two crying babies, until, squirm though they did in his grasp, they had quieted down. But it was not his physical strength that most impressed his colleagues. About his integrity, one said: "Amidst the multitude, he was the incorruptible." About his accomplishments—his accomplishments when he was still new on Capitol Hill—another said, introducing him on the floor for a speech in 1916, during his second term in Congress, "He is a member young in years, but old in accomplishment." In a Congress in which seniority or powerful friends ordinarily determined a member's standing, Sam Rayburn, who possessed neither, was already, solely because of the power of his personality, a formidable figure. His colleagues in Washington had learned what his colleagues in Austin had learned: that, immense as was the strength they saw, it was as nothing to the strength they couldn't see.

HE WAS GOING TO NEED THIS STRENGTH. As a boy, he had vowed that he would become Speaker of the House of Representatives. Now, as he stood each day amid the milling and confusion of the House floor, there loomed above him, so aloof and alone on the topmost tier of that triple-tiered white marble dais, the single, high-backed Speaker's chair. From the day he arrived in Congress, he wanted to be in that chair, wanted the Speaker's gavel in his hand. He knew how he would wield it, just as he knew for whom: for the People, against the Interests. For years, no Speaker had dominated the House, and the result was confusion and ineffectiveness; it was during his early years in the House that Sam Rayburn, talking to a friend, suddenly burst out, "Someday a man will be elected who'll bring the Speakership into respectability again. He'll be the real leader of the House. He'll be master around here, and everyone will know it." He knew himself to be capable of such mastery; had he not, after all, demonstrated it already, in another Speaker's chair, demonstrated it, at the age of twenty-nine, so convincingly that he had been called "a natural Speaker"? He felt, moreover, that that high-backed chair—and that gavel—was his destiny. Had not every other element of his boyhood prediction—election to the Texas House, to its Speakership, to the national Congress—already been fulfilled?

His first years in the House may have given him an illusion that that destiny was not so distant. During those years, he had dealt with a President and with presidential advisers, had seen his name in the eastern press, had led debates in the House, had become something of a figure in it. Now reality set in—the long reality.

In 1918, the Democrats lost control of the House of Representatives. They were not to regain it for twelve years. For twelve years, Sam Rayburn would be in the minority.

A minority congressman of insignificant seniority had power to realize neither his dreams for others nor his dream for himself. There was no way of circumventing, no way of battering down, this fact. John Garner had said, "The only way to get anywhere in Congress is to stay there and let seniority take its course." Rayburn had not wanted to believe that. Now he learned that he had no choice. As the prosperity of the twenties waxed ever brighter, so did the fortunes of the party, the Grand Old Party, identified with the glow: Coolidge succeeded Harding, and Hoover succeeded Coolidge, and Republican majorities in Congress grew and grew and grew again—and Democratic congressmen were allowed little voice in its affairs. Sam Rayburn, who had rushed to his destiny, was going to have to wait for it now.

The waiting was made harder by the lack of assurance that it would ever be rewarded. Rayburn could remember when, coming to Washington for the first time, in 1912, at the age of thirty, he had been the youngest congressman; he had still been young—thirty-six, in 1918—when

the waiting began. Now he was no longer so young: he had passed forty and then forty-five. And instead of growing closer, his goal seemed to be receding before him. After the 1928 elections, when Hoover beat Smith, there were only 167 Democrats left in the House, to 267 Republicans. Never had the party's prospects of regaining control of the House seemed more remote. Nor, of course, would a Democratic victory in itself end Rayburn's waiting. He was not the first Democrat in line for the Speakership; he was not even first within the Texas delegation; if the Democrats turned to Texas for a Speaker, they would turn to the delegation's most powerful and most senior member, the popular Garner, who had been in Congress since 1902.

If a Democratic victory did come to pass, moreover, would he still be in a position to take advantage of it? Would he still be in Congress? He had already had several close primary races, and it seemed to him, pessimistic as he was by nature, inevitable that he would one day lose. "My ambition has . . . been to rise in the House," he wrote one of his sisters in 1922. "But nobody can tell when the Democrats will come into power and then a race every two years . . . they will finally get a fellow in a district." So many men had waited patiently for the tides of history to turn and had been defeated before the turn came. Had been defeated, or had become ill, or had died. So many men who had once dreamed of rising to the Speaker's chair had died without achieving their ambition. Was he to be only one of these?

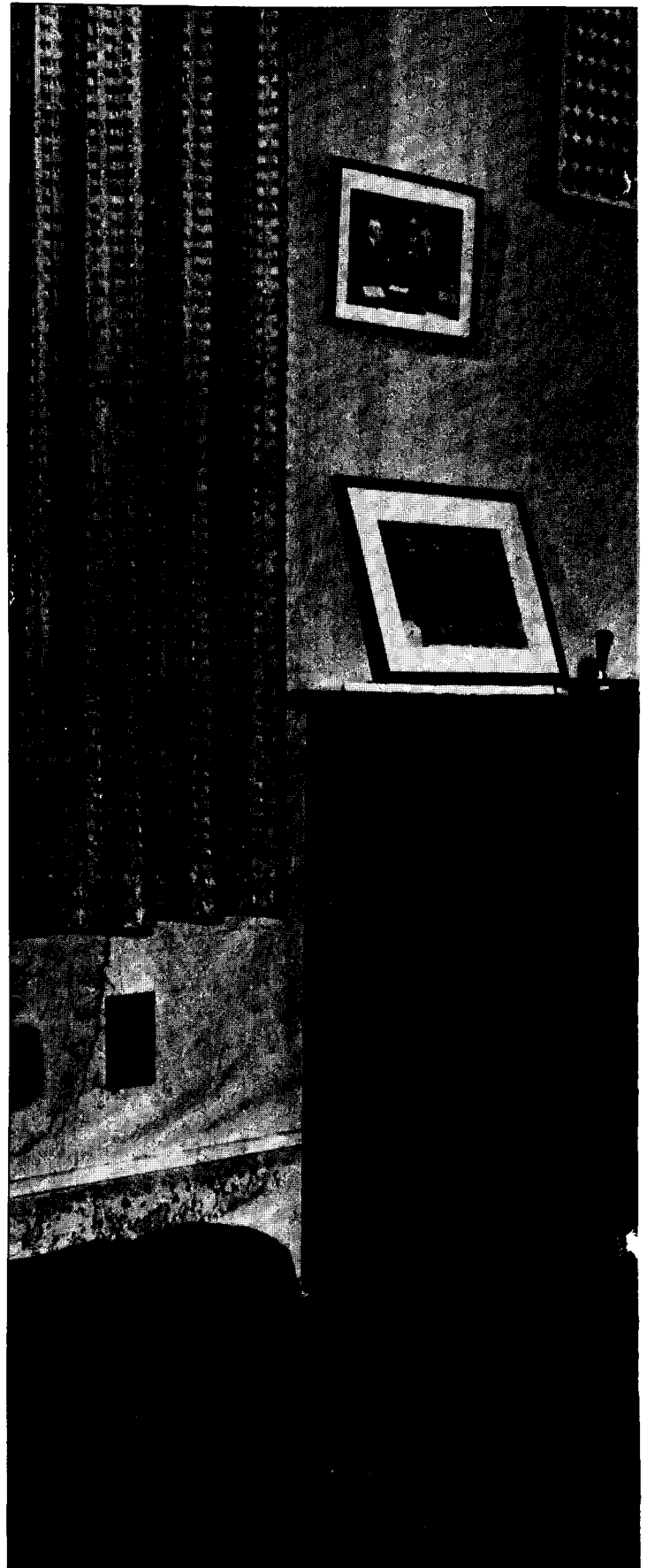
Waiting was hard enough. He had to wait in silence. Seniority might one day lift him to the chairmanship of his committee. Seniority alone would never enable him to climb the triple dais. The Speaker was elected by a vote of the majority party, a vote based not only on seniority but on popularity, particularly among the influential members of the party. He needed friends. He couldn't make enemies. He needed friends, moreover, not only for his own dream but for the dreams he dreamed for what he had referred to as "the large yet poor class." Even if he became committee chairman—even if he became Speaker—the forces that would oppose him, the interests he hated, would be strong. If he wanted not just to hate them but to beat them, he would need allies among his colleagues; he would need, in fact, every ally, every friend, he could get. The savagery with which he fought made enemies. He would have to stop fighting. Sam Rayburn, who had never bided his time, who had rushed to fight the oppressors of "the People," was going to have to bide his time now. This man who so hated to be licked, who said that being licked "almost kills me," was going to have to take his lickings now—take them in silence.

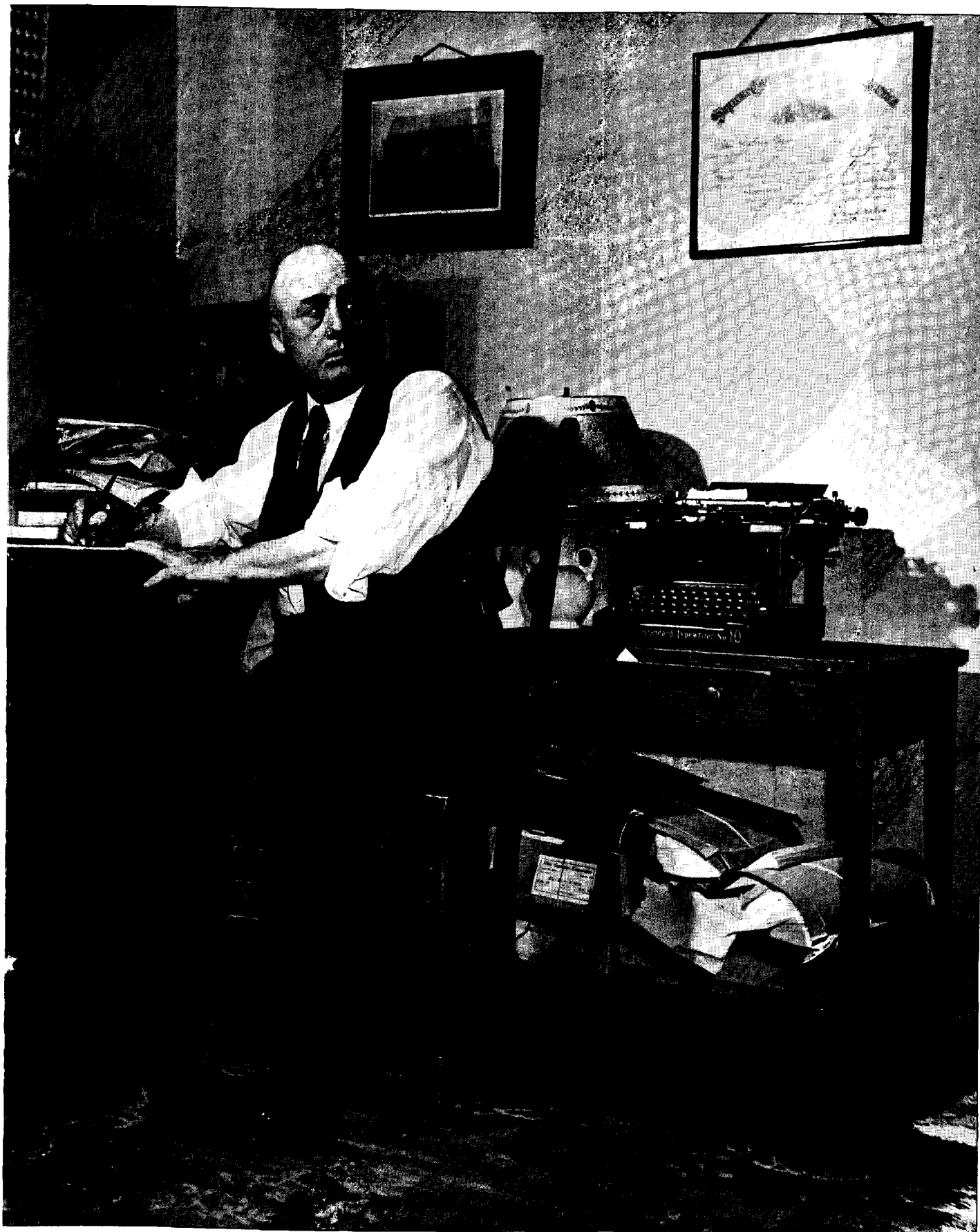
He waited—in silence. He had made so many speeches during his first six years in the House; during these next twelve, he made so few; entire sessions would pass without the representative from Texas's Fourth Congressional District taking the floor. He was little more loqua-

cious in private. He took to standing endlessly behind the brass rail at the rear of the House chamber; with his elbows resting on the rail, he greeted passing members courteously, listening attentively to their problems but saying very little himself; if he was pressed to say something, his words would be so few as to be cryptic. Those twelve years were the years in which the legend of Sam Rayburn's taciturnity was born. The heavy lips compressed themselves into a thin, hard line, so grim that even in repose the corners of his mouth turned down. The Republicans passed legislation raising the tariffs again, helping the railroads; the lips of "The Railroad Legislator" remained closed. Men who had not known him before had no idea how much strength it took to keep them closed. When Silent Cal Coolidge was taxed with his silence, he would reply: "You don't have to explain something you haven't said." Rayburn told people that that was the "smartest thing he'd ever heard outside of the Bible." He took to quoting the remark himself; he talked sometimes about men who "had gotten in trouble from talking too much." Was he reminding himself what he was doing—and why he had to do it?

There was no more breaking of House customs, no more defiance of party leaders. He had disregarded Garner's advice once. Now he sought it, became the older Texan's protégé and a member of his famed after-hours drinking group of influential congressmen, the "Board of Education." A respectful, advice-asking, attentively listening part. If he felt he knew as much as the older members of that group, was as competent to pontificate, they never knew it. The House hierarchy came to look upon him with paternalistic fondness. And these older men learned that on the rare occasions on which Sam Rayburn did speak, there was quite a bit of sense in what he had to say. They saw, moreover, that he had what one observer was to call an "indefinable knack for sensing the mood of the House"; he seemed to know, by some instinct for the legislative process, "just how far it could be pushed," what the vote on a crucial bill would be if the vote were taken immediately, and what it would be if the vote were delayed a week. Asked decades later about this knack, he would reply: "If you can't feel things that you can't see or hear, you don't belong here." The older men also learned that they could depend on him; once he gave his word, it was never broken; Garner tendered him his ultimate tribute: "Sam stays hitched." The Democratic leaders "employed him," as one article put it, "to do big jobs in tough fights, and were repaid by his hard-working loyalty." It was during these years that, when some young member asked him for advice on how to succeed in Congress, he began to use the curt remark "To get along, go along."

He used his growing influence to make friends among young congressmen, but the friendships were made very quietly. Recalls one congressman: "If you said, 'Sam, I need help,' he might say, 'I'll see what I can do.' He might





RAYBURN IN HIS HOME IN 1939

just grunt. But when the bill came up, if you had needed some votes changed, the votes were changed."

More and more now, other congressmen turned to him. One, Marvin Jones, was to say:

The House soon spots the men . . . who attend a committee session where there isn't any publicity, who attend during the long grind of hearing witnesses, who day after day have sat there . . . Men will come in and out of an executive session, but there are only a few men who sit there and watch every sentence that goes into the bill and know why it went in . . . the House soon finds out who does that.

A congressman, required to vote on many bills he knows little about, "learns to rely heavily on those few men," Jones was to say. "I could give you some of the names of those men . . . there was Sam Rayburn . . ."

"TO GET ALONG, GO ALONG"—WAIT, WAIT IN SILENCE. It was hard for him to take his own advice—how hard is revealed in the letters he wrote home. "This is a lonesome, dark day here," he wrote.

You wouldn't think it, but a fellow gets lonelier here, I think, than any place almost. Everybody is busy and one does not find that congeniality for which a fellow so thirsts . . . it is a selfish, sourbellied place, every fellow trying for fame, perhaps I should say notoriety . . . and are ready at all times to use the other fellow as a prizepole for it. . . . I really believe I will here, as I did in the Texas Legislature, rise to a place where my voice will be somewhat potent in the affairs of the nation, but sometimes it becomes a cheerless fight, and a fellow is almost ready to exclaim, "what's the use!"

He wrote that letter in 1919. The cheerless fight had just started. He would have to fight it for twelve more years. But he fought. He took his own advice. He waited, waited in silence, waited and went along, acquiring not only seniority but friends. Then, on December 7, 1931, the day on which, thanks to Richard Kleberg's election, the Democrats regained control of Congress, the day Lyndon Johnson came to Washington, he became not Speaker—it would be another nine years before Sam Rayburn became Speaker—but chairman of the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee. And on March 4, 1933, Franklin D. Roosevelt was inaugurated—and then, after all those years of waiting, Sam Rayburn showed what he had been waiting for.

At Roosevelt's direction, legislation had been drafted giving the federal government authority to regulate the issuance of securities for the protection of those who bought them. Rayburn, who had seen so many financially unsophisticated farmers invest the little spare cash they had been able to scrape together in worthless stocks or bonds, had fought for similar legislation more than twen-

ty years before—not only in Austin but in Washington; it was, of course, in his attempt to give the federal government authority over the issuance of railroad securities that the freshman congressman had defied Woodrow Wilson. That attempt had been unsuccessful, as had, because of Wall Street opposition, decades of Populist outcry for meaningful federal legislation. But when he had made that attempt, Rayburn had been a junior member of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee. Now he was its chairman. There was uncertainty about which committee had jurisdiction over Roosevelt's proposed "Truth-in-Securities" Act, but when Rayburn told Speaker Henry Rainey, a friend, "I want it," Rainey gave it to him.

His first difficulty was with the legislation itself, a poorly drafted bill as confusing as the problems it was trying to solve, and almost completely lacking in any effective enforcement measures. Attempts to patch it up had been hamstrung by Roosevelt's reluctance to offend the man he had asked to draft it, an old Wilsonian Democrat, Huston Thompson, and since no one knew what to do, the measure seemed likely to die. Then Rayburn paid a visit to Raymond S. Moley, one of Roosevelt's advisers.

Rayburn knew what to do, Moley was to recall. The bill "was a hopeless mess," Rayburn said, and the patching-up should stop. A new bill should be written from scratch, he said, and it should be written "under [his] direction" by new draftsmen, experts in the complicated securities field.

Moley agreed with Rayburn's analysis, but felt he could not bring in new draftsmen unless he could find a way around Roosevelt's reluctance to ease out Thompson. Moley was unwilling to spell out the problem—but found that he didn't have to. Before he "went ahead on the draftsmen business," he said, "it would have to be understood that I was acting directly on his, Rayburn's, authorization, not the President's. For all his seeming slowness, there isn't much Sam misses. He laughed appreciatively. 'All right,' he said, 'you've got it.'" On a Friday in early April, three young men began working on a new bill: a Harvard Law School professor, James M. Landis; and two lawyers expert in the securities field, Thomas G. Corcoran and Benjamin V. Cohen. On Monday, they presented their work to the committee.

Questions from the puzzled committee members about the immensely technical draft lasted all day. All day, the committee chairman sat silent. Trying to read his face for clues, the young men found none. They were discouraged. Moley had learned what lay behind the seeming slowness, but they hadn't, and to them Rayburn seemed, in Cohen's word, a "countryman"—incapable of understanding so complex a subject. At the end of the day, the chairman asked the young men to wait outside; after a while, he came out, and told them that the committee had approved their work and wanted them to turn it into a finished bill. He said no more; only later did Landis learn

that "it was Sam Rayburn who decided that this was a bill worth working on."

Rayburn said he wanted them to work with a House legislative draftsman, Middleton Beaman. Beaman, "a rough tough guy," in Landis's words, was a Rayburn man. "I had thought I knew something of legislative draftsmanship until I met him," Landis was to say. But, impressed as Landis was, Beaman's slow, careful work was, Landis recalled, "exasperating." The young men began to suspect "that this delay bore symptoms of sinister Wall Street plotting." Rayburn's demeanor did not alleviate their suspicions. Dropping by Beaman's office, he would pick up a draft paragraph and stand there studying it. He didn't, Landis could see, "know anything about securities," and they felt he didn't understand what he was reading; if he did, he certainly gave no sign of it. Sometimes he offered them a word or two of advice, but it was advice so simple, so unsophisticated, that they could hardly keep from laughing at it. He said that "he wanted a strong bill, but he wanted to make sure it was right, that it was fair, that it was just," Cohen says. Rayburn gave no sign of approval, either. The grim face might have been a mask—saturnine, immobile. The young men didn't know what to make of him, this man of whom Beaman, and Beaman's assistants—and everyone else they talked to—seemed so unaccountably afraid, but he certainly didn't seem to be on their side.

Their suspicions appeared to be confirmed when Rayburn agreed to Wall Street demands that its representatives be given a hearing to present their views on the draft bill. Suspicion turned to apprehension when they heard that the Street's views would be presented by three of its most prominent attorneys—led by the feared John Foster Dulles himself. They would have to rely for their defense on this slow, stolid farmer.

And then came the hearing. It was closed, and no records of it exist, but those who were there agree. Two men—John Foster Dulles, of Sullivan & Cromwell, and Sam Rayburn, of Bonham, Texas, were the principal antagonists—and the Dulles who stalked into that hearing room slunk out of it. And after the hearing, there came the moment that, Landis was to say, "I'll never forget"—the moment when he found out what was behind the mask.

"I went back to my little cubbyhole down in the sub-basement . . . About twenty minutes later, I got a call from Sam Rayburn, to come up to his office. Well, naturally, I was worried. I thought maybe all our work was down the drain." But Rayburn said that the work was just fine, and that they should get right on with it. For the first time, Landis saw an expression on Rayburn's usually expressionless face. It was a snarl. He began talking about Dulles and about Wall Street lawyers, and he cursed them, "in very obscene language."

"Now, Sam didn't know anything about securities," Landis was to say, "but Sam was an expert on the integ-

rity of people . . . He knew when a man . . . was telling the truth . . . he had no patience for men who were not sincere and honest. And this is what he expressed to me, at that time . . ." He had not, Landis was to say, known Rayburn "too well up to that time. I got to know him quite well later on. He was an expert in . . . procedure—oh, absolutely an expert in matters of procedure! He was an expert in procedure, and sizing up the motives of what made human beings tick."

An expert on human beings. With the full twenty-four-member committee susceptible to Wall Street pressure, he delegated the Truth-in-Securities bill to a subcommittee—an expertly chosen subcommittee; as its chairman, he named himself; as its other four members, he named four congressmen he knew he could dominate, four who would bow to his personality rather than to Wall Street. When, in the showdown, they did, and reported the young men's bill favorably to the full committee, he told the young men which committee members to approach, and how to approach them. Thomas Corcoran, whose expertise in handling men was to become legendary in Washington, says, "Sam was a genius in handling men. He would send you to see a guy, and he would tell you exactly what the guy was going to say, and in what order, and he'd tell you how to answer each point. And the guy would say exactly what Sam had told you he was going to say, and if you just answered exactly what Sam told you to answer, you could just see these conservative sons-of-bitches coming around right before your eyes." He told them which committee members not to bother approaching—because they would never come around. And these he handled in a different manner; his weapon was the gavel, and the young men can still remember, almost half a century later, its harsh crash as their champion swung it in their defense. During the Hundred Days, his chairmanship was a "temporary dictatorship," Michael E. Parrish has written in his *Securities Regulation and the New Deal*. Still other members didn't understand the incredibly complex bill, with its pages of detailed technical regulations governing securities issuance, but they felt it was not necessary that they understand. Rayburn told them it was a good bill, and they trusted Sam. The hearings the committee held on the bill, before reporting it favorably to the full House, were so brief that Moley years later was to write incorrectly that none had been held.

An expert in procedure—oh, absolutely an expert in matters of procedure. The young men had anticipated problems in the full House because of the legislation's complexities: "If you amended Section 7, it might have an effect on Sections 2 and 13, and so on," Landis was to say. Thanks to Rayburn, however, the complexity made passage easier, not harder, since it allowed him to argue, successfully, that the bill should be introduced under a special rule that "permitted the consideration of amendments only if they had the approval of the committee



MICHAEL ROJQUIER

RAYBURN SPEAKING TO CONSTITUENTS IN BONHAM, TEXAS

chairman." No such approval was forthcoming. Landis, watching with apprehension from the Gallery, saw that "Rayburn had complete control of the situation." To his astonishment, the bill passed "with scarcely a murmur of dissent."

The young men had anticipated more problems—all but insoluble problems—in the conference committee, in which five-member delegations from the House and the Senate met to try to reconcile their conflicting versions of the same bill, for the Senate version was, in effect, Huston Thompson's original, "hopeless" draft, which was thoroughly approved by the distinguished chairman of the Senate delegation, Duncan U. Fletcher, of Florida. But there were procedures for a conference committee also.

Few men knew them. "If they exist, and documentary evidence to that effect is to be found in *Hine's Precedents*, they are observed as much in breach as in conformance," Landis was to write years later, after he had become a veteran observer of conference committees. But one of the men who knew them was Sam Rayburn.

Taking advantage of them was made easier because

Fletcher, a courtly southern gentleman, suggested that Rayburn be chairman for the first meeting. Rayburn said that the first question to be decided was which document—House version or Senate version—the committee would work from. Rayburn "quietly asked Senator Fletcher if he did not desire to make a motion on this matter." Apparently unaware of the trap into which he was walking, the seventy-five-year-old Fletcher replied that he certainly did so desire: he moved that the Senate bill be made the working draft.

"Motion moved," Rayburn said quickly. "Motion seconded?" It was seconded. "Vote on the motion." The vote was, of course, a tie; all five Senate members voted in favor of the motion; all five House members voted against it. Since it was a tie, Rayburn ruled, the motion was lost; consequently, the House bill would become the basic draft. Had a House member made the motion, and a tie vote resulted—as, of course, it would have—the Senate bill would have become the basis for negotiations; by luring a senator into making the motion, Rayburn had won a crucial point before the conferees had more than settled into their seats. "Except for an occasional reference to its provisions," Landis was to reminisce, "that was the last we heard of . . . the Senate bill."

The Senate delegation included not only Fletcher but such big names as Carter Glass of Virginia, James Couzens of Michigan, and Hiram Johnson of California. "The House had no such distinguished personalities except for Sam Rayburn," Landis was to say.

But that one was enough. While Fletcher had probably intended that, at succeeding meetings, he and Rayburn would alternate in the chair, he was too much of a gentleman to put himself forward; and, as Landis puts it: "Absent any request from him, Rayburn continued to guide the proceedings."

Staffers were guided with an iron hand. Once, desperate because their handiwork was being ignored, two Thompson aides attempted to put his bill in front of the committee members. Rayburn spoke to them, in Landis's phrase, "rudely but firmly"; the attempt was not repeated. Senators were guided with deference: deference in tone, in solicitation of their opinions—in all matters except matters of substance. The atmosphere of most conference committees is tense, Landis was to write; in this committee, "thanks to Rayburn's guidance," and the respect he showed for everyone's opinions, "friendships developed," and the tension dissolved. And so did the opposition. On every crucial point, the final bill was the House bill. On May 27, 1933, Roosevelt signed it into law—and after decades of fruitless discussion, government regulation of the issuance of securities was a reality. In the public mind, Rayburn was associated hardly at all with the dramatic three months immediately after Roosevelt's inauguration, during which so much legislation that was to change the shape of American life was rushed through Congress. But to the young men who

had seen what he did, he was one of the heroes of the Hundred Days.

With regulation of the issuance of securities a reality, 1934 brought a Roosevelt Administration proposal to regulate the exchanges on which securities were traded, and 1935 brought a proposal to curb the power of giant utility holding companies.

The business community, which had been in disarray during the Hundred Days, had re-formed its ranks now. Its lobbyists played dirty—it was during the utilities fight that there began the first widespread whispers that the President was insane—and they played rough, inundating congressmen with a flood of almost a million “spontaneous” messages (which were actually produced by using names picked at random out of telephone directories), and backing up the mailings with the threat direct: congressmen were told bluntly that money, as much as was needed, would be poured into their districts to defeat them in the next election if they voted for the Public Utilities Act. This, said Roosevelt, “is the most powerful, dangerous lobby . . . that has ever been created by any organization in this country.” The exchange and utility battles had both been waged unsuccessfully for decades by populists; their great orators—William Jennings Bryan and Tom Watson and Old Joe Bailey—had raged against the Stock Exchange as a private club run by and for its members at the public’s expense; as for utility holding companies, to populists they symbolized the entrenched economic power of the Northeast, and its effect on the other sections of the country. By siphoning off cash from local power companies, they kept electric rates unjustly high for consumers, and particularly for farmers; electricity was, in fact, unavailable to most farmers because the decision-makers in New York, interested only in profit, saw too little in rural electrification. For decades, populist legislators, attempting to enact state legislation to curb utilities, had been defeated by the utilities’ awesome power in state capitals; in Texas, for example, the utilities were during the thirties the strongest single political force in the state, stronger even than the railroads.

Rayburn had been one of those legislators. A quarter of a century before, in the Texas House, he had lost more battles to regulate utilities than he had won. But now there was a President who felt as he did—who had, in fact, as governor of New York, fought the giants in their lair (and had lost). The mere mention of lobbyists brought the deep red flush to Rayburn’s head; a friend wrote, “he hates [them] with a venomous hatred.” And he beat them. They knew now how dangerous an enemy he was. John W. Carpenter, president of Texas Power & Light, asked a banker in Rayburn’s district “to estimate how much it would cost to beat Sam Rayburn. . . . he said they had the money to do anything.” They moved against him in his own committee; in the utility fight, in fact, they broke his control of it; after six weeks of bitter

hearings, the utility bill was reported out in emasculated form. Defeated in committee, Rayburn took the fight to the floor. With a storm of abuse rising about him in the House chamber (and with Carpenter and other utility magnates sitting above him in the House Gallery, their presence a silent warning to congressmen), but with Roosevelt working the phones (and Tommy Corcoran the cloak-rooms) as he was working the floor, he compromised and compromised and compromised again, and never compromised on the crucial points. He maneuvered like a master in the conference committees. And the Securities Exchange Act and the Public Utilities Act joined the Securities Act on the nation’s statute books. Sam Rayburn issued a rare public statement: “With the Securities Act of 1933, the Stock Exchange Act . . . of 1934, and this holding company bill to complete the cycle, I believe that control is restored to the government and the people, and taken out of the hands of a few, and that the American people will have cause to believe that this administration is trying and is establishing a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.”

Rayburn received little credit at the time for his role in the passage of this legislation. “Few people, if they depend on the public prints for their information, know much about [him],” *The New York Times* noted. “It is doubtful if there is any member of his ability who is less conspicuous, less self-heralded, and less known outside the influential group with which he is immediately in contact.” And he has received little credit from history. In part this was because he left no record of his deeds in writing—not in memoirs, not even in memos. (When asked how he remembered what he had promised or what he had said, he would growl: “I always tell the truth, so I don’t need a good memory to remember what I said.”) In part this was because, shy, he shied from publicity. “Let the other fellow get the headlines,” he said. “I’ll take the laws.” It is possible to read detailed histories of the New Deal and find hardly a reference to Sam Rayburn. Occasionally, when he was old, he would refer to what he had done. In 1955, Drew Pearson was interviewing him about the regulatory commissions when Rayburn suddenly blurted out: “I was in on the burning of every one of these commissions . . . I wrote the law that passed the Federal Communications Commission and the Securities Exchange Commission . . . I wrote the law for the Civil Aeronautics Board.” But the person to whom he was speaking would not usually understand what the old man was talking about. During the Eisenhower Administration, a young congressional aide was expounding on the brilliance of John Foster Dulles when Rayburn suddenly said, “I cut him to pieces once, you know.” What do you mean? the aide asked. When was that? The old man grunted and refused to answer. But his name is on the Securities Act of 1933 (the Fletcher-Rayburn Act) and the Securities Exchange Act of 1934 (the Fletcher-Rayburn Act), and the Public Utilities Act of 1935 (the

Wheeler-Rayburn Act), and on other pieces of New Deal legislation that, for a while at least, took control "out of the hands of a few," and restored it to "the People." And those who fought beside him knew what he had done. SEC Chairman William O. Douglas was to recall that "[We] called it affectionately the 'Sam Rayburn Commission,' since he had fathered [it]." The three great pieces of legislation embodied principles for which the People's Party—the party of the legendary orators—had been fighting for half a century. But the Populist perhaps most responsible for the achievement represented by their collective passage was the least eloquent of Populists: the man who had achieved the power to bring their dreams to realization not by speeches but by silence. (Rayburn, of course, gave credit to someone else—in his own, quiet way. Although, over the course of his many years in Washington, autographed photographs of many notables had joined the pictures of Robert E. Lee on his office walls, in his home back in Bonham, resting on his flat-topped, eight-legged desk, there was, after all these years, still only one picture, the picture of Sam Rayburn's first hero. But now, when Congress adjourned, and he came home and unpacked his suitcase, he lifted out of the suitcase and placed beside the picture of Robert E. Lee a picture of Franklin D. Roosevelt.)

EVEN BEFORE HE HAD ATTAINED POWER, SAM RAYburn, with his grim face beneath the gleaming bald head, had been a formidable figure. Now there was power behind the presence—substantial power. In addition to the committee chairmanship there was patronage on a grand scale, for he had been given not only the naming of some commissioners and top staff members of the new regulatory agencies but a voice in the White House dispensation of patronage to other congressmen. A columnist noted that while his aversion to publicity made him "a man in the shadows," he was one of the handful of congressmen "who made the wheels go around" in the House. The full force of his personality, held under check so long, was unleashed at last. On the issues he cared deeply about, he was immovable. "If you were arguing with him and raised a point, he'd give you an answer," says another congressman. "If you raised the point again, you'd get the same answer again. The exact same answer. You realized that was the conclusive remark. That was the end of that conversation." He almost never raised his voice, and he never threatened; the most he might say—in a low, mild, almost gentle tone—was, "Before you go on here, I want to tell you this. You are about to make a mistake, a very big mistake." And he never asked for anything, a vote or a favor, more than once. If you turned Sam Rayburn down once, men learned, he would never ask you again—for anything.

He would never ask a man to do anything against his own interests. "A congressman's first duty is to get re-

ected," he would say, and he would advise young congressmen, "Always vote your district." If a congressman said that a vote Rayburn was asking for would hurt him in his district, Rayburn would always accept that excuse. But Rayburn knew the districts. And if the excuse wasn't true, Rayburn's rage would rise. Once, for example, it erupted against a congressman from a liberal district who took orders from the district's reactionary business interests only because he didn't want to offend them. The congressman had often used the excuse of public opinion in his district, and, because Rayburn had never challenged him on it and had stopped asking for his support, was under the misapprehension that Rayburn believed that excuse. One evening, however, after the congressman had voted against a bill Rayburn supported, he approached Rayburn, who was standing with a group of friends, and with a winning smile told him he sure wished he could have voted with him, but that such a vote would have hurt him in his district. Rayburn did not reply for a long minute, while the red flush started to creep up his head. Then, says one of the men standing with Rayburn, in a recollection confirmed by another, Rayburn said:

"You *could* have voted with me. I've known that district since before you were born, and that vote wouldn't have hurt you one bit. Not one bit. You didn't vote with me because you didn't have the guts to."

The flush on the huge head was so dark now that it looked almost black. The men with Rayburn backed away. "So don't you come crawling across the room telling me you wish you could have voted for the bill. 'Cause it's a damn lie. It's a damn lie. And you're a damn liar. You didn't vote for the bill 'cause you didn't have the guts to. You've got no guts. Let me tell you something. The time is coming when the people are going to find out that all you represent is the Chamber of Commerce, and when they find that out, they're going to beat your ass."

A young state legislator who had considered challenging the congressman for his seat had some weeks before dropped the idea because he didn't have enough political clout. Not a week after his confrontation with Rayburn, the congressman walked into the House dining room for lunch, and saw the legislator sitting there, at Rayburn's table. When the legislator returned home, he had all the clout he needed, and the congressman's political career was over.

The temper—backed by the political power—made men afraid of Rayburn. They tried to gauge his moods. "When he would say 'She-e-e-e-i-t,' drawing the word out, I knew he was still good-natured," recalls the House Doorkeeper "Fishbait" Miller. "But if he said it fast, like 'I don't want to hear a lot of shit from you,' I knew I was in trouble." A former House sergeant-at-arms, Kenneth Harding, says, "He could be very friendly. But if he was frowning, boy—stay away. I mean, if he was coming down a corridor and he was frowning, people were liter-

ally afraid to start talking to him. They feared to get close to him. They were afraid of saying the wrong thing." And if the heavy head wore not only a frown but that dark red flush, "when he came down a corridor," it was "a stone through a wave. People would part before him."

BUT IF MEN WHO SAW SAM RAYBURN ONLY IN THE halls of Congress feared him, those who saw him also outside those halls pitied him.

As a child, he had dreaded loneliness most. "Loneliness breaks the heart," he had said. "Loneliness consumes people." Now he was a man, who had attained the power he had so long sought. But he had learned that even power could not save him from what he dreaded.

During the hours in which Congress was in session, of course, he was surrounded by people wanting to talk to him, clamoring for his attention, hanging on his every word. But Congress wasn't always in session. It wasn't in session in the evenings, or on weekends. And when Congress wasn't in session, Sam Rayburn was often alone.

He had wanted so desperately not to be alone. He had wanted a wife and children. Driving through the Washington suburbs with a friend not long after he first arrived in the capital, he had said, as they passed the Chevy Chase Country Club, "I want a house that big," and when the friend asked him why, he said, "For all my children." Adults, another friend says, "were scared of Rayburn, but children weren't. They took to him instinctively. They crawled all over him and rubbed their hands over his bald head." He would sit talking to a little girl or boy for hours—with, on his face, that great hard face to which, it sometimes seemed, no man could bring a smile, a broad, gentle grin. But friends who saw Sam Rayburn with women realized that the grim exterior concealed—that, in fact, the grimness was a mask deliberately donned to conceal—a terrible shyness and insecurity. He was always afraid of looking foolish; he would never tell a joke in a speech because, he said, "I tried to tell a joke once in a speech, and before I got through I was the joke." And this fear seemed accentuated when he was with women. He had fallen in love once—with Metze Jones, the beautiful, dark-haired eighteen-year-old sister of another Texas congressman, his friend Marvin Jones; Rayburn was thirty-six at the time. Although he wrote to her regularly, nine years passed before he asked her to marry him; friends say it took him that long to work up the nerve. And when they finally became engaged—in 1927, when Rayburn was forty-five—he asked her to make the engagement short. "I was in a great hurry to get married . . . before she changed her mind," he wrote a friend. The marriage lasted three months. Rayburn never spoke of what had happened; so tight-lipped was he on the subject that most men who met him in later years never learned he had been married. (Once, when he was

an old man, he was talking to a group of Campfire Girls, one of whom asked why he wasn't married. "Oh, I'm so cranky that nobody would have me," he said. "I'll marry you," one of the girls said. Rayburn laughed.) "Fishbait" Miller, who knew about the marriage—in working with Rayburn for thirty years, he learned things about Rayburn despite Rayburn—says that even after Metze remarried, Rayburn "kept watch over her from a distance." When her daughter from the second marriage contracted polio, the girl was admitted immediately to the famed polio-treatment center at Warm Springs, despite the long waiting list. ("It is true that someone can be powerful and you can feel very sorry for him," Miller says. "I felt sorry for Rayburn because he had lost the woman he loved.") For years thereafter, Rayburn had not a single date. He may, in fact, never have had more than a few scattered dates; no one knows for sure. After Metze left him, Sam Rayburn was alone. He moved into a small, rather dingy apartment house near Dupont Circle, where he lived for the rest of his life.

He could, of course, have gone to parties, but his belief that he could not make small talk, his fear that he would make a fool of himself if he tried, made parties an ordeal; he talked for years about the first Washington cocktail party he had gone to, back when he was a freshman congressman. "I never felt that [the hostess] knew, or cared, whether I was there or not. So I stopped going [to parties]."

He tried to prolong the hours he spent on Capitol Hill. When congressional leaders gathered for a drink at the end of the day, Rayburn was always there. But the others would leave rather quickly; they had wives and families and social engagements to go to. (Rayburn tried never to let them see that he did not; he never asked them to stay, often made a point of leaving early himself, as if he, too, had somewhere else to go.)

"The tough time was the weekends, when everyone went home to his wife," says D. B. Hardeman, who was Rayburn's aide during the 1950s. During those later years, Rayburn's position as Speaker provided him with a staff, and on weekends he would telephone its members, aides such as Hardeman and John Holton, House Doorkeeper Miller or Sergeant-at-Arms Harding; he would sound very jovial on the phone, asking them to go fishing with him in the lakes down on the Maryland Shore, or to come over for Sunday breakfast and read the Sunday papers with him. Asking was very hard for Sam Rayburn, however, and although the aides would accept his invitations ("Sometimes I had something planned, but I would come because I knew he had nothing to do," one says), he did not ask often. The pride that made it so hard for him to issue an invitation made it hard for him even to accept one: his aides would, of course, invite him to their homes, but he could not accept too often; he didn't want anyone to get the idea that he didn't have anything to do. (His aides knew the truth, however; Ray-

burn would sometimes instruct Hardeman or Holton to come to the office on a Sunday, on the pretext that there was work to do, but often there wasn't; the young men would watch him opening all the drawers of his desk, and taking out every paper, "looking for something to do.") Says Ken Harding: "He had many worshippers, but very few close friends. You held him in awe. You didn't dare get close to him. People feared to get close to him, because they were afraid of saying the wrong thing. And because people were afraid to get close to him, he was a very lonely guy. His life was a tragedy. I felt very, very sorry for Sam Rayburn."

During the 1930s, he did not yet have a staff that he could telephone. For a while, he made an effort to round up weekend fishing parties from among the Texas congressmen, driving down to the Maryland lakes on Saturday and sleeping over in cabins Saturday night. "Those who went along for the first time were stunned by the change in Rayburn's personality," a friend writes. "Solemn, laconic, and brief in the Capitol, on the road he was talkative, humorous, and a great tease."

But how many times could he ask people to come—and if he was turned down once by someone, no matter how legitimate the excuse, how graciously it was made, how could Sam Rayburn ask again? So if he went to the Maryland lakes, he usually went alone; in a letter to a sister in Texas, these words burst out of him: "God what I would give for a tow-headed boy to take fishing!" And often, during the 1930s, he would spend his weekends in Washington, taking long walks, a lonely figure wandering for hours through the deserted streets, his face set grimly as if he wanted to be alone—as if daring anyone to talk to him.

WHEN LYNDON JOHNSON HAD FIRST COME TO Washington—in December of 1931—he had made a determined effort to become friendly with Rayburn. The entrée had been good, as it was with everyone who knew Johnson's father ("Dear Sam," Rayburn was to write, "you are one member with whom I served in the legislature who I remember with pleasure"), and Rayburn took a liking to the gangling young man. But his cordiality was limited by custom. During that era, a congressional assistant (then called a "congressional secretary") could visit a congressman in his office only on the rare occasions on which he had an excuse—a business reason—to be there. Sometimes Johnson's boss, Congressman Richard Kleberg, and the lobbyist Roy Miller, of Corpus Christi, would, in the late afternoon, go to Rayburn's office, or to Garner's (where Rayburn would be present). Watching them walk out, Johnson would tell Gene Latimer or L. E. Jones, his assistants, "Well, they're going to have some bourbon and branch water." He wanted to go, but he was never asked. And he had no excuse to see Rayburn outside the office.

After Johnson and Lady Bird took their little Kalora-

ma Road apartment in December of 1934, however, Johnson could invite "Mister Sam," as he called him, to dinner.

When he came, Lady Bird recalls, nothing was too good for him. This was, of course, the rule at many elegant homes to which he was often invited, by glittering, smiling hostesses, nervous at his presence and anxious to please, but to which he came infrequently or, more likely, only once. At this apartment, however, although the hostess's smile never wavered, there was not only nervousness behind it but fear; Lady Bird was very afraid at first of this fierce-looking man. And Sam Rayburn saw behind the smile, and made for this shy, timid young woman, so small and slim that she looked like a little girl, an effort—how great an effort can be measured by the number of more sophisticated Washington hostesses for whom he would not make the effort—to put her at ease. When he saw—she never told him—how homesick she was for Texas, he tried to cheer her up by talking about Texas, and about his boyhood on the farm. He told her his favorite foods ("He liked to eat the things he had had at home as a boy: black-eyed peas, cornbread, peach ice cream, good chili," she recalls), and when he came to dinner thereafter, she cooked them for him, and, she says, as he came more and more frequently, "learned to make them the way he liked them." And her sweetness and graciousness put *him*—this man who was seldom at ease without a gavel in his hand—at ease. He began to accept the Johnsons' invitations not only to dinner but to breakfast—to Sunday breakfast, breakfast on the weekends when he had nothing to do. After breakfast, Lady Bird would suggest that Lyndon and Mister Sam read the Sunday papers together while she cleaned up, and he began staying longer and longer. Lyndon Johnson was provided with ample opportunity to exercise the talents that had led contemporaries to call him "a professional son"—the affectionate boyishness, the starry-eyed deference—on this man who so desperately wanted a son; other congressional secretaries found one Johnson gesture particularly unbelievable: when, in the halls of Congress, Johnson met Sam Rayburn, he would bend over and kiss him on his bald head.

So strong was the wall that Sam Rayburn had built around himself that it was not easy even for Lyndon Johnson to break it down. But he broke it down. Although the Johnson living room contained a sofa and an easy chair, Mister Sam always sat instead in a straight-backed kitchen chair, as if afraid to relax. But more and more often, now, he would lean forward as he sat, and put his hands on his knees, and tell stories. "He was a great storyteller," Lady Bird recalls. "He remembered Woodrow Wilson and all these other figures." He began to invite Lyndon and Lady Bird to his apartment for breakfast.

And sometime in the late spring of 1935—the exact date cannot be determined, but it was while Lady Bird, homesick, had returned to Karnack for a visit in May and

June of that year—Lyndon Johnson developed pneumonia, and was taken to the hospital. And when he awoke, sitting beside his bed was Sam Rayburn, his usually expressionless face twisted with anxiety. He was so agitated that he had forgotten he was smoking, and his vest was littered with cigarette ashes. “Now, Lyndon,” he said, “don’t you worry. Take it easy. If you need money or anything, just call on me.”

Gifted though Johnson was at arousing paternal feelings—not only Rayburn’s but those of powerful lobbyists such as Roy Miller and Horatio H. (Rasch) Adams and powerful Texas politicians such as Alvin Wirtz and Welly Hopkins—he had been unable to translate affection into advancement.

On the very day in 1931 on which he had been appointed to his new job as a congressional secretary, he had begun planning to leave it. To his friend Ella So Relle’s congratulations on that day he had replied that the post of congressional secretary was only “a stepping stone”—only the bottom rung on the political ladder he was so anxious to climb. Now, however, it was 1935—and he was still on the same rung. For almost four years he had been tirelessly ingratiating himself with congressmen, agreeing with their views, dancing with their wives, “always campaigning”—and where had the campaigning gotten him? Long aware of what his route should be—succeeding Dick Kleberg—he had attempted to set out upon that route the moment he was eligible, subtly attempting as his twenty-fifth birthday approached to make Congressman Kleberg ambassador to Mexico. Now the birthday approaching was his twenty-seventh, and the route was still blocked—blocked, since no one could beat a Kleberg in Kleberg Country, by an immovable object. Kleberg’s lack of interest in his job had led Johnson to hope that he would tire of being a congressman. To his dismay, however, he saw that while Kleberg remained bored by Washington politics, he had discovered the attractive possibilities of Washington social life; with sinking heart, Johnson was coming to realize that his boss had no intention of leaving his job. A Central American ambassadorship might still have changed his mind, of course, but an ambassadorship was no longer a realistic possibility for a man whose hostility to the “Bolshevik” in the White House had become obvious.

During Johnson’s early months in Washington, his first assistant, Estelle Harbin, had seen that “he couldn’t stand not being somebody—just could not *stand* it.” “I’m not the assistant type,” he had said. But the little daily humiliations—having to step back when his congressman entered the “Members Only” elevator, having to wait outside the congressional cloakrooms because secretaries were not allowed inside—reminded him daily that, after almost four years, an assistant was what he was, that he was not a somebody but a nobody: just one of the crowd of low-paid, powerless congressional secretaries.

Among his contemporaries, at least, he had been some-



JOHNSON AND LADY BIRD AS NEWLYWEDS IN 1934

body: “The Boss of the Little Congress,” the organization of congressional secretaries. But in March of 1935 that changed, too.

Antagonized though they were by his domineering manner—Johnson was by this time almost as unpopular among his Washington contemporaries as he had been among his college classmates—Johnson’s fellow congressional secretaries had never challenged the control of the Little Congress by his “machine,” in part because of fear of incurring his displeasure and thereby losing any chance of advancement in the only organization in which advancement was possible for a Capitol Hill secretary. But in March, his slate of candidates was challenged; because of suspicions about the alleged miscounting of votes, and because of rumors that votes were cast by mailmen and policemen who were not members of the Little Congress, Johnson’s opponents demanded that the votes be counted publicly. The March meeting in the Caucus Room of the Cannon House Office Building was a stormy one. Congressional secretary Lloyd Croslin of



JOHNSON'S FAMOUS GREETING TO MISTER SAM

Texas, pointing to Johnson, shouted: "That's the man we're going to defeat. He's been boss too long. You're not going to tell us what to do." Johnson said nothing, and when the votes were counted, Johnson's candidate, William Howard Payne, lost to twenty-year-old James P. Coleman (who would later become the governor of Mississippi). Johnson's reaction to the defeat surprised those who had expected him to attempt a comeback in the next election—although it might not have surprised his boyhood playmates in Johnson City, one of whom says that "if he couldn't lead, he didn't care much about playing." Having lost the leadership of the Little Congress, Johnson displayed no further interest in it. The Caucus Room had been the only place in Washington in which he had possessed prestige and status of his own. Now he was only one of the crowd there, too.

He began to cast about in wider and wider circles—with a frantic, almost desperate, air. Welly Hopkins, to whom Johnson appealed for help, says, "He wanted to get

ahead. He had that burning ambition. He wanted to climb that ladder. But he didn't know exactly how he was going to climb. Just what order he had in his mind I don't think he knew anymore."

Despite previous statements to Hopkins that the real political future lay in national politics and that state government was a "dead end," he now asked Welly to get him a state job. "In a vague way he wanted to come back to Texas, and [Alvin] Wirtz and I talked to Bill McGraw [the state attorney general], and Bill said he . . . would find a place for him." But the job offered turned out to be at a level that Johnson considered humiliatingly low.

In his desperation, he even considered leaving politics. Wirtz, paternally fond of Johnson and impressed with his ability, had offered him a partnership in his Austin law firm if he obtained a law degree, and in September of 1934, he had enrolled in evening classes at Georgetown University Law School.

At law school, however, his boyhood reluctance—refusal, almost—to study, which had so roiled his relationship with his parents, burst out again. Extremely defensive about his education ("There we go again with that Latin," he would grumble under his breath to Russell Brown, his assistant, who sat next to him in class. "Why don't they stick to plain English?"), he was nonetheless not prepared to make up his deficiencies by studying. Willing to learn specific rules of law, he was unwilling—defiantly, determinedly unwilling—to learn the historical or philosophical reasoning behind them. Once, discussing the background of a legal principle with Brown, an Ivy League graduate, he demanded: "You understand that?"—in what Brown calls "sort of a challenging way." When Brown said he did, Johnson said, "Do you think that all the lawyers that practice law know about this, Russ? . . . You don't have to know that to practice law, do you?" Brown replied that "it's a good idea to know where it comes from," and Johnson rejoined: "Well, I'm going to let *you* know about it." Brown concluded that, for reasons he did not understand, learning Latin and the historical development and philosophical background of legal principles was "totally alien and foreign" to Johnson's disposition. Johnson's law-school career, during which, Brown says, "Lyndon never recited once in class," was, at any rate, ended after two months. When he married Lady Bird, in November, he dropped out of law school.

The next job for which Johnson tried was a somewhat surprising choice, considering his lack of interest in—almost hostility to—formal education. His target was a college presidency. The thousand students at the ten-year-old Texas College of Arts and Industries (Texas A&I), in Kingsville, wore black blazers decorated with a golden Brahma bull, symbol of the King Ranch, whose funds had helped found the institution. Like most institutions in Kleberg Country, it was still dominated by the

Klebergs, and Johnson persuaded the easygoing Dick Kleberg, who had once been chairman of its board of trustees, to support his candidacy. The scholarly Jones, who revered education, was "shocked" by Johnson's effrontery, not only because of Johnson's attitude toward education but because of his lack of qualifications: "All he had was a B.A. degree." And he was "horrified" when Johnson confided to him that he thought he was going to get the job. "There was a period of several weeks when he dreamed, talked about what he would do [as president], talked it all out—how he would revolutionize the college, slant it toward agriculture, make it the greatest college in the United States." In the event, however, cooler heads intervened, and Jones's fears—and Johnson's hopes—turned out to be unfounded.

Then a new path opened. Johnson, who so admired Roy Miller and Miller's fellow big-time lobbyists as "real operators," had often said, "I want to be a big lobbyist like Roy Miller." Now he got the chance. Miller's buddy, the reactionary General Electric string-puller Rasch Adams, paternally fond of Johnson and impressed with his entrée into government departments, formally offered him a job at \$10,000 a year (a congressman's salary) as his assistant—the number-two lobbying job in Washington for the giant company.

With the chance actually before him, Johnson hesitated. According to those with whom he discussed Adams's offer, the reason for the hesitation was a consideration emphasized by Roy Miller. Offering a judgment that was valid for the Texas of that era (times would later change), Miller told Johnson, in several long, serious talks, that acceptance of the General Electric post might mean the end forever of Johnson's hopes for elective office, and for a career in the public side of politics. A man identified as a corporate lobbyist, Miller said bluntly, could never win a major office in Texas.

The offer was nonetheless a heady one for a twenty-six-year-old secretary then earning an annual salary of \$3,000. Accepting it would give him not only a salary equal to that of a congressman but entrée that might well be superior. "Lyndon had stars in his eyes" at the offer, Jones says. "He was impressed. These lobbyists had the run of the Capitol, you know. For two or three weeks, he was speculating how nice it would be to be a big dog like this." More important, if the path opened to him by Adams was not the path of which Lyndon Johnson had dreamed, it seemed, during those anxious months of 1935, to be the only path open to him. All through his life, an indication of a crisis in Johnson's career would be a breakdown of his physical health. His first serious illness—the pneumonia that sent him to the hospital, where he awoke to find Sam Rayburn sitting by his bed—occurred during these months. He was desperate to "be somebody," this job would make him "somebody"—and

though accepting it would force him to leave, possibly forever, the field of politics, which was his "natural vocation," he was, many aides and friends agree, on the verge of accepting it.

But, as it turned out, he would not have to accept it. His talent at arousing paternal affection in older, powerful men provided him, at the last minute, with opportunity in his chosen field.

The General Electric job was offered in May or June of 1935. On June 26, 1935, with Johnson close to accepting the offer, President Roosevelt announced the creation of a new government agency. It would be called the National Youth Administration, its annual budget would be \$50 million, and it would be administered in each state by a state director.

Texas Senator Tom Connally would have an important voice in the selection of the Texas NYA director. Sam Rayburn went to see him.

Connally was surprised by the visit. He and Rayburn had never been friends. He was surprised by the purpose of the visit, for he knew, as everyone on Capitol Hill knew, that Rayburn seldom asked even a friend for a favor. And he was surprised by Rayburn's demeanor, by the face of this man who never let his feelings show. For feelings were showing now.

"One day, Sam Rayburn, who had never been friendly toward me, came to see me," Connally was to recall. "He wanted me to ask President Roosevelt to appoint Lyndon Johnson. . . . Sam was agitated." He was, in fact, so agitated that he refused to leave Connally's office until, Connally says, "I agreed to do this."

Connally agreed, but the White House refused to accept his recommendation. It reacted with amusement to the very thought of entrusting a statewide program to a twenty-six-year-old utterly without administrative experience. It announced that the Texas NYA director would be DeWitt Kinard, a former union official from Port Arthur. Kinard was, in fact, formally sworn in to the post.

Sam Rayburn went to the White House. What he said is not known, but the White House announced that a mistake had been made. The NYA director for Texas was not DeWitt Kinard after all, the announcement said. It was Lyndon B. Johnson.

The appointment made Johnson the youngest of the forty-eight state directors of the NYA. He may, in fact, have been the youngest person to be given statewide authority for any major New Deal program.

Was he pleased? Was his ambition satisfied—even for a moment? When his appointment was announced, other secretaries crowded into his office to congratulate him. What was his response?

"When I come back to Washington," he said, "I'm coming back as a congressman." □

They came to worship, but had trouble finding the shrine

THE D. H. LAWRENCE ALL-STAR JAMBOREE

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

FESTIVALS: NEW MEXICO LOVES festivals—loves luring and entertaining visitors with a swirl of color, a smattering of culture. In August of 1982, the University of New Mexico and culture-impresario Anthony Branch (funding permitting) will co-sponsor a celebration of the art and literature of the 1920s, a festival that will feature lectures, panel discussions, interviews with survivors of that roaring decade, even a costume ball. I recently phoned the University of New Mexico to find out who would be descending upon Santa Fe and Taos for this nostalgic occasion. A helpful woman at the other end of the line read off a list of academics and writers the university hoped would attend: Leslie Fiedler (of course), Margaret Drabble, Frank Kermode, Richard Hoggart, Philip Roth, Thomas Hoving. She then passed over a name that sounded something like "Grrrvie-dle." Could you run that by me again? I asked. Grrr Vie-dle, she courteously repeated. Oh, of course, the author of *Myra Breckinridge*.

More than mere curiosity made me pick up the phone. Not long ago I attended another ambitious literary festival in New Mexico, an event so electric with comedy that it has been stubbornly settled in my mind ever since, a lodger refusing to gather up its hat and

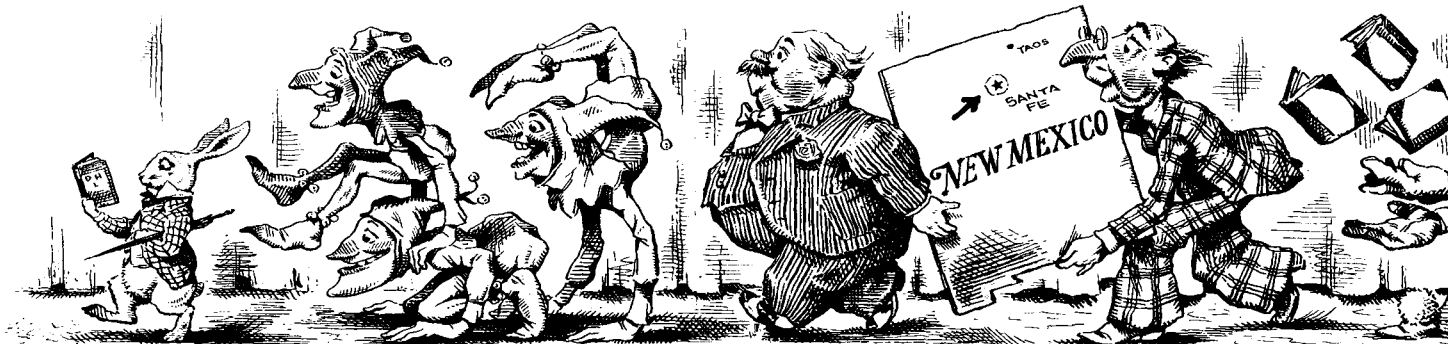
go. Indeed, this affair had everything *except* the handsome presence of Grrr Vie-dle.

In the spring of last year, an odd ad popped up in the pages of *The New York Times Book Review*. The postcard-sized notice announced that a festival would unfold in Santa Fe from July 17 through July 20 to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of D. H. Lawrence's death. At first glance, it seemed strange that a lavish do would be thrown for Lawrence in Santa Fe, since it was fifty miles to the north, at Taos, where Lady Chatterley's creator baked bread, swigged corn whiskey, wore creepers like wreaths in his hair, and admired the mesas, the thunder-squalls, the adobe houses candy-pink in the spring sun. Odder still was the list of participants. Along with Lawrence biographers (Keith Sagar, Harry T. Moore), top-drawer novelists (Margaret Drabble, Dan Jacobson, N. Scott Momaday), illustrious Beats (Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs), and poet-critics who have carved more than a modest notch in their time (A. Alvarez, Stephen Spender) were names seldom entwined with Lawrence's: Dustin Hoffman, Jack Lemmon, Eva Marie Saint, Tony Randall, Elizabeth Taylor, and—from what tree had they shaken him?—the great Jonathan Winters. Not since Wallace Beery nudged Jean Harlow into *Dinner at Eight* had such a glittering assortment converged upon a gala.

The ringmaster for this three-ring extravaganza was Anthony Branch, an Englishman who moved to Taos after selling his family's publishing company in 1977. Branch—who had become an admirer of Lawrence's as a student at Cambridge—decided to hold the festival in Santa Fe because Taos was too small for the sort of multimedia salute he had in mind. Grants were provided by the National Endowment for the Humanities, the New Mexico Arts Division, and the New Mexico Department of Tourism. The lure for tourists, of course, would not be academics sifting through Lawrence's work for previously undiscovered flakes of gold, or the stirring anecdotes about Lawrence's tempestuous private life ("The skillet flew from Frieda's hand, smacking Lawrence smartly on the bean . . ."). Stars, stars—that's what would draw free-spenders to Santa Fe, to its motels and galleries and boutiques.

Big-name celebrities would also serve as catnip to entice the media to touristy Santa Fe. Certainly, cynicism and an appetite for gossip and spectacle are what drew most reporters to the D. H. Lawrence Festival, myself included. Converging on Santa Fe by air and land, we longed to see Tony Randall fuss with his cuffs, Elizabeth Taylor chug like a frigate through seas of dazed admirers. Fistfights, flirtations—yes, generous Lord, bring on the poets and acrobats.

James Wolcott writes for the Village Voice and for Esquire.



ALL-STAR ACADEMIC DISCUSSIONS of D. H. Lawrence's influence on life and literature were held at the College of Santa Fe's Greer Garson Theatre. In the lobby, near a makeshift shop offering books by conference authors along with Lawrence's own, hung two portraits of Miss Garson, both highlighting her noble eyebrows, her kitschy goodness. Inside, onstage, the color-coordinated, earth-toned chairs, tables, rugs, flowers, and pitchers of water suggested the set of a fake-homely early-morning chat show—*AM New Mexico*, perhaps. Garson herself was too ill to attend any of the jaw-sessions, but her presence hovered over the stage. At any moment one expected her to materialize in a shimmering bubble like Glinda, the Good Witch of *The Wizard of Oz*, blessing us all with a star-tipped wand.

Dr. Evelyn Hinz, who opened the festival by presenting a filmed interview with Henry Miller, certainly seemed to have fairy dust sprinkled in her hair. Hinz, a slender, tremulous academic who is writing the official biography of Anaïs Nin (can't anyone stop her?), interviewed the ailing Miller shortly before his death about his eccentric study *The World of Lawrence*. Written mostly in 1933, Miller's "passionate appreciation" of Lawrence wasn't published until well over four decades later, and in the intervening years the details of the book had turned rather hazy in the old lion's mind. As Hinz's questions wobbled at Miller like failed tennis serves, Miller—irritated, amused—sipped wine, munched grapes, and tossed off profane observations about life's appalling screwiness. Life, he was convinced to the end, was an effing mistake. At another panel, Dr. Hinz described a dream Miller's great friend Anaïs Nin had the day before she died. "I am in bed on top of a great waterfall with D. H. Lawrence," Nin remem-

bered. "We don't know whether to leap or stay. We look down and see Lady Chatterley swimming down in the ocean. We watch, terrified, as she swims from ocean to ocean." This, said Hinz after a poignant hush, was *very significant*.

If Dr. Hinz was all moonshine and devotion, others treated Lawrence's reputation as if it were a welcome mat for them to scrape their muddy boots across. The critic Leslie Fiedler, leading a panel discussion on Lawrence's influence on the novel, declared with his usual bluster that Lawrence's impact on contemporary fiction was really a paltry thing, a mere quiver on the seismograph. At yet another panel, the critic and poet Stephen Spender, sporting a Robert Frost crop of snowy hair, unsettled some listeners with the pronouncement that Lawrence "doesn't have the slightest influence on poetry or criticism." (Spender was, I'm afraid, stupendously mistaken; Lawrence's meditations on Melville, Hawthorne, Cooper, and Poe have had an incalculable influence on American literary criticism.) The poet Robert Duncan, in an amusing if long-winded aside, said that Lawrence would have made a "terrible" homosexual, because there would have been no pleasing the demanding scold. The poet Derek Walcott dismissed Lawrence's attempts at poetry as being hastily knocked off and "undisciplined."

Perhaps the snootiest reservations about Lawrence's work were expressed by the playwright Edward Albee, whose eyes gave off glimmers of bored contempt as he told the audience that except for *The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd*, Lawrence's plays were mostly worthless trifles, full of naturalistic awkwardnesses and "transcendental balderdash." So smug was Albee in his intellectual pride that at one point he referred to "our Henry James," ex-

plaining: "I call him 'our' own because—brace yourself—he was an American." Reporters bolted to the doors to phone the wire services.

Yet it would be a mistake to make this get-together sound as if it were an Agatha Christie bloodbath, with academic after academic pausing like the passengers in *Murder on the Orient Express* to plunge a dagger into poor Lawrence's reputation. Praise was given to Lawrence's courage and determination, the conversational tang of his poetry, and the bold, combative exuberance of his letters, and to the passion and psychological acuteness and dappled, scorched, lush-grassed landscapes of his greatest novels (*Sons and Lovers*, *The Rainbow*, *Women in Love*). But the praise was given perfunctorily, ladled out like broth in a soup line, and the participants seemed happiest pursuing private whims down a rabbit hole, pulling the hole down with them, Bugs Bunny-style. One speaker who made the earth halt on its axis was the painter Paul Jenkins, whose work was featured in *An Unmarried Woman* and who designed the festival's official poster after a local artist's slightly risqué design had been rejected (he made the mistake of giving Lady Chatterley chocolate-drop nipples). With a robust beard and ice-cream-white suit, Jenkins looked startlingly like Commander Whitehead, but he didn't exude Schweppervescence. He gave a tribute to . . . to . . . somehow memory has blocked the subject of Jenkins's talk on that black afternoon, but I do recall asking the person nodding off next to me for a pair of scissors so that I could die a noble Roman death.

The Sahara-like stretches of boredom allowed one time to scan the audience. Who, one wondered, would pay the rather stiff fees (\$100 for the conference, \$25 for the gala recital) to be snubbed by Edward Albee? Academics,



of course: professors and graduate students are used to squirming in their seats as a voice at a lectern drills a small, steady hole into the space between their eyebrows. Lawrence's academic spear-carriers were easy to spot: they were the ones who would spring up during Q-and-A sessions and say, with a pinch of annoyance, "It seems to me you've neglected to mention the connection between Lawrence and . . ."—and Joyce, Pound, feminism; it hardly mattered. Outnumbering the spear-carriers were youngish, pert women who sat with notebooks on their laps, pens poised for action.

Most of those I chatted with were college graduates taking a summer holiday from the everyday humdrum; they were, most of them, former English majors enjoying the opportunity to talk books and brush wings with novelists and other notorious layabouts. It is probably true (as Dan Jacobson and others pointed out) that the people who came to honor Lawrence were the sort of people Lawrence would have despised—but what of it? D. H. Lawrence despised *damn near everybody*. An electric ripple of loathing runs through his fiction and letters as he damns the bourgeoisie, those with dark skin, women, Jews, Bloomsbury aesthetes, the poor, tubercular Katherine Mansfield; damns them as repulsive bugs feeding on dung and corruption. No, being hated by D. H. Lawrence is no large dishonor.

Even with the presence of avid groupies, the activities at the Greer Garson were not much different from those at the average academic confab. Swiftly, however, serious brow-scrunching gave way to show-biz glitz. On a pastel-blue Friday evening, cars inched their way up a woody hill seventeen miles north of Taos. Their destination was the Lawrence Ranch, where Lawrence lived with his wife, Frieda, briefly in the ear-

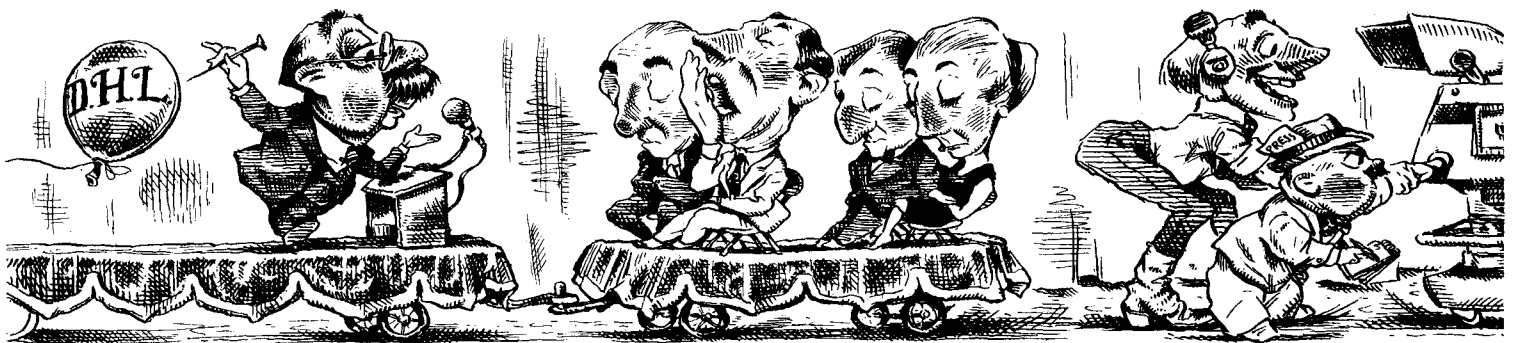
ly 1920s. Taking a steep, zigzaggy, stone-lined path up the hill, one arrives at a handsome, modest cabin; near the cabin is a small white chapel, topped with a phoenix, that houses Lawrence's ashes and smells sweetly of pine. (Frieda, who died in 1956, is buried in front of the chapel.) Before the celebration, A. Alvarez and his family signed their names in the chapel guest book while Stephen Spender sat in a lounge chair, fingering a walking stick. As Alvarez snapped pictures of Spender, Spender expressed with a touch of amusement the confusion over whether or not he would read a poem commissioned for the occasion. Despite public reports to the contrary, he hadn't written a poem, he told Alvarez; he hadn't been asked to. "I was going to read 'I Think Continually of Those Who Were Truly Great,'" Spender explained, "but the thought of Thom Gunn standing there . . ." "Yes, yes, of course," Alvarez said with an amiable chuckle, focusing his clicker. (Explanation: the Anglo-American poet Thom Gunn had poked fun at Spender's famous poem in a poem of his own called "Lines for a Book": "I think of all the toughs through history/And thank heaven they lived, continually./I praise the overdogs from Alexander/To those who would not play with Stephen Spender.") The curious thing was that Spender had published a poem about D. H. Lawrence a year earlier in *The New York Review of Books* which began "David Herbert Lawrence was born a perfect little Oedipus." Why didn't Spender read that ditty? Had he forgotten he had written it? If you think continually of those who were truly great, it's easy to misplace a poem.

Crowds began to gather around the shrine, and wandering through the pines in a safari jacket was an actor who had saved many a ghetto innocent from frying in the electric chair on *The Defenders*: E. G. Marshall. He and

Anne Baxter (who made life so miserable for Bette Davis in *All About Eve*) would be reading snippets from Lawrence as part of the celebration.

A drum began to beat near the shrine, and from the bottom of the hill came a procession of girls in chaste white dresses and daisy-adorned hair: vestal virgins! Up the hill they cavorted, legs and elbows raised in arabesque, a vision of nymphet delight. One nipped into the chapel and fetched a bowlful of rose petals, scattering them hither and thither as cameras clicked like a field of crickets and Lawrence admirers dropped their jaws in goggling disbelief. Ominously, the sky darkened to a brooding slate-gray. While Anne Baxter and E. G. Marshall were doing Luntish readings from Lawrence, leaves began to rustle expectantly. Suddenly (cries of dismay, a mushrooming of umbrellas) rain began to pelt down. Crouching beneath branches for cover, some wondered if the downpour was a sign of Olympian displeasure: were the gods angry? If so, it was a brief tantrum; the rain halted, and the dampened throng began to disperse. In the west, the setting sun dripped like an orange lozenge on distant hills. So painterly was the sunset that it came as no surprise when one of the caretakers of the Lawrence Ranch squinted admiringly and delivered his verdict: "He hung a good one tonight."

THE CLIMAX OF THE FESTIVAL was the all-star production of *Eagle in New Mexico* at Santa Fe's Paolo Soleri Theater. The audience at the open-air theater sat on benches covered with multicolored mats the size of carpet samples. Onstage, beneath an overhang shaped like a bull's horns, came a flotilla of tuxes and gowns: Anne Baxter glided out, followed by Jane Alexander, Ian McKellen, Trevor Howard, Gayle Hunnicutt, Tony Ran-



dall, Richard Crenna. Gayle Hunnicutt, a luscious, raven-haired beauty in an eye-popping black gown, had men leaning forward with acute interest as she read passages from Lawrence in a finishing-school accent.

✱ Suddenly the evening took a bizarre turn. Hooded figures bearing torches started to parade solemnly on the hill behind the theater as bells began to chime. Straddling the bridge above the stage, the actor Dean Stockwell (he played Morel in the 1960 film version of *Sons and Lovers*) read from Lawrence's poem "Men in New Mexico" to begin the world premiere of *Last Twilight*, a choral extravaganza whipped up by Thea Musgrave. I found the whole affair rather puzzling—watching it, I felt like Bertie Wooster taking in an evening of Wagner and trying to figure out why buxom women in horned helmets were making such an unholy screech. *Last Twilight* unfolded like a psychedelic version of *Zorro*, with buckskinned figures sniping at bands of Indians, with crosses, campfires, piercing screams, and tumultuous music suggesting that the percussion section was having a nervous breakdown. "They can't wake," chanted a chorus, as black-shrouded penitents lashed themselves and the audience began to turn trout-eyed.

After the Indians morosely trooped off, the stars returned, a murmur of recognition greeting the arrival of Elizabeth Taylor. She sat, prim and appreciative, as the other stars dragged Lawrence through the whimsy. Reading Mellors's famous speech in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, Tony Randall affected a burry, lyrical accent that made him sound like a lonesome farmer trying to woo a cow. Under the rural burr, a four-letter word that had caused Lawrence much grief was (inexplicably, hilariously) transformed to "fook." "We will fook the white flame into being," read

Randall, and throughout the audience people wonderingly asked, "Fook . . . fook?"

Elizabeth Taylor had only one poem to read, and finally her great moment arrived. As she stood in the spotlight, her sequins twinkled so shimmeringly that she looked like a creature on the transporter deck of *Star Trek's Enterprise* beaming down to an uncharted planet. She created a hush when she spoke: the contrast between her formidable showboat appearance and her soft, girlish voice was so striking that the slightest flutter or cough threatened to shatter the fragile mood she created. So the crowd went anxiously mute, and Taylor led Lawrence's poem "Mountain Lion" up its treacherous path with barely a skittish slip. Her task done, she returned to her seat in a swell of cheers and applause, and everything that followed was anticlimax. Lawrence's face emblazoned on a giant banner hovered like a god over the stage as the evening curled to a close. Had that image turned to flesh, he might have spat at us. And this time with justification.

Spittle certainly flew with a vengeance in the aftermath of the Lawrence Festival. As soon as the fest folded, criticism began to flare. Residents of Taos grumbled about the slim attention they had received; Anthony Branch's collaborators accused him of speaking with forked tongue; participants complained that the entire shebang had lacked a certain tone (Allen Ginsberg unappetizingly described the parties thrown in honor of the festival as being "empty, like ghosts full of meat"); and the press cried Disgrace, sacrilege, stinkeroo—bombsville! I had an image of a few tattered ribbons flapping forlornly in a deserted field, remnants of a gala in shabby abandonment.

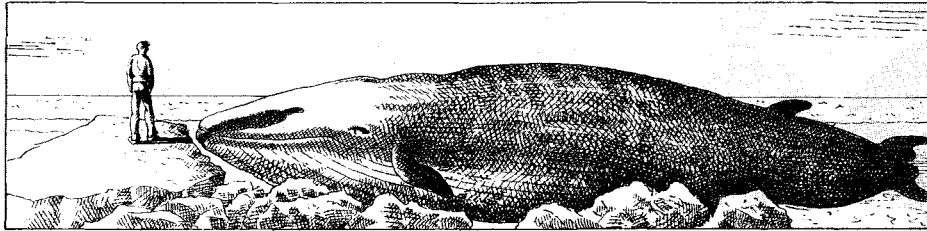
Yet for all the abusive dirt heaped on

the festival, the affair has had a lingering impact, perhaps because in its unseemliness it says something about the future of literature—or at least literature's *public* future. As media power becomes more concentrated, the momentum builds toward bigness—big events, big celebrations. Perhaps the prototypical man of letters in the future will be not D. H. Lawrence, spilling out his genius in poems, stories, essays, plays, novels, letters, book reviews, travelogues, and paintings, but someone like Carl Sagan, who moves effortlessly from the best-seller list to documentaries to guest stints at Johnny Carson's elbow. Homage will continue to be paid to "real" writers (Eudora Welty, say, or John Cheever), but the true money and glamour and clout will go to the masters of mixed media: to Commander Sagan, staring soulfully into the starry beyond.

But all this sounds a touch too bleak. The shadow-dappled vistas, the lightning whip-snapping from mountain to mountain, the quiet of the pines—remembering the natural splendors of Santa Fe helps pull human folly down to a comic scale. Memories can clear away a lot of pretentious clutter. In one of the post-symposium rap sessions, a couple of women described how they had first discovered Lawrence's novels when they were pregnant—revelations that drew snickers from some participants and members of the press. I found these testimonies rather bracing, however. In a time when books are too often regarded as deals, packages, or "texts" to be pondered and explicated, it's tonic to be reminded that discovering a writer can still be a chaste, intimate moment linked to the most extraordinary swerves and leaps in one's life. Nothing can spoil the tender charge of that moment, not even the memory of Tony Randall fooking in the night air. □



THE WELFLEET WHALE



1.

You have your language too,
 an eerie medley of clicks
 and hoots and trills,
 location-notes and love calls,
 whistles and grunts. Occasionally,
 it's like furniture being smashed,
 or the creaking of a mossy door,
 sounds that all melt into a liquid
 song with endless variations,
 as if to compensate
 for the vast loneliness of the sea.
 Sometimes a disembodied voice
 breaks in, as if from distant reefs,
 and it's as much as one can bear
 to listen to its long mournful cry,
 a sorrow without name, both more
 and less than human. It drags
 across the ear like a record
 running down.

2.

No wind. No waves. No clouds.
 Only the whisper of the tide,
 as it withdrew, stroking the shore,
 a lazy drift of gulls overhead,
 and tiny points of light
 bubbling in the channel.
 It was the tag-end of summer.
 From the harbor's mouth
 you coasted into sight,
 flashing news of your advent,
 the crescent of your dorsal fin
 clipping the diamonded surface.

We cheered at the sign of your greatness
 when the black barrel of your head
 erupted, ramming the water,
 and you flowered for us
 in the jet of your spouting.

3.

All afternoon you swam
 tirelessly round the bay,
 with such an easy motion,
 the slightest downbeat of your tail,
 an almost imperceptible
 undulation of your flippers,
 you seemed like something poured,
 not driven; you seemed
 to marry grace with power.
 And when you bounded into air,
 slapping your flukes,
 we thrilled to look upon
 pure energy incarnate
 as nobility of form.
 You seemed to ask of us
 not sympathy, or love,
 or understanding,
 but awe and wonder.

That night we watched you
 swimming in the moon.
 Your back was molten silver.
 We guessed your silent passage
 by the phosphorescence in your wake.
 At dawn we found you stranded on the rocks.

4.

There came a boy and a man
and yet other men running, and two
schoolgirls in yellow halters
and a housewife bedecked
with curlers, and whole families in beach
buggies with assorted yelping dogs.
The tide was almost out.
We could walk around you,
as you heaved deeper into the shoal,
crushed by your own weight,
collapsing into yourself,
your flippers and your flukes
quivering, your blowhole
spasmodically bubbling, roaring.
In the pit of your gaping mouth
you bared your fringework of baleen,
a thicket of horned bristles.
When the Curator of Mammals
arrived from Boston
to take samples of your blood
you were already oozing from below.
Somebody had carved his initials
in your flank. Hunters of souvenirs
had peeled off strips of your skin,
a membrane thin as paper.
You were blistered and cracked by the sun.
The gulls had been pecking at you.
The sound you made was a hoarse and fitful bleating.

What drew us to the magnet of your dying?
You made a bond between us,
the keepers of the nightfall watch,
who gathered in a ring around you,
boozing in the bonfire light.
Toward dawn we shared with you
your hour of desolation,
the huge lingering passion
of your unearthly outcry,
as you swung your blind head
toward us and laboriously opened
a bloodshot, glistening eye,
in which we swam with terror and recognition.

5.

Voyager, chief of the pelagic world,
you brought with you the myth
of another country, dimly remembered,
where flying reptiles
lumbered over the steaming marshes
and trumpeting thunder lizards
wallowed in the reeds.
While empires rose and fell on land,
your nation breasted the open main,
rocked in the consoling rhythm
of the tides. Which ancestor first plunged
head-down through zones of colored twilight
to scour the bottom of the dark?
You ranged the North Atlantic track
from Port-of-Spain to Baffin Bay,
edging between the ice-floes
through the fat of summer,
lob-tailing, breaching, sounding,
grazing in the pastures of the sea
on krill-rich orange plankton
crackling with life.
You prowled down the continental shelf,
guided by the sun and stars
and the taste of alluvial silt
on your way southward
to the warm lagoons,
the tropic of desire,
where the lovers lie belly to belly
in the rub and nuzzle of their sporting;
and you turned, like a god in exile,
out of your wide primeval element,
delivered to the mercy of time.
Master of the whale-roads,
let the white wings of the gulls
spread out their cover.
You have become like us,
disgraced and mortal.

—Stanley Kunitz

"Roger, 90 left, SPAD 2."
"God, no!"

I FLY WITH THE EAGLES

BY JAMES FALLOWS

"YOU WANT TO FLY WITH THE EAGLES, YOU GOT to pay the price," Dick Anderegg told me on the phone. Anderegg is an Air Force major in his middle thirties, a fighter pilot so proficient that until recently he was an instructor at the Air Force's Fighter Weapons School at Nellis Air Force Base, near Las Vegas. Now he works at the Pentagon, as an aide (or "action officer," in the current phrase) to a general, and it was in that capacity that he became my chaperone for a time early this fall.

The Air Force is well-known for embracing its antagonists with hospitality and with technical displays. I had become eligible for such embrace by writing (in the May issue of *The Atlantic*) about the harmful consequences of the American military's progression toward more complex, sensitive, and expensive weaponry—of which one of the most complex, sensitive, and expensive specimens is the fighter plane known as the "Eagle," or F-15. After the article was published, the Air Force arranged several meetings with pilots and other authorities who testified about the Eagle's capabilities. At the end of one such session, I commented that if the plane was so phenomenal, it would certainly be interesting to take a ride.

"Done," said John T. Chain, the major general who was at the time the Air Force's director of operations. He passed me into the hands of Major Anderegg, with whom I spent many hours in the following weeks.

The "price" that Anderegg had in mind was the sequence of pre-flight examinations and training that outsiders must go through before they are allowed to ride into the sky. One was an extensive physical, meant to reduce the likelihood that a passenger will die during the flight. Next came "physiological training," a three-hour session at Andrews Air Force Base designed to inform those who will fly in high-performance aircraft about some of the conditions they may confront. Half the time was devoted to a lecture about what happens to the human body when it is subjected to low atmospheric pressure and shortages of oxygen; the other half was spent in a test chamber that simulated those two conditions. Air Force pilots are required to go through physio-

logical training every three years, and they regard it as a bore. Quite a few outsiders have also taken it. "In my time here we've trained twice on Saturdays," one officer told me during my visit, which took place on a Wednesday. "Once for General Allen [Lew Allen, the Air Force Chief of Staff] and once for John Denver."

I spent my time in the chamber under the supervision of Sergeant Clark Mittan, a twenty-four-year veteran of the force. He began by demonstrating the effects of low pressure on the ears and on gases trapped in the nether regions of the body. Inside the chamber, the atmospheric pressure was slowly reduced to approximately that at an elevation of 35,000 feet. In the chamber was a quart jar with a surgical glove stretched across its mouth. At sea-level pressure, the glove hung limp. At 35,000 feet, it was the size of a basketball. My abdomen felt as if it had a basketball inside. Then normal pressure was restored, as a prelude to "explosive decompression"—a simulation of what would happen if the airplane's canopy blew off during high-altitude flight.

As the final item of physiological training, Sergeant Mittan demonstrated the effects of hypoxia, or a shortage of oxygen. Captain Albert Hartzell, in the lecture that preceded the "chamber flight," had listed some of the symptoms of hypoxia—rapid breathing, impaired judgment, a blue tint to the fingertips and lips. This demonstration was supposed to teach me how to make the diagnosis myself. It was not hard. With the chamber's "altitude" raised to 25,000 feet, the sergeant told me to take off my oxygen mask. He then handed me a little worksheet and told me to begin. On the left were columns of numbers to add or multiply, along with mazes and other items demanding reasoning power. On the right was a list of the symptoms of hypoxia. The idea was to start working on the problems, and then to circle the symptoms as they occurred. Within thirty seconds, arithmetic was a challenge. One minute later, I was drawing loose circles around "dizzy" and "sleepy" on the symptom list and was looking forward to a long, long sleep. Sergeant Mittan reached over to snap my oxygen mask back on. The lesson was at an end.

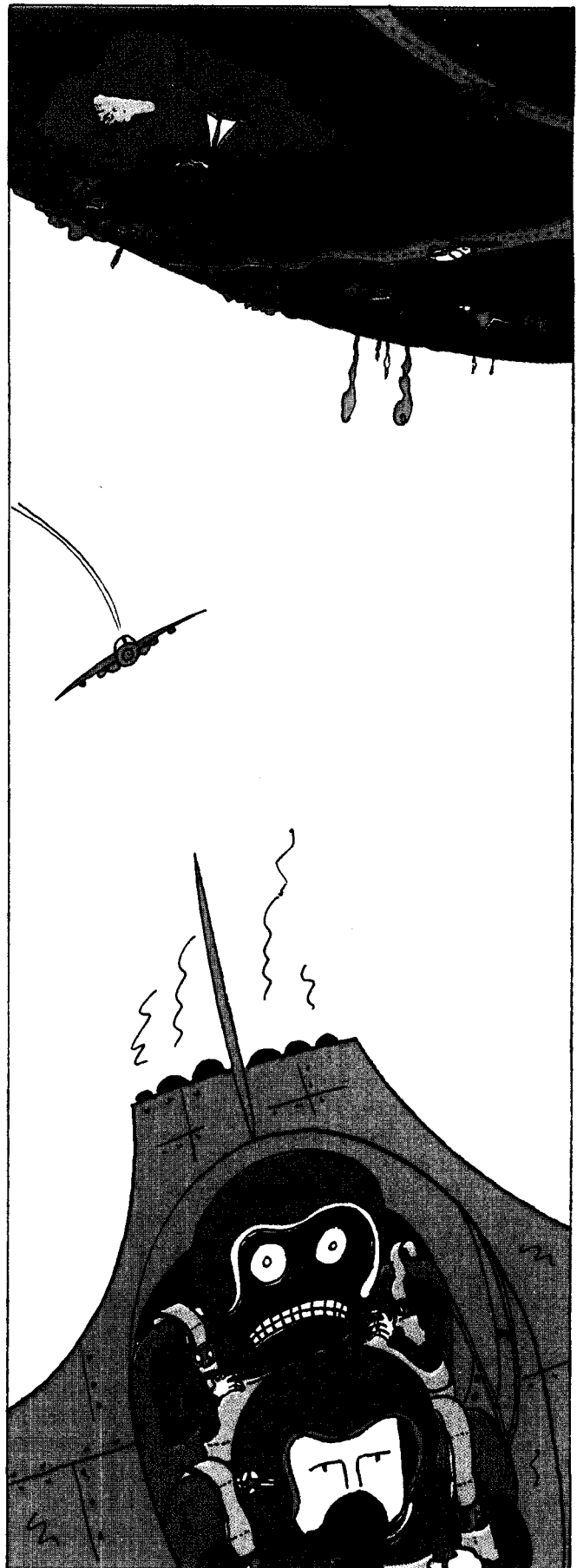
"Have a good trip," the sergeant said. "How come we never get to fly on those planes?" the captain asked. I was prepared for everything except what actually occurred.

James Fallows is the Washington editor of The Atlantic and the author of the recently published book National Defense.

MY HOPE HAD BEEN TO ENJOY A SPECTACLE WITHOUT creating one. The second part of that hope was not to be fulfilled. At dinner the night before the flight, I sat in the officers' club at Langley Air Force Base, in Virginia, with two generals and assorted colonels and majors. I made nervous hardee-har-har jokes about increasing my life-insurance coverage and enjoying my last meal. The delight on my face was all too obvious whenever Thomas Barber, the lieutenant colonel and squadron commander who would be my pilot the following morning, turned down the waitress's repeated offers of wine or after-dinner drinks. The wake-up was set for six o'clock the following morning. As the clock passed ten, I grew anxious that Barber had not yet been sent home to get a good sleep. I was alarmed when, shortly after eleven, one of the generals asked Barber not to go directly home but instead to swing past the squadron headquarters and pick up a flight suit for me to wear. It was almost midnight when we picked up the suit. In the meantime, Major General John Piotrowski, who accompanied me during nearly every waking hour of my visit, had taken me out to the flight line to watch the late-shift maintenance crew work on the F-15s. Go to bed! I wanted to say when I saw Barber there holding my flight suit and my black Air Force boots. He stood by politely until the general finished his explanations, then we went our separate ways to bed.

When I reappeared in the officers' club at six-thirty the next morning for breakfast with the general, I was a changed man. I was clothed in the flight suit, a lightweight green overall that had badges and insignia on every available space. These gave my name and indicated my association with the Tactical Air Command, the 1st Tactical Fighter Wing, the 94th Tactical Fighter Squadron—and my assignment, should the need arise, to the Rapid Deployment Force. The 94th Squadron, which Tom Barber commanded, is Eddie Rickenbacker's old unit, and its emblem is Rickenbacker's hat-in-the-ring from World War I. Members of the squadron wear white mock-silk scarves, printed with pale blue hats-in-the-ring. "Wear the scarf," General Piotrowski had told me as he dropped me at my quarters the night before. "The men have a lot of pride in the unit. It'll mean something to them." I had put it on under the flight suit and fluffed it out at the neck in the fashion of an ascot. When I entered the squadron headquarters after breakfast, I saw that my scarf did mean something to the pilots, and what it meant was, This man is a jerk. They wore their scarves draped around their necks, like shawls, with only the thinnest edge visible above the flight suit. I scuttled into the bathroom and re-emerged looking—at least as far as my scarf was concerned—just like everybody else.

Under the guidance of Gerald Gomez, a sergeant in his mid-twenties who had a no-nonsense air, the 94th's equipment crew began suiting me up. I received an oxygen mask, after the length and breadth of my face was



measured with calipers; a helmet, complete with visor and moleskin skullcap to absorb the sweat; a parachute harness, which when it is fully connected requires the wearer to walk bent over, like a gorilla; and finally, my G-suit.

The G-suit is an abbreviated set of coveralls that runs from the bottom of the rib cage down to the ankles and that contains several inflatable bladders. The bladders lie over the lower abdomen, the thighs, and the calves of the legs. To make sure the bladders are snug, two of the crewmen stand behind the wearer and haul on laces with all their might, as if they were helping Scarlett O'Hara into her whalebone corset. When fighter airplanes go into violent maneuvers, their crews are subjected for periods of seconds or even minutes to forces several times as great as that of gravity. (Three Gs equals three times the force of gravity, for example.) The effect of high Gs is, among other things, to drive the pilot's blood away from his brain and toward his abdomen and legs, causing him to pass out. The idea of the G-suit is to slow this process down. Inside the plane, the suit is connected to a pneumatic system that automatically inflates the bladders as soon as high-G forces begin. The pressure the bladders exert on the legs and belly is supposed to retard the pooling of blood—and also to remind the wearer to begin the "M-1 maneuver," which involves tensing the muscles of the entire body and making deep grunting sounds. "The G-suit and the M-1, they'll give you an extra G or two of protection," one sergeant said, while lacing me up. "Here's what it's going to feel like." He walked me over to a bicycle pump and inflated the suit. As the bladders swelled around me, I felt like the Michelin tire man.

My education as a flier included one more step, known as "emergency egress training." Like other non-flying chores, such as sitting at the end of the runway to make sure that planes aren't about to land with their wheels still up, this duty is rotated among the pilots in the squadron. The 94th's emergency egress officer was Ed Cantwell, a twenty-four-year-old lieutenant who, like so many other officers, had grown up in a military family. He had gone into the Air Force after graduating from Duke. As a class, fighter pilots tend toward a jauntiness that tempts some of them to look down on even the test pilots, whose world Tom Wolfe glorified in *The Right Stuff*. No one is shooting at the test pilots, after all. This confidence is most obvious among young pilots, such as Cantwell. At an age when his classmates were swotting for the bar exam or making insurance deals, Cantwell was flying the hottest plane. I pitched him a softball: "I guess it's pretty much the top of the heap to be driving the F-15." "You bet," he said with a grin.

Cantwell drove me to a training hangar that contained a mock-up of the F-15's cockpit. He showed me how to get into the seat, how to undo all the buckles and harnesses if I had to get out of the plane in a hurry on the ground, and which handles I should not touch unless I wanted to blow the canopy off or eject myself while the plane was still on the runway. "We had a nurse do that one time," he said. "DON'T TOUCH 'EM." He said that if we had to eject from the plane at high altitude, my only job would be to lean back and let the automatic systems do their work. A substantial investment of faith would be required if that occurred. When the plane is flying at 35,000 feet, the temperature outside is 65 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, and there is virtually nothing to breathe. If a flier has to eject at that height, he is supposed not to deploy his



parachute, which would slow him down so much that he would spend too much time in these inhospitable surroundings, but instead simply to drop like a stone until he reaches an altitude of some 14,000 feet. This means a total free fall of about four miles, which takes almost three minutes. A small drogue parachute is supposed to open along the way and provide just enough drag to keep the chair upright rather than letting it tumble end over end. In theory, there is nothing to worry about throughout that long descent, and no reason to rip in panic at the manual parachute release, because special sensors in the new Aces II ejection seat are supposed to send out the parachute at just the right time. I thought that pilots must be a trusting lot.

What remained was the pre-flight briefing, conducted by another pilot, Captain Donald Ross. Ross could have been a figure from a movie about the RAF during the Battle of Britain. Lean and dark-haired, he is in his late twenties, and wears a thin moustache. Ross had recently been selected to join a class at the Fighter Weapons School at Nellis. He would fly one F-15, while I rode behind Barber in the other. Together they would engage two F-4 fighters, which would assume the role of Russian fighter-bomber planes known as "Floggers." For this exercise, the Floggers would be thought of as heading for a target area—a NATO airfield, say—which they would destroy if they managed to reach it unmolested. The role of the F-15s was to "kill" them before they got there.

Ross went to a blackboard and indicated with his pointer the area of the exercise, a circle roughly thirty miles in diameter over the Atlantic Ocean. The Floggers would take off from North Carolina, and the F-15s would go and get them. The obvious purpose of the exercise was to show off the virtues of the F-15's electronics and radar systems, which can detect other planes at great distances and send a variety of radar-guided missiles to destroy

them. In real combat, it might be difficult to tell which of the blips on the radar screen was friendly and which a foe—indeed, this is one of the central criticisms of the plane's high-cost radar systems. No such difficulties would affect this demonstration: since the exercise was to be run in a special restricted air zone, anything that showed up would be the enemy.

In the first two simulated attacks, the F-15s would rely on their radar missiles. In the third, Ross and Barber would start out using radar but then convert to a "visual" approach—that is, they would wait to see the other planes before shooting at them. In place of real missiles, the planes in the exercise would carry "pods" full of sensors that would record minute details of each plane's movements and its position relative to all the others. These readings could then be combined in a computer and stored on tape. After the flight, we would see all the action replayed on a four-foot-square, full-color computer screen, which would offer views of each engagement as it appeared from above (the "God's-eye view"), from the side, or from the cockpit of each airplane.

AT LAST IT WAS TIME TO MARCH OUT TO the planes. The F-15, though large by the standards of fighter aircraft, looks small to laymen accustomed to commercial planes. It has a double tail, a large "bubble" canopy, and rectangular air intakes roughly four feet by two feet on either side of the cockpit.

"You'll see how roomy she is," Ed Cantwell told me as I jackknifed my way into the rear seat. (The F-15 usually flies with only one pilot, but one or two planes in each squadron of twenty-four planes are modified to include a second seat.)

Tom Barber, who had been taciturnity itself before stepping into the airplane, suddenly came to life, radioing commands and going through his pre-flight checklists, telling me to get my knees out of the way as he moved the joy stick in his cockpit making the one in the rear seat move in sync. Cantwell told me to take off my scarf, already the source of so much annoyance, because it would constitute a fire hazard during flight. As I tucked it into a pocket on one leg of my G-suit, I saw that Barber had already removed his scarf. I had not realized until then that the scarves were purely for esprit de corps, and could not be worn when the pilots were doing their job. Soon everything was buttoned up—helmet fastened with chin strap, oxygen mask clipped onto helmet, canopy cover lowered onto the plane. As Ed Cantwell had suggested, I pushed the button that raised my seat until I could survey the surroundings from high up in the cano-

py. Barber told me to lower the tinted visor on the helmet, and we were off.

The two F-15s—code-named "SPAD 1" and "SPAD 2" (after the French planes that Rickenbacker flew) for this exercise—taxied to the end of the runway and lined up side by side. They started rolling down the runway together and lifted off in perfect parallel. "What's the separation here?" I asked Barber, as I looked to my left and saw Ross's plane almost close enough to touch. "Ahh . . . ten feet at the wingtips," he said. For about a minute, the planes climbed together at a steep angle, constantly gaining speed.

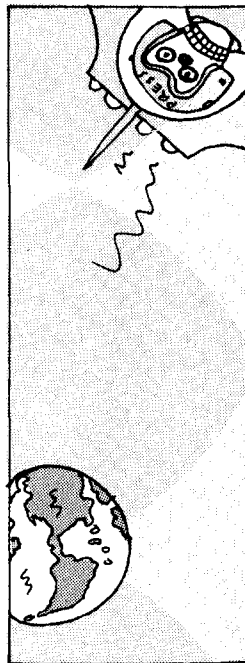
"Piece of cake," I thought, as we traveled out over the ocean and the planes moved farther apart. The airspeed was about 550 miles per hour, but so far all the acceleration had been straight ahead, producing a sensation that was much stronger than but otherwise no different from what the passengers feel when a car in which they are riding speeds off from a standing start. The large, clear canopies gave the effect not of looking at the atmosphere but of being out in it. Everything was quiet and smooth.

I watched as Barber adjusted the radar scan to cover different altitudes and distances and to look for the blips that would be the "enemy" planes. Once the blips appeared, the ensuing steps would be like those of "Space Invaders" or other computerized video games. Barber would position a targeting marker over the blip he wanted to destroy. A set of indicators on the right-hand side of the radar screen would tell him when the target was within firing range. When everything was lined up, he would push the firing button. In real combat, a radar-guided missile would be released; in this case, a computerized com-

mand center that was monitoring the exercise would get the indication that Barber had fired. The missile would presumably track down the target. The enemy blip would disappear from the screen.

As Barber finished explaining the procedure, the radio crackled. Ross, in SPAD 1, had seen the Floggers in the area he was watching. The engagements began.

Of the next fifty-five minutes I have only the most confused and distressing of memories. When the exercise was over and I could watch it all replayed on the computer screen, I could discern the logical pattern of events. The F-15s turned to intercept the Floggers; the Floggers turned in response; the F-15s got within range and fired their (simulated) missiles. All went as planned. Even the last engagement, the dogfight in which the F-15s chased down the Floggers to very close range, seemed clear and comprehensible on the screen. But in the air, it looked much different.



During our drive from Washington to Langley Air Force Base, Dick Anderegg, the combat pilot, had said, "I think you'll be surprised at what sheer physical labor it is to fly in these planes." Surprise was hardly the term. Nothing in normal life approximates either the effect of the high G-forces or the disorientation caused by the repeated, sudden changes in course. The highest G-forces occur when the plane makes a sharp turn, and the longer the turn is sustained, the longer the pilot must "pull" extra Gs. The effect is the same as when children fill a pail of water, attach a rope to the handle, and then swing it around with the rope. As the pail moves in a circle, the constant acceleration creates the centrifugal force that holds the water in the bottom of the pail. As the airplane moves through a curve, the acceleration creates the high G-forces that drive the pilot toward the bottom of his chair. G-forces are technically described as making your body feel as if it weighs several times more than its normal weight. To me, it felt as if I were being held in a giant fist and squeezed. At 5 Gs, my head was driven down onto my chest. For days after the flight, the muscles at the back of my neck ached from their futile attempt to resist that pressure. At 6 Gs, the flesh over my cheekbones was pulled down toward my chin. The G-meter showed that the maximum force during the flight was about 7 Gs, which we held for just a few seconds. Barber said that the F-15 can sustain a 4- or 5-G turn until it runs out of gas, and that pilots may have to "pull" those G-forces for as long as a minute. ("It feels like all day.") Pilots who fly the F-16 must withstand forces as high as 9 Gs. All the while, of course, they are guiding the airplane, selecting targets, and trying to avoid being destroyed by enemy planes.

More discomfiting than the sustained G-forces was the accumulation of sudden turns. After the flight, in an attempt to lift my spirits, some of the pilots told me that even they grew queasy when forced to ride in the rear seat, where they are not in control of the plane's movements and are therefore caught by surprise by each turn.

That may be true; all I know for certain is that, having started the flight in robust good health, I was reduced after twenty minutes of maneuvering to a state of paralyzing nausea.

There was, in fact, some warning of the turns. Over the radio, I would hear Barber tell Ross, "90 left," which meant that the planes would make sharp right-angle turns to the left. More simply, they said, "Goin' at 'em," which meant a screaming dive toward the Floggers. By the time I'd had enough experience to know what a 90-degree turn would be like, I was able to join in the chatter between the planes:

"90 left, SPAD 1."

"Roger, 90 left, SPAD 2."

"God, no!"

From the physiologist's perspective, it was a case of the fluid inside the three semicircular canals of the inner ear being set in too-rapid motion and producing the sensation of nausea. From my perspective, it was an acute practical problem. Before I left the squadron building, a young sergeant had laid down the law: "You puke in your mask, you clean it out." As the plane leveled off between passes, I clawed at the bayonet clamp that held the mask to the helmet, determined at all costs to get the mask away from my face. In a pouch near the bottom of my G-suit, Dick Anderegg had thoughtfully tucked away four plastic bags for just such a contingency. I got one out

and placed it to my face just in time—and then, in a fool's paradise, imagined that because there was nothing more in my stomach, I'd be safe for the rest of the flight. The truth was less pleasant. For the last twenty minutes of the flight, I worked a carefully coordinated two-handed maneuver. In the left hand, I held my oxygen mask, which I slapped to my face for occasional-breaths. (The cabin's internal pressure was such that I didn't really need the mask, but the oxygen was cool and felt good.) In my right hand was the bag, which alternated places with the mask, in aretch-breathe-retch-breathe pattern.

As I was getting the pattern down, Barber's voice came through the intercom:

"How ya doing?"

"Okay," I said in a strangled voice.

"Want to see what she can do?"

"Sssssuuuuure." I had come this far, and (I had recently decided) I would never be here again, so why not see the whole show?

Up we went.

The F-15 weighs some 40,000 pounds. Its two engines can generate a thrust of about 22,500 pounds each, for a total of 45,000 pounds. The result is a "thrust-to-weight" ratio of greater than 1, which means that the plane, unlike most in the world, can not only travel virtually straight up but can, under certain circumstances, gain speed while doing so. Barber showed me some of these "vertical maneuvers." We climbed in what seemed like seconds from 15,000 to 38,000 feet—an ascent of more than four miles. We went back down, then began a nearly straight-up climb, at the top of which he leaned the airplane over onto its back, and then came around for a nearly straight-down descent. Outside the canopy the sky and sea twirled around and around.

Some of these acrobatics were quite exhilarating, as opposed to the wrenching, zigzag turns of the rest of the flight.

Either just before or just after the vertical maneuver-



ers—all recollections are blurred—it was time for the third engagement, the one in which the F-15s were supposed to hunt down the Floggers and shoot them at close range. This involved the hardest (i.e. the most sickening) maneuvering of all the engagements, and it demonstrated yet another of the physical demands placed upon the pilots. The F-4s that were acting as Floggers are supposed to be particularly ill-suited to daytime air combat, since their engines emit smoke trails that make the planes visible from miles away. Experienced F-4 pilots complain that the smoky engine makes them forfeit the all-important ability to catch other planes by surprise. The difference between smoking and smokeless engines is crucial to the pilots but virtually undetectable by the untrained eye. By normal standards, my eyesight is fine. But when I heard Ross and Barber saying, “There’s the smoke trail,” “Yep, I’ve got him,” and then looked outside, I could see nothing but sky. Barber kept asking me, “See him? See him?” I said I couldn’t, so he drove on the F-4 until from his perspective he was about to fly up the other plane’s tailpipe. At that point, I could make out a small craft nearby, barely distinguishable against the background of blue.

With the Floggers thrice destroyed, and the vertical maneuvers out of the way, SPAD 1 and SPAD 2 turned for home. Barber offered me my moment of glory, asking, “You want to take the stick?” He soon inquired politely whether I could see the horizon, since I kept pushing the plane into a leftward dive. I felt fortunate that he could not turn around and see me behind him, so he did not understand that the bias in my steering was caused by my wracked, slumping posture in the back of the plane.

“She’s all yours,” I said, as I reached for the bag again; he brought us in the rest of the way.

As the planes neared Langley, they lined up once again in parallel, a distance that seemed to be inches but was actually a few feet separating their wings. At such close range, I could see with perfect clarity every move that Don Ross made as he sat, erect and jaunty, in the cockpit of his plane. I considered the scene that presented itself to him when he turned to glance at us: one figure in the front seat, calmly guiding the aircraft toward the runway, and in the rear a limp rag doll, sweat pouring down his face, trying to preserve his dignity by reconnecting his oxygen mask as his head bobbed weakly up and down.

Before the flight, an Air Force photographer had taken countless pictures of the smiling visitor as he walked across the tarmac and climbed into the plane. Those were printed and ready by the time we landed, including one mounted on a plaque commemorating my new status

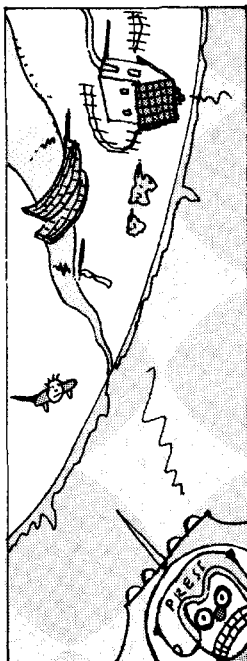
as an “Eagle Driver.” General Piotrowski pressed these “before” pictures—and their negatives—into my hands after I stumbled down the ladder from the cockpit. I noticed the same photographer nearby, snapping “after” pictures of a man with blotches of sweat all over his flight suit and a yearning-for-death expression on his face. Those photos, and their negatives, remain in the Air Force’s merciful hands.

IDID NOT GO TO LANGLEY JUST TO HAVE FUN. There was an instructional purpose to the visit, which was to hear the Air Force’s rebuttal to criticisms of the excessive cost, sensitivity, and complexity of its most “advanced” planes.

To the Air Force, the F-15 is a symbol of the advances in computer systems, radar, and propulsion that are necessary to repel the Soviet force. But to those who argue against excessive complexity and cost, it represents high-technology weapons that are more impressive in theory than they would be in the chaotic conditions of real combat. This analysis concludes that it is time to tip the balance back toward larger numbers of simpler, cheaper weapons that are easier to maintain and that offer more training time for the troops. The A-10, which is designed to destroy tanks, is one example of such an airplane; a fighter called the F-16 is another.

I heard the reasoning behind the Air Force’s outlook during several long sessions at Langley. One was a formal briefing that consumed much of the day before my flight, in which two young officers stood behind lecterns and took turns reading from a script and narrating slides and filmstrips, while I sat at a big table with two generals and a half-dozen colonels. Another was an interview with William Creech, a four-star general who is commander of the Tactical Air Command. This took place shortly after my experience in the sky.

In defending the performance of their most complex weapons, the officials made several reasonable points. They remarked that the reliability records of complex planes such as the F-15 are starting to improve. Two and a half years ago, about 44 percent of the F-15 fleet was classified as “not mission capable”; now the rate is about 40 percent. This is a modest change, but it is in the right direction. Similarly, the F-15s have shown a slight increase in their “sortie per day” rate. (Simpler planes, such as the A-10 and the F-16, have also improved in reliability, and they are still ahead of the F-15.) The biggest reason for the improvement, according to General Creech, is that the Air Force now has more spare parts on hand. He and other officials said that they would not



repeat the mistake of shortchanging the spare-parts account. In saying so they concede a central argument made by one of their main critics, a civilian official in the Pentagon named Chuck Spinney, who contends that the military has chronically underestimated the amount of money it needs to operate and maintain its ever more complex weapons.

General Creech and others also pointed out that when they agree to sacrifice quality for quantity, in order to enlarge the force, the Congress often forgets the "quantity" part of the bargain when the time comes to buy more planes. For example, the Air Force reluctantly accepted the F-16 (instead of extra F-15s) on the assumption that it would be able to add seven new "wings" (of seventy-two planes each) of these less-expensive fighter planes. "Unfortunately, only one of those wings has materialized," Creech said. "This makes me skeptical of the cheaper-and-more-numerous solution."

The Air Force officials made several other arguments, though, that struck me as weak and disingenuous. The officials at Langley implied that anyone who criticized the Eagle harbored a secret desire to return to the P-51 and the Spitfire, if not to the Piper Cub. The formal briefing contained several straw-man formulations, such

as "Some critics would suggest that we return to the simple aircraft of the past"—followed by a slide detailing the mediocre performance of various planes used in World War II. It is as if American auto manufacturers had contended that the only alternative to the large, heavy domestic cars of the mid-1970s was the Edsel or the Model T.

Beyond these debating points, of course, lie certain perceptions of the world. After the briefings, I thought that three premises could explain why the Air Force's outlook is so different from that of its critics.

The first concerns "the threat"—the nature of the adversary's force. Generals Chain and Creech both stressed that the reformers pay too much attention to American forces and too little to those of the Soviet Union. According to the Air Force's presentation, the Russians are producing roughly 1,350 fighters and bombers every year, or ten times as many as our annual additions to the F-15 and F-16 force. "And those are superb, highly sophisticated aircraft," one of the generals said.

In specific, the Air Force emphasizes the threat in Central Europe. All but a handful of the charts and slides that accompanied the briefing illustrated the theoretical



THE GAMES

One plays the game, intent and wan,
consults prestigious texts,
and only moves the chosen pawn
another pawn protects;

or given white's initiative—
what plans has he in store?—
he broods and broods, and then will move
the king pawn to king four.

Another plays with great esprit,
a genius or a dunce;
he scores a brilliant victory
or disintegrates at once,

who'll move his queen with much display
and sacrifice a rook
and bring his king into the fray
and contradict the book.

But in between the two is best
who plays a cautious game,
leaves his opponent unimpressed,
appearing dull and tame;

attack is checked, defense is balked,
the game is plainly drawn,
and every major man seems blocked—
he moves a single pawn;

and the bishop who was frozen tight
is dangerously free,
and also the imprisoned knight
breaks from captivity.

What seemed to take ten chess-game years
is done before you know;
and Priam, bored, who had no fears,
is slaughtered at a blow.

—David Solway

array of forces in a sustained battle that might rage through Germany. They showed how many tanks and aircraft the Russians could use to mount an invasion, and how few resources we would have to stop them. The briefing officers said that the Russians have developed forces capable of rolling around the clock and in bad weather; therefore, we must have airplanes that, like the F-15, can carry the fight to the enemy even if it is raining or dark. The weak spot of a Soviet assault would be the "second echelon" of supply trucks and camps that lie behind the advancing tanks; to exploit this weakness, we need planes that, like the F-15, can penetrate the defenses. The Russian Air Force is trained not for dogfights but for quick, low-altitude approaches to a target area and equally rapid departures; therefore, we need not bother with dogfighters such as the F-16 but instead should concentrate on planes like the F-15, which can use its long-range radar missiles to "fight outnumbered and win." Several other assumptions about the threat are so deeply embedded that they are rarely stated: that a Russian invasion of Western Europe is a plausible danger; that plans for a prolonged European battle should determine the basic structure of our forces; that land and air battles might rage in Europe without forcing the Americans or the Russians or even the French to resort to nuclear weapons. If you conclude, as the Air Force does, that these are reasonable assumptions, their attempt to concentrate more of their resources on the F-15 makes sense.

The second premise concerns the perfectability of human contrivances—whether things will work as planned. The Air Force's plans take for granted the performance of many new machines. The F-15's system for shooting down planes as soon as they show up on the radar assumes that there will be a way to tell whether the blip is a Russian or an American (or a Belgian or a Polish) plane. The data links that will connect the AWACS (Airborne Warning and Control System) radar planes with the fighters and the ground bases will work only so long as they are immune to enemy jamming. Radar-guided missiles will be worth their great cost only if they can be depended upon to find their targets.

In all of these areas, the Air Force officials said that the hardest technical problems have been solved. They said that with the radar in an AWACS, they could watch a Russian plane from the moment it left the runway and could therefore tell the F-15 exactly which blip it should shoot down. They said that a variety of communication systems, with names such as "Have Quick" and "Wild Weasel," would ensure that our messages would go through unhindered, while we could count on destroying

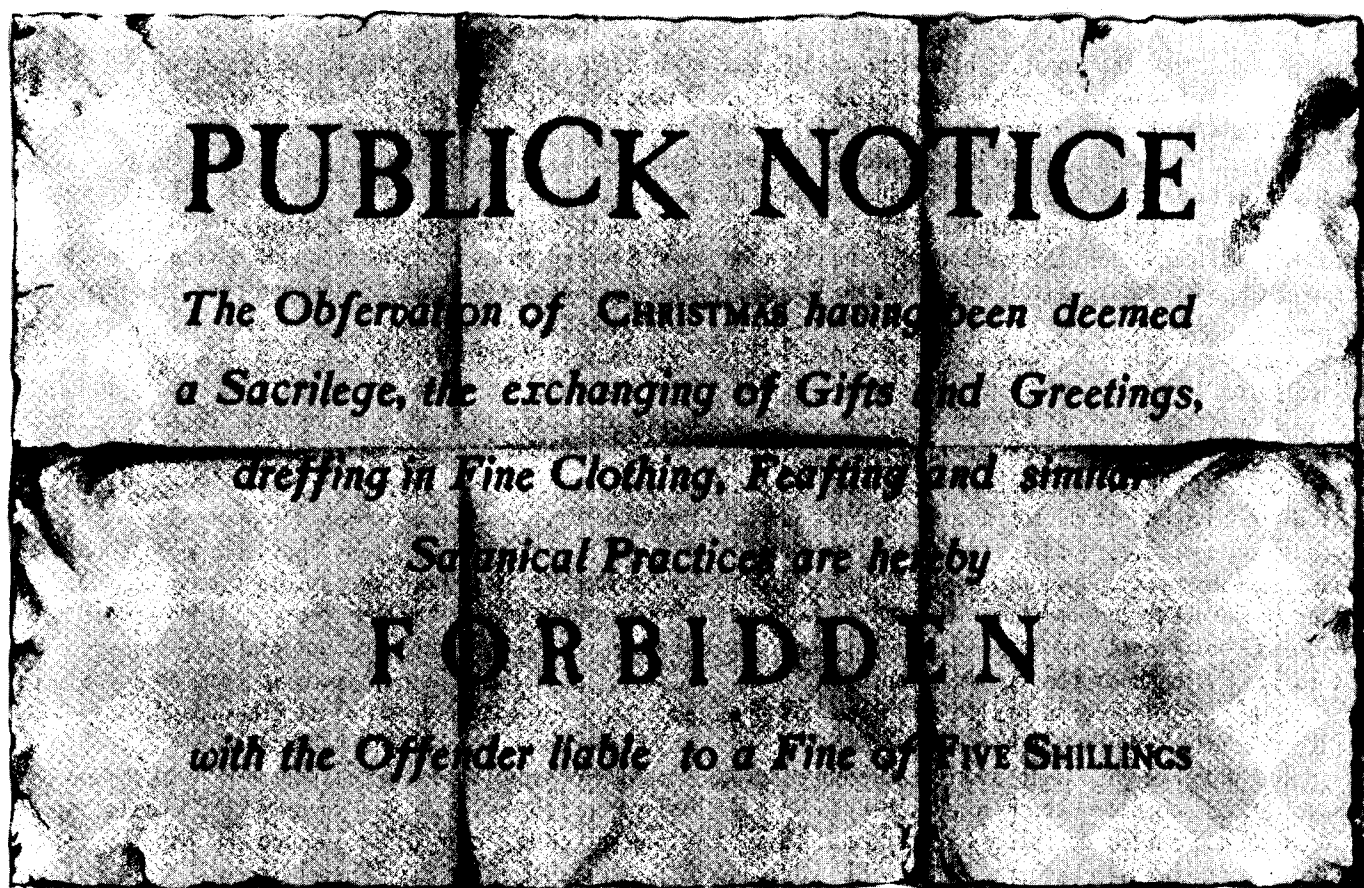
the coherence of the rigidly centralized Soviet force by jamming their communication lines. They said that although radar-guided missiles performed quite poorly in Vietnam, the new generation would be more effective. "We had our problems with the early missiles," General Creech said, "but then there are problems with early anything." If the assumptions are right, the policies make sense. If they are wrong, the policies may prove to be disastrous.

The third premise concerns economic realities. Those who worry about complex weapons assume a world of tight economic limits. Each weapon that is built means that another weapon can't be—to say nothing at all of the nation's nonmilitary needs. Each increase in a weapon's complexity requires more training for maintenance men and a larger supply of spare parts. These constraints exist not because there is some abstract limit to the amount the nation "should" invest in the military but rather because, in any conceivable peacetime American society, there is a limit to how much it *will* spend. It is one thing to argue, as many military men do, that the nation should be devoting more of its resources to defense. It is something different, and very dangerous, to base plans on the assumption that more money will in fact be there to spend. Air Force planners allude to economic constraints, but their first instinct is to ask for what they think we need, regardless of cost. It is proper that they do so. It is also proper that the rest of us understand the many other dimensions of the choice.

At the end of the day, I had learned very little about the F-15 that I had not known before. My experience with fighter airplanes was limited to this one trip. I knew what it was like to ride in the back seat of an Eagle, but I could not say with any confidence how different the maneuvers would have been in a Tomcat, a Foxbat, or, for that matter, a B-52.

But I did feel that I had learned something about the human beings who fly the planes. For months I had heard pilots and aircraft designers emphasize that, even in this most technically sophisticated of the military services, the machines themselves are often less important than the spirit, skill, and training of the people who fly and maintain the planes. Having seen the thousand opportunities for disaster that a sloppy maintenance crew might create, having glimpsed the physical and mental stress that pilots must endure, I understood more fully what I had been told. The Air Force may have failed, in my case, in its attempt to inspire greater loyalty to its machines, but that effort was misguided. Our loyalty should go to the men who fly them. □

*Essence of a statute passed in 1660
in the Massachusetts Colony.*



Times change. Even in Boston, celebrating Christmas is highly legal these days. And one of the season's most welcome gifts comes from the Back Bay.

It's *The Atlantic*, of course—now yours to give for as little as \$15 for a full year's subscription (regularly \$18). Bestow it on friend, relative, neighbor, employer, student, professor, minister. Save yourself a shopping trip and give 12 months of pleasure with reading like this:

Provocative coverage of national and world affairs by Robert Caro, V.S. Naipaul, Otto Friedrich, James Fallows, Tracy Kidder, David Halberstam, Moshe Dayan, John Simon, Harold Hayes. Fiction by the likes of Philip Roth, John Updike, Bobbie Ann Mason. Poetry by Robert Penn Warren, Ellen Bryant Voigt, Margaret Atwood, Peter Davison. Criticism and commen-

tary by Anthony Brandt, Holly Brubach, Vladimir Nabokov, Lewis Thomas, William Martin, Robert B. Zevin, Gretel Ehrlich.

The Atlantic announces your gift with a handsome 1981 gift card hand-inscribed as you direct and mailed in time for your friends to display it under the tree. Next comes the Christmas issue to delight in during the holiday week and on into January.

Give one gift and you're entitled to take out a new subscription for yourself at this low rate—or extend your present subscription by 12 issues.

No need to send cash now; you won't be billed till 1982. So Puritanism be hanged. Tear out the card opposite, fill it out, and mail it in today. Then relax and enjoy the holiday season—because you've done so much of your shopping in advance!

THE AUTHOR'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

BY LYNN CARAGANIS



ANY SCHOLAR, HOWEVER innovative, only stands on the shoulders of those who precede him, and this is nowhere more true than in the field of Factory Girl Literature. So I cannot begin these expressions of gratitude without mentioning the late Burton Litvak, who did more than any other single man to make the effusions of Factory Girls an important and exciting field—who transformed the tentative and timid probings of the twenties into the rigorous scholarly debates now raging in every major American university. When dissension between the so-called Paternalists and the “Wolf-at-the-Door” men once almost made a laughingstock of the whole thing, his famous “Let’s just enjoy the stuff and not squabble all the time” went further than any promises of study grants to get the field back on its course. Burt was a gentleman, too.

I am grateful, further, to my northern colleagues, Jackie and Petie Seal, for their thoughtful (and hilarious, for there is always a place in Factory Girl Literature for laughter and enjoyment) suggestions. I still owe Jackie a dozen lobsters. For permission to reprint parts of “Factory Girls—Why They Can’t Say No,” I am indebted to a foreigner from Saudi Arabia. Special thanks go to my longtime friend, Mr. Buddy Smith, who, when I was casting about hopelessly for a topic to write a book about, I thought up three and read them to him at a Beer & Brew, and he kept razzing the waitress. “Cut it out,” I told him. But he just kept on doing it. Finally, when he saw I was really hurt, he said, “Oh, do the last one, then.” And, reader, the results are before you.

Thanks also go to my two hardworking typists, whose patience and good humor were unfailing, as they worked night and day, under difficult conditions in my shed. First, old Miss Hilda Horne, and second, the competent (and gorgeous!) Miss Billie Simpson. Miss

Simpson, by the way, has just gotten married and we all wish her well. (I know I was cranky sometimes.)

A word or two about students. Where would we be without them, we professors? Well, that’s true, but I do not see any harm in their helping us out, too, once in a while. For example, baby-sitting. Or, one time, I had asked Biff Rogers, a big campus “jock,” to give me a hand with clearing the debris out of the eaves. I waited two solid hours for him to get over here. He never called. Never apologized. I did not share in that outpouring of sympathy two months later. I would just like to know what has happened to the concept of a man’s word these days. It seems to me sometimes that decency has vanished from modern life, and BMOCs like Biff Rogers are a prime example. And, then, if they *do* do some little thing for you, you are expected to write all kinds of letters for them when they graduate. I’m sorry, but I don’t work that way. William Shakespeare, who had a similar experience, said the same thing.

And now I come to what is traditionally the sweetest part of an author’s acknowledgments, the reference to the author’s wife, and mine was no different. Gosh, Charlene—honey—you were all a scholar could dream of while I worked on this book. You kept the children out from underfoot, always smiling and encouraging. And—you kept that red pencil busy! But I loved it, dear, even when it became annoying and hurt my feelings. It was cute, really, considering your educational background. And even when the inevitable—shall I say, “conjugal”—neglect must have hurt you (readers will not mind my mentioning this, dear), yet you understood that a scholar is a scholar first and a family man second. But I did not appreciate your leaving my Sabre Dance record outside that night it

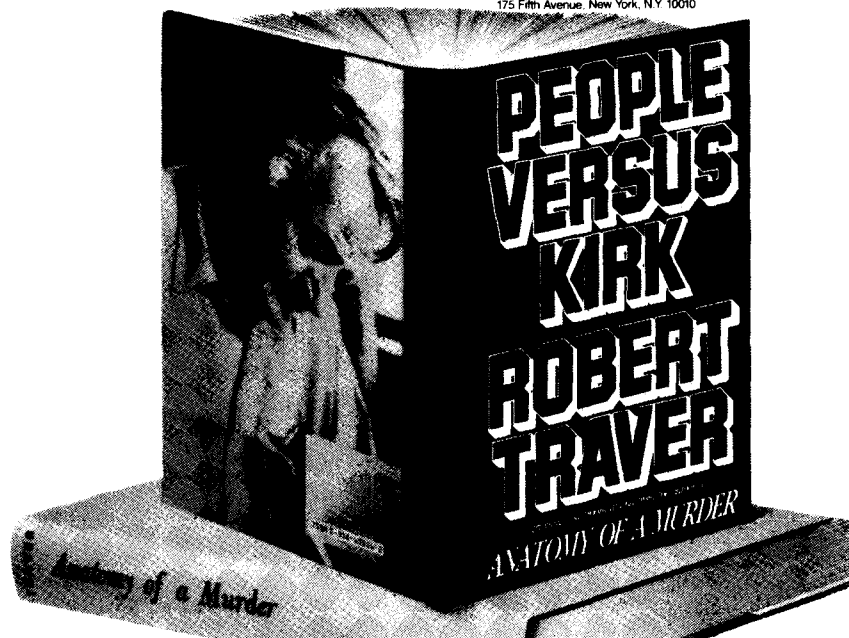
Lynn Caraganis has had her work published in The New Yorker.

ANATOMY OF A MURDER: the original courtroom drama. Now, its author returns with a modern work of legal suspense.

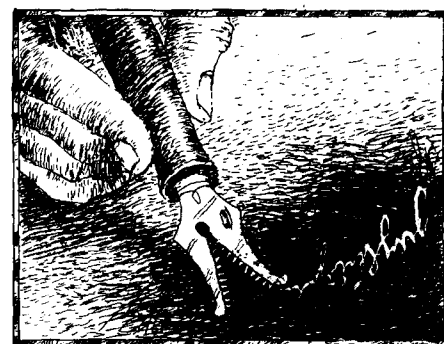
Randall Kirk is on trial for the murder of his beautiful young mistress. His only defense: he does not remember anything that happened the night of the slaying. "A gripping conclusion which is as plausible as it is surprising....Traver proves he can still create a spellbinding trial scene." —*Publishers Weekly* \$12.95 at all bookstores

St. Martin's Press

175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010



rained, and then the neighbor's cats came and clawed it. You, and only you, really know what that record meant to me. You, so careful with your own things, but when it comes to somebody else, forget it! One time we were in a museum in Europe and she took an apple out of an arrangement in one of those historical rooms—just to steal something! What she doesn't realize is that I meant everything I said at the time about how I felt about her leaving my record outside. A couple of weeks have gone by but I could still call up the police anytime and have her picked up or fined, because under the law, man and wife still have separate things. My colleague told me that that is the basis of the law. Also, it doesn't do any good to buy me another record. Buying me a Tony Martin record when I have lost Sabre Dance, which is a classic, doesn't make sense, and only a person who



"Nobody else could come close to writing like that." —James Thurber

Thurber was describing "Two Letters, Both Open," included in this collection of poems, sketches, stories, parodies and opinions by the incomparable E.B. White. Here you will find things that are new to you and some that you've wanted to read again. A number of these pieces have never been available "between covers." Others are old favorites. A few, including "Wedding Day in the Rockies" and "Youth and Age," have never been published before. Like *Letters of E.B. White* and *Essays of E.B. White*, this delightful collection offers a richly satisfying sampling of the work of one of the most felicitous writers of our age.

Poems & Sketches of
**E.B.
WHITE**

At bookstores now
Harper & Row



doesn't know music would think so. So as long as my wife knows she's still possibly in trouble, the better for her.

Factory Girl Literature is an exacting field. It has taken many a vigorous young man and spat him out later, a dry husk. I was never strong and I have had the wisdom to make a difficult decision, one that I am sure will sadden all who read these pages. I have decided to leave the Factory Girl field. Let this book be my monument. O do not weep for me, river maidens, and know, reader, that wherever my wanderings take me in this wide, harsh world, you, my readers, will be ever in my heart.

For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.

Also, Irwin Kirby, my department head, did not stand up for me to the administration, nor in the Faculty Senate that time. □

MUSIC

CLASSICAL
RECORDS

BY WILLIAM H. YOUNGREN



FOR MOST LISTENERS, the six Bach suites for unaccompanied cello (BWV 1007-12) are indissolubly linked with the name of the great Catalan cellist Pablo Casals. Throughout the nineteenth century, so runs the familiar story, the suites were regarded as mere etudes. But then, in about 1890, the young Casals discovered a copy of them in a Barcelona music shop. After studying them in private for twelve years, he at last performed them publicly, and his performances came as a revelation to the musical world. Suddenly the suites began to be taken seriously—very seriously, indeed—and Casals's famous recordings, made in 1936-1939 (and available now on Angel CB 3786), firmly established them in the canon of Bach's greatest and most profound works. The musicologist Karl Geiringer expressed the consensus that still prevails when, in 1954, he wrote that the cello suites "count among the most powerful creations of [Bach's] genius," and that in them he reached "a lonely peak of grandeur to which for a long time nobody dared follow him."

Yet despite the undoubted greatness of Casals's recorded performances, and of the cello suites themselves, the familiar story demands qualification. Casals, quite understandably, saw his interpretation of the suites as simply and timelessly right, the result of his having torn down the barrier erected between us and the real Bach by centuries of ignorance and pedantry. "The Bach at that time," Casals once said, "was played like an exercise, without any real musical meaning. . . . Bach was thought of as a professor who knew very well his counterpoint and fugue—and nothing else." But it was surely not this professorial Bach who exerted so powerful an influence on Mendelssohn, Schumann, and the other Romantics; and if Schumann had thought the cello suites were merely exercises, he would scarcely have bothered to compose pi-

ano accompaniments for them. In the 1870s, Bach's biographer Philipp Spitta wrote glowingly of the suites' "beauty and . . . serene grandeur"; and Bernard Shaw, writing in the London of the 1890s, spoke of "our unquenchable appetite for Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Schubert, and Schumann," and made it clear that what marred most contemporary Bach performances was the overly reverent, almost sanctimonious attitude toward him cultivated by the Romantics and codified in Spitta's biography.

The truth is that Casals, far from being the rebel that he made himself out to be, was simply carrying on the highest nineteenth-century tradition of Bach idolatry, by applying to the cello suites the interpretative approach that had already won listeners for the great choral works and the more imposing of the cantatas. Having seen that the suites were great music, Casals unhesitatingly concluded that they must be played as deeply profound music in the late-Beethoven vein, in the style that had been developed for the Romantic and post-Romantic cello repertoire, beginning perhaps with Beethoven's Opus 102 sonatas. It is surely late Beethoven and the Romantics whom Geiringer has in mind when he alludes to those later composers who at last joined Bach on his "lonely peak of grandeur."

Thus, almost every movement of the suites, in Casals's hands, vividly projects the image of a powerful Romantic sensibility engaged in an unceasing, heroic struggle with itself and with the universe. He declaims the slower preludes and dances nobly and freely, with great variation in tempo and dynamics, phrasing in long, powerful arcs; his low register is intense and gutsy, and he seizes upon virtually every descent to the C string as an opportunity to make a rhetorical point; his high register is thick and sumptuous, colored by almost constant vibrato and occasional portamento; and he often grinds out Bach's frequent, difficult double- and triple- and even quadruple-stops insistently and almost unattractively, as if to flaunt his triumph over music that so goes against the grain of the cello. Naturally, Casals plays the faster preludes and dances with a steadier beat and a somewhat lighter touch; but they are still highly charged with drama and occasionally hectic in their gaiety.

So great is the dramatic and rhetori-

November report on

ATLANTIC MONTHLY
PRESS BOOKS

This magazine knew it was on to a good writer when it published **SPEER MORGAN's** story "The Oklahoma and Western" in December of 1974. Among the many rave reviews of his first novel, *Belle Starr* (1979), was that of the *Sunday Denver Post*, which concluded: "Here is to a long and fruitful career."

Expectations have been amply rewarded in his second novel, **BROTHER ENEMY**. It's a big, bold book about the struggle for control of a Caribbean island teetering on the edge of disintegration. Prime Minister Modyford calls on two people to find out who is really in charge of *his* government: D. W. Frey, a scrappy Texan who has escaped jail in the States, and the eccentric English historian James Spencer. This unlikely pair stars in the island's unfolding drama, along with dirt-poor Rastafarians, native hustlers, Fidelistas, tourists playing volleyball, naked and oblivious to the chaos around them—high drama that ends in an imaginative, explosive, but inevitable climax on the beach. About pride and greed, about idealism and the corruption of power, **BROTHER ENEMY** is a fast-paced novel for those who enjoy cross and double cross with a Caribbean flavor.

BROTHER ENEMY

by Speer Morgan

\$13.95 at your bookstore

LITTLE, BROWN

William H. Youngren teaches English at Boston College.

cal power of Casals's playing that one almost forgets that these are, after all, suites made up of dances from the eighteenth and earlier centuries. While many of the dances, especially the slower ones, lend themselves surprisingly well to Casals's approach, the rest are worlds away from the spirit of Faustian striving that pervades his performances. In his excellent book *Casals and the Art of Interpretation*, David Blum reports that Casals, in teaching the suites, stressed their dance origins and also the great variety within and among them. Yet the relentless imposition of so purely Romantic a style on the music served both to obscure its origins and to diminish its variety. Listening to Casals, not only do we forget we are listening to dances but suites in major and minor keys, slow and fast movements, all seem cut from the same cloth. That Casals could have made his interpretation of the cello suites as convincing as he did is a tribute to his peerless artistry. But in the past forty years we have learned much about baroque style and performance practice. Superb recent recordings of Bach and his contemporaries, which have utilized this knowledge—recordings such as those by Nikolaus Harnoncourt and the *Concentus Musicus* of Vienna, for example—have transformed our view of a great deal of baroque music. But no recording had done this for the Bach cello suites. Now there is one. It is by the brilliant Dutch cellist Anner Bijlsma, and its appearance is an event of the greatest importance to music-lovers. (This recording is available here on German RCA RL 30369 and on Pro Arte 3 PAL 3000.) Bijlsma's performances come as a breath of fresh air. He has returned the cello suites to their proper century and restored their enchanting variety. Having learned from Casals that they are great music, we can now see more clearly just what sort of great music they are. I think this new recording will be definitive for many years.

Bijlsma, as we should expect, uses restored period instruments: he plays Suites Nos. 1 through 5 on a 1699 cello by the famous Venetian maker Goffriller, and No. 6, which calls for an additional high E string, on a five-string violoncello piccolo dating from about the same time. But the differences between his performances and Casals's depend as much on Bijlsma's more historically accurate conception of the

suites as on the authenticity of his instruments.

A listener acquainted with Casals's recordings will perhaps be struck first by Bijlsma's greater transparency of sound and incisiveness of attack. In the slower movements he is no less noble than Casals, and is at times very free with the tempo, but he keeps us always conscious of the beat, reinforcing our sense of rhythmic steadiness by his light, *détaché* bowing, which leaves plenty of space between notes and thus creates an air of ceremonial measuredness; he tends to touch the low notes lightly and casually, so that instead of becoming foci of rhetorical power (as with Casals), they are heard as gentle reminders of the continuo that we are



intended to think of as implicit throughout; his high register is clear, radiant, and penetratingly viol-like; and he tosses off the double- and triple- and quadruple-stops effortlessly, as ornaments, rather than insisting upon them. In the faster movements he achieves an easy grace, a simplicity and joyousness, that Casals does not even attempt.

Everything Bijlsma does accords perfectly with what we have learned from recent scholarship. Yet there is nothing academic about his performances—as there is, surprisingly, about the rather staid and businesslike ones that Harnoncourt recorded a few years ago (French Harmonia Mundi HM 381-83). Listening to Bijlsma, one's main impression is not of authenticity or correctness but of life, spontaneity, inevitable rightness. Several pieces make

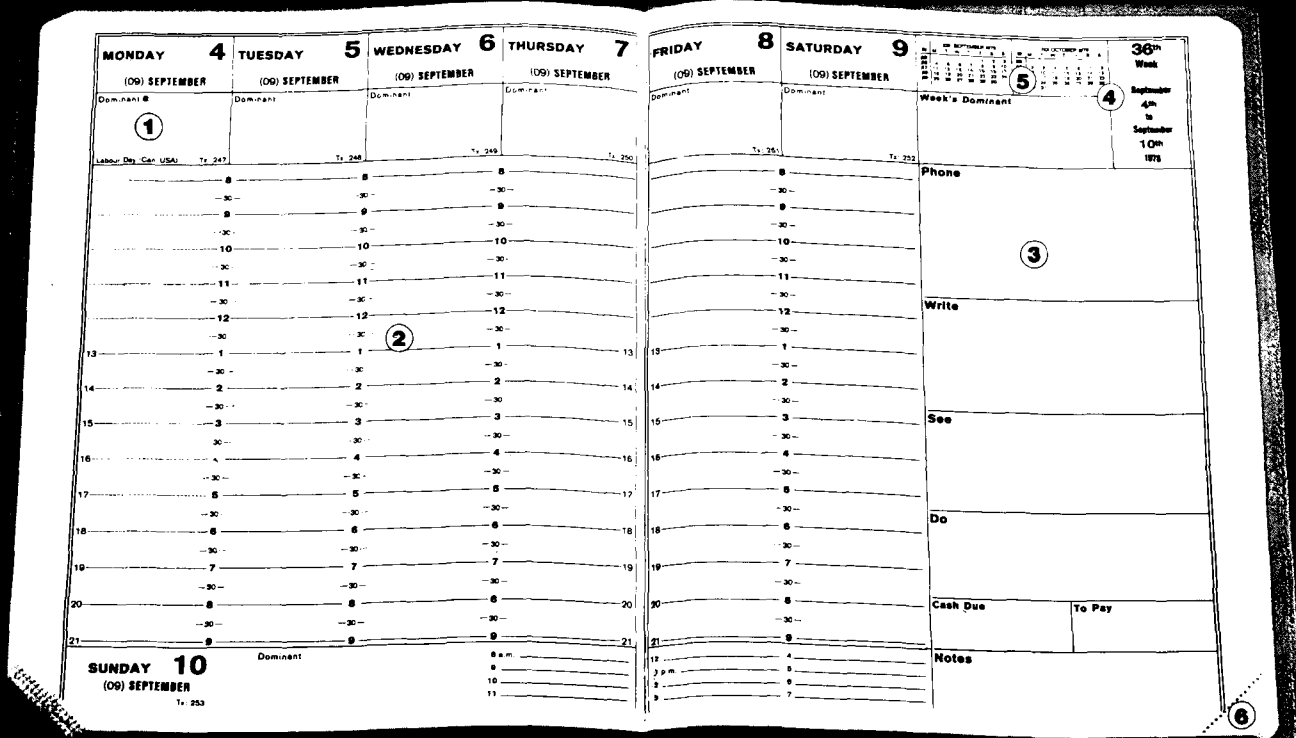
sense that never did before. The stately Allemande of Suite No. 6, for example, is so musclebound and contorted in Casals's performance that it has always seemed a mere heaping of one powerful phrase upon another; but Bijlsma lets the music breathe, and everything falls into place. Other pieces make better sense than ever before. Bijlsma plays the marvelous, grief-stricken Sarabande of No. 5, which Casals once said he thought of as depicting Christ's journey to Golgotha, absolutely deadpan, creating a devastating sense of loss and a moonscape emptiness that make Casals's performance, fine as it is, seem faintly vulgar in its dramatic intensity.

Despite the obvious power and beauty and intelligence of Casals's recordings, I always found them exhausting to listen to—as I do not, for example, his pre-war recordings of the Beethoven Opus 102 sonatas. I now see that what exhausted me was the strain of hearing a style that was perfectly appropriate to late Beethoven inappropriately applied to Bach. (I would also hazard a guess that a similar sense of inappropriateness is responsible for the distinguished critic B. H. Haggin's perverse and puzzling opinion, frequently expressed over the past forty years, that "the life which these works have on these records is the life created by the coloring, the movement, the tensions of Casals' phrasing," and that the suites themselves are not "great or enjoyable or interesting.") With Bijlsma, the strain is gone. Casals made us constantly aware that the old dance forms were coming to us through the mediation of a powerful Romantic sensibility; Bijlsma sets the forms themselves before us—though, of course, we are aware that they are being handled by a master composer. As Bijlsma plays them, the cello suites are, like the finest poetry of Horace and Ben Jonson and Andrew Marvell, conventional—in the highest sense of that word. We are no longer tempted to think of the Bach who composed them as a Romantic alone on his mountain peak; he is, rather, a superb craftsman, so thoroughly immersed in the familiar expressive forms of his age, and so much a master of his craft, as to be able to transmute those forms into high art. To enlarge and enrich our sense of the past as Bijlsma has done in this recording is perhaps the most important and most difficult task of the interpretative musical artist. □

"Planning" diaries

Exclusively Quo Vadis around the world

Quo Vadis



1

2

3

4

5

6

• Establish priorities for attention or action
 All QUO VADIS "Planning" diaries are available with genuine leather covers (Madras, Morocco, Box Calf or Pigskin) or extra deluxe lizard or crocodile in several colors (natural, black, Havana brown, green, Bordeaux red) and are presented in a elegant gift box.



20 other models to choose from, including extra-flats

quo vadis
 QUO VADIS Publications, Inc.
 4223 Genesee Street
 Buffalo, New York 14225
 Phone: (716) 634-8633

AVAILABLE AT MODERN STATIONERY STORES

"Planning"® diary is QUO VADIS and only QUO VADIS around the world

"Planning"® diary trademarks, patterns, plans and copyright (registration No 20681) by QUO VADIS for all countries

I would like to receive free of charge and under no obligation your 20 page color catalog format 8 1/2" x 11 3/4"

- ☐ For personal use
☐ For corporate use
☐ The list of retail outlets in my area.

Name _____
 Title _____
 Company _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Phone _____ Ext _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
 ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TAT

BOOKS

A SURE NARRATIVE VOICE

BY JAMES ATLAS

LIARS IN LOVE

by Richard Yates. Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence, \$14.95.



RICHARD YATES CONFIDED in a memoir of his literary apprenticeship that *The Great Gatsby* was the most instructive novel he had ever read; its structure and technique were visible yet unobtrusive, "suggesting at least a hope that you might be able to figure out how it's done."

It was with this same sensation of reading a novel at once wholly believable and conscious of its own artifice that I read Yates's first novel, *Revolutionary Road*. Published in 1961, when he was thirty-five, it remains one of the

intense, nicotine-stained, Jean-Paul Sartre sort of man," the description is made to seem Wheeler's rather than Yates's; it is more self-mocking than satirical, and thus engages our sympathy.

Fitzgerald managed "to catch all his characters," Yates noted, "in the very act of giving themselves away"—and so does Yates, without himself ever quite giving away how he does it. A master of dialogue, he is colloquial but never garrulous; his characters betray their confusion with perfect literary economy.



few novels I know that could be called flawless. The story of a promising middle-class marriage that ends in ruin, *Revolutionary Road* is a grim, pitiless account of the miseries of suburban life. It depicts with controlled rage the illusions of conventional people who consider themselves bohemian, the defensiveness and snobbery encoded in their every act. Like Fitzgerald, Yates imbues his characters with honorable longings—for an ideal romantic love, a depth of experience, some lasting accomplishment—yet concentrates a remorseless eye on their vanity. He acknowledges their nearly limitless capacity for self-deception, yet isn't punitive about it. When Frank Wheeler, a public-relations writer with higher, if vague, aspirations, is described as "an

The narrative voice is formal, impersonal, exact, yet seems effortless, unlit-erary. "Could a man ride home in the rear smoker, primly adjusting his pants at the knees to protect their crease and rattling his evening paper into a narrow panel to give his neighbor elbow room?" Frank Wheeler muses on the way back to the suburbs after the beginning of an affair:

Hell, no. The way for a man to ride was erect and out in the open, out in the loud iron passageway where the wind whipped his necktie, standing with his feet set wide apart on the shuddering, clangoring floorplates, taking deep pulls from a pinched cigarette until its burning end was a needle of fire and quivering paper ash and then snapping it straight as a bullet into the roaring speed of the roadbed,

while the suburban towns wheeled slowly along the pink and gray dust of seven o'clock.

The revelation of his momentary self-delight is achieved indirectly, through visual images; yet the prose is gloating, vigorous, direct—the mirror of Wheeler's own self-estimate.

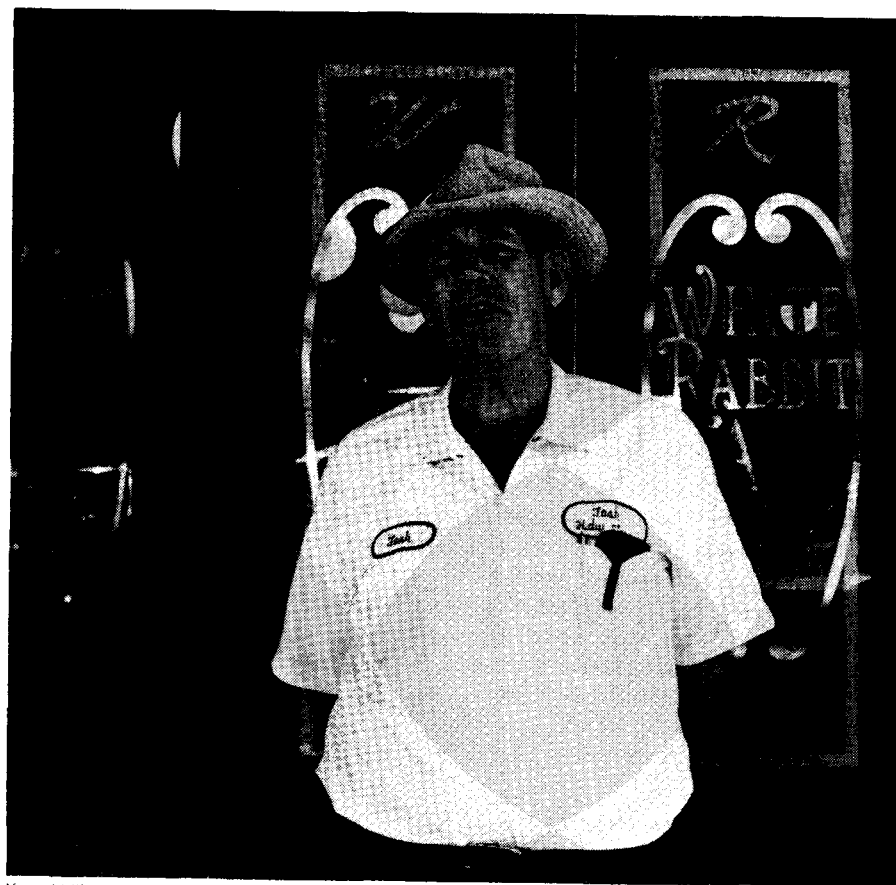
The lineaments of this style were visible in Yates's first collection of stories, *Eleven Kinds of Loneliness*. Published a year after *Revolutionary Road* but written for the most part earlier, they are as precocious, as prematurely wise, as Fitzgerald's early stories. There is the same ruminative casual voice, the same gift for dialogue, the same sly revelation of character through mannerisms and habits of speech. And though the young men featured in these stories were clearly versions of the author, they were by no means the sort of sensitive, vaguely literary personae one generally finds in the short stories of young writers. Indeed, one story about a writer begins with the shrewd disclaimer that "writers who write about writers can easily bring on the worst kind of literary miscarriage; everybody knows that." Yates's early stories were about the Army, a new boy's humiliation in school, a shabby journalist on a labor newspaper; they were stories, like Fitzgerald's, about the failures and humiliations that lodge forever in our memories because they contain the essence of our self-doubt.

On the evidence of these stories, Yates had found both his subject and his voice by the time he was in his early thirties. The voice was objective, idiomatic, detached; the subject, while not pointedly autobiographical, must have been his own life, for the same few situations recur in all his work: the father who failed in business; the childhood spent with a mother who thought of herself as an artist and led a strenuously bohemian life; the youthful stint in the Army during the last months of World War II; the writer forced to work at a dull job to support his wife and child. But many novelists, even great ones, repeat themselves; John Updike and Philip Roth have been writing more or less the same story for years. Through five novels and two collections of stories in a career that spans three decades, Yates has animated these situations with an obsessive force that conquers their familiarity.

James Atlas is an associate editor of *The Atlantic*.

THE STORIES IN *Liars in Love* reveal the same sure narrative voice that is at work in *Eleven Kinds of Loneliness*. Conversational and confiding, attentive to his characters' idiosyncracies, Yates has an uncanny instinct for the pathos inherent in our efforts at dignity, our struggle to matter in the world. In "A Compassionate Leave," a young soldier in Paris just after the war drifts through Pigalle in search of a prostitute and ends up singing in a bar with a crowd of drunken compatriots. "What the hell was supposed to be so great and beautiful about Paris anyway?" he thinks. "Had anybody yet confessed to being dismayed and bewildered and bored . . . and lonely as a bastard too?" In "Regards at Home," a commercial illustrator from Brooklyn worries that his simplicity of character makes him uninteresting. Everyone seems to be in therapy, he confides to the narrator, a young writer whose marriage and apparently bohemian life he has idealized: "Because I mean what's the deal on being 'interesting' in the first place? Are we all supposed to lie on a couch and spill our guts to prove how 'interesting' we are? That's a degree of sophistication I don't care to attain." In "Oh, Joseph, I'm So Tired," a boy's cruel playmate, intent on demonstrating that his pet goldfish is swift enough to elude an arrow at close range, takes aim—and spears it. "I was too old to cry," the boy remembers, "but something had to be done about the shock and rage and grief that filled me as I ran from the fountain. . . ."

The trouble with this view of things is that it can become . . . well, depressing. Too much brutal dialogue, too much mean-spirited circumstance, wears a reader down. Yates is the bleakest writer I know. There is a quality of unrelenting misery in his work, of thwartedness and self-deception, traumatic memories and squalor. In *The Easter Parade* and *Disturbing the Peace*, Yates gives such savage portraits of his characters' inadequacies that one no longer cares about them; having nervous breakdowns, sopping up gin, they seem beyond salvaging. The novelist, like the tyrant, has complete authority over his subjects, and must rule with at least occasional benevolence or risk revolt. It isn't enough to claim accuracy, to reproduce an alcoholic's haggard speech or a failed artist's delusions of fame; there must be



If you'd like a wall poster of our distillery's founder, drop us a line.

MR. CLAYTON TOSH has more good tales about Jack Daniel than most folks can ever believe.



He'll tell you that Mr. Jack promised marriage to two girls at once in 1875; that nobody ever saw him without a coat and tie; and that he perfected a way of manufacturing his whiskey (called charcoal mellowing) that made it uncommonly smooth. Of course, there's no one living who can vouch for the first two tales. But after a sip of Jack Daniel's, most everyone goes along with the third.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352

Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

some tempering sense of grace or pity.

Too many of the stories in *Liars in Love* lack that impulse. The husband in "A Natural Girl," whose young wife interrupts a tedious soliloquy about his work to announce that she is leaving him, is simply a lout, a narcissistic boor; and the same goes for the rich, bored Hollywood types in "Saying Goodbye to Sally," whose cheerless, arid self-deprecation recalls Fitzgerald's Pat Hobby, a prisoner of that milieu during an earlier era. A wearisome air of self-disgust clings to the laconic, hard-drinking men Yates is so fond of writing about; they know themselves, but are smug in their self-knowledge, ironic about their degradation.

Of course, that style of self-irony is fashionable now. Contemporary American writers, Christopher Lasch noted in *The Culture of Narcissism*, have adopted a confessional ironic pose that "waives the right to be taken seriously, at the same time escaping the responsibilities that go with being taken seriously." Yates's literary characters, in particular, tend to view their experience as a mere parody of great writers' lives. "Colby knew, from having read *The Sun Also Rises* in high school, that the Left Bank was where everything nice was most likely to happen," he writes in "A Compassionate Leave." The novelist in "Saying Goodbye to Sally," who has gone to Hollywood to try his hand at a screenplay, lies in bed beside his very ordinary girlfriend and wonders "if Sheila Graham [Fitzgerald's lover] had ever referred to someone as being 'a very dear person.'" It is as if one can only pretend to emulate these literary heroes, since we live in a time when there are none.

Toward his more limited, ignorant characters Yates can be pitiless, even vindictive; but toward those who make an effort, however primitive, to retain their dignity—an English prostitute, a secretary who aspires to write radio plays—he is generous. They're not to blame, he implies; life in general is a shabby affair. And it is in this relenting attitude that he reveals his mastery. *A Special Providence*, which contains some of the most vivid writing about World War II since *The Naked and the Dead*; *A Good School* (to my mind Yates's finest novel since *Revolutionary Road*); and the best stories in *Liars in Love* possess a wry, muted, wistful quality that verges on the elegiac. The

terrified, untrained soldiers sent over to France in the last months of the war, whose heroism arises more out of exhaustion and bewilderment than out of courage; the pathetic but loyal faculty of Dorset Academy, a third-rate prep school about to collapse: Yates is tolerant of these characters; his very awareness of their failings elicits a kind of authorial forbearance.

In "Oh, Joseph, I'm So Tired," the first story in *Liars in Love*, a young girl describes to her little brother the sound of the city she hears around them just before sleep, "a kind of hum" produced by the "millions and millions of people in New York"—"Maybe talking," as the girl imagines them, "... maybe putting their forks down on their plates if they're having dinner, or dropping their shoes if they're going to bed. . . ." The story closes with the children, shaken by one of their mother's drunken tantrums, lying in bed and "listening for the faint, faint sound of millions." In that desolate scene, Yates accomplishes what Fitzgerald did at his best: an evocation of life's unbearable poignance, the way it has of nurturing hope and denying it, often in the same instant.

NAVIGATING THROUGH REEFS

BY ROBERT TOWERS

A FLAG FOR SUNRISE
by Robert Stone. Knopf, \$13.95.



IN WHAT IS PERHAPS the most spectacular set piece in Robert Stone's new novel, one of the major characters, Frank Holliwell, goes diving off the coast of the Central American republic of Tecan. Lured by a sort of death wish, he ventures farther than he should down the slope of a vast underwater canyon.

At about ninety feet, he confronted the drop. The last coral terrace fell away and beyond it there was nothing, an immensity of shadowy blue, an abyss. He was losing color now. The coral on the

canyon wall read blue-gray as he descended; the wrasse, the butterflies, the parrot fish looked dun as mackerel. A gray lobster scurried along the cliff. . . . The surface became a mirage, a distant notion.

He was at a hundred and ten and his pressure gauge, which had pointed twenty-five hundred p.s.i. at the jump-off, now read slightly under eight hundred. It was all right, he thought, the tank had no reserve and no J valve; he would have enough to climb back as the pressure evened out. At a hundred and twenty, his exhilaration was still with him and he was unable to suppress the impulse to turn a somersault. He was at the borders of narcosis.

Terror lurks in these depths; something unseen frightens the schools of fish—and Holliwell, too. A great shark, perhaps? For Holliwell (if not for the fish) the terror may have its origin in something more abstract—the menacing silence at the heart of things.

A sense of exhilaration mixed with dread, a display of expert technical knowledge, and the image of a man alone in an alien universe—this combination brings to mind one of the dominant strains of twentieth-century fiction. It is what I would call, loosely, the novel of existential adventure. Its authors—among them Conrad (in many ways the progenitor), Hemingway, Graham Greene, and, in France, Malraux—are stylistically too unlike to be called a school; rather, they form a sort of brotherhood or tribe, sharing a strong predilection for certain subjects and similar responses to man's fate as they perceive it. Their hero-adventurers tend to be self-exiled: externally, to the farthest reaches of the Euro-American imperium ("Where there ain't no Ten Commandments and a man can raise a thirst"), or internally, to the underside of their own cities, where they consort with criminals, spies, psychopaths, and fugitives. Often their exile involves a political or military mission—to Latin America, to revolutionary China, to Spain during the Civil War, to Indochina. . . . Political allegiances, where they exist, are usually to what might be called the Wounded Left. In any case, family and institutional ties are broken, and the protagonists struggle in a universe where there is

Robert Towers teaches at Queens College and is the author of *The Necklace of Kali* and *The Monkey-Watcher*.

no help, where moral codes must often be improvised, where heroic action is sooner or later crushed, where even Greene's Jansenist-Catholic God has a strong sadistic streak.

Nostromo, Victory, For Whom the Bell Tolls, Man's Fate, Man's Hope, The Power and the Glory—the titles still reverberate through our literature. But for the past quarter-century the strain has seemed enfeebled, capable of producing little more than "tough" detective fiction or the British spy novel. Now Robert Stone has stepped forward with a novel that asserts his place among the true heirs of Conrad. *A Flag for Sunrise* is an ambitious book, at once legend-haunted and topical, a work that reaches beyond the parochial and solipsistic concerns of much recent fiction, that is willing to grapple with what is going on Out There, south of the border and beyond.

Not a prolific writer, Stone has, in each of his previous novels, moved slowly toward such a claim. *A Hall of Mirrors* (1967) and *Dog Soldiers* (1974) both are concerned with an internal exile of sorts: to the dank undergrowth of New Orleans in the first instance, to the vicious drug scene of California in the second. The characters of *A Hall of Mirrors* form a non-community of juice-heads, whores, and drifters passively awaiting take-over by a stronger and more directed force. Its alcoholic protagonist, Rheinhardt, and a girl victim, Geraldine, whose cheek has been mutilated with an oyster-opener by her psychopathic ex-boyfriend, are both too defeated from the start to arouse or sustain much interest. *Dog Soldiers*, with its lean style and laconic, hurtful dialogue, is equally bleak in its vision but far more animated and interesting in its action—in short, a much better novel. Two of its principal characters, Converse and Hicks, have been psychically if not physically wounded in Vietnam; they, together with Converse's adulterous, Quaalude-popping wife, are trying to unload a consignment of heroin smuggled back to California from Vietnam. The drug acts like a death-dealing magnet, sucking into its grip a variety of desperate characters—a pair of sadistic, homosexual ex-convicts, assorted thrill-seeking clients, corrupt, double-dealing agents, and even a desert cult leader. Mere survival, in a shattered condition, is the highest good to which any of this human detritus

can aspire; most fail to achieve their limited goal, for they die nastily along the way. Although I find that the individual figures of both novels recede very quickly in memory, I am left with a strong sense of their collective deprivation—a primal deprivation that leads to addiction, a search for kicks, and a random cruelty, especially toward women.

IN BOTH SCOPE AND construction, *A Flag for Sunrise* is far more impressive than its predecessors. Revolution and fratricidal warfare have regularly exerted an appeal for the Conradian brotherhood, who have developed some of their most compelling images of man's fate from such situations. In this



instance, which is as topical as the latest report from Nicaragua or El Salvador, revolution is about to erupt in Tecan, an impoverished little country long exploited by North American business interests and its corrupt ruling class. Mineral rights and tourism have replaced the blighted banana crop as potential sources of wealth, little of which will trickle down to the needy peasants and workers. The first character we encounter is Father Egan, an aging, rum-soaked Catholic priest attached to a tiny Devotionist mission on the coast of Tecan; moribund in his faith, this Graham Greene-ish figure has spent years working on a metaphysical study that is certain to be condemned by his church. In the novel's sensational opening scene, Father Egan is approached by a menacing and clearly demented officer of the local Guardia Nacional, Lieutenant Campos, who insists that the priest not only give him absolution for the murder of a Canadian girl hippie (whose body he has kept

in a freezer for six months) but also dispose of the corpse. The good priest helplessly complies.

The reader is then whisked back to the United States to meet Frank Holliwell, an anthropologist (also far gone in alcohol) who is scheduled to give a lecture at the national university in Compostela (Guatemala). Before leaving, he has lunch with an old buddy from Vietnam who is now an agent of the CIA. This man asks Holliwell to visit Tecan while he is in the area and "check out" the mission, which is suspected of being involved in subversive activities. Holliwell refuses, but a seed of curiosity has been planted. A lapsed Catholic, a man whose domestic and professional life has gone stale, he is not only drunk much of the time but cynical, despairing, and full of self-pity. "He was, he knew at that moment, really without beliefs, without hope—either for himself or for the world. Almost without friends, certainly without allies. Alone." He is ideally suited to be the center of intelligence and reflection in a Robert Stone novel.

Back in Tecan, the novel's heroine is introduced—a real heroine. She is Father Egan's young colleague at the mission, a nursing nun called Sister Justin Feeney. Her faith is not only moribund but almost extinct.

Under the lights . . . she contemplated her inward place. It was a foolish place, of course, but orderly. Like a corridor in some worthwhile institution, the walls and floors all spotless, the suffering and the flesh behind white screens. A virgin's place, a bit of a whited sepulcher.

It was dim and Lenten, its saints were shrouded and if it held any tabernacles they were open and empty. It was very far away.

Still, she is reluctant to close down the nearly derelict mission and abandon her effort to help the poor of Tecan, to whom she is fiercely attached. Heeding the plea of a local priest, Father Godoy, whose devotion to the people has led him deep into revolutionary plotting, Sister Justin decides when the fighting begins to convert the mission into an infirmary for wounded rebels. In her exalted commitment, she is the perfect foil for the self-centered Holliwell, who is attracted to those qualities in her that are most antithetical to

his own passivity and defeat. The danger to the nun—from the sadistically aroused Lieutenant Campos and various counter-revolutionary agents—is great indeed.

Meanwhile, in what amounts almost to a novel within a novel, a paranoid speed addict, Pablo Tabor, is headed toward Tecan as part of the crew of a fake shrimp boat that is smuggling a desperately needed supply of arms to the rebels. Pablo will kill anyone whom he suspects of “trying to turn him around.” The owners of the boat—a hard-drinking middle-aged couple named Callahan—are in turn perfectly willing to toss Pablo to the sharks when he has served their purpose. The Callahans are in the smuggling business as much for kicks as for the money; sexually and otherwise, they like to live along the “edge.” Far ahead lie treacherous coral reefs that must be navigated in the dark in order to land the arms.

All of this constitutes a heavy load of rather melodramatic plotting, enough to capsize a less skillfully narrated work—and there are a number of other story elements that I have not mentioned. Moving rapidly from one line of convergence to another, Stone achieves a steady build-up of momentum along each track, a process actually enhanced by the rapid switching of point of view. At the center, of course, is the long-expected explosion, the *foco*, which is being orchestrated by a small cluster of dedicated Marxists, one of whom has revolutionary credentials reaching all the way back to the Spanish Civil War. The climax, when it comes, is both fast-moving and complex, and Stone’s orchestration of it is superb.

STONE WRITES WITH easy authority, documenting his Latin American scene with convincing detail, displaying a prideful expertise in the handling of gear that must delight the ghosts of Conrad’s Marlow and of Hemingway’s fishermen, big-game hunters, and destroyers of bridges. Stone’s style is both forceful and supple, with more descriptive coloration than is usual for him. But melodramatic plotting, even of the highest order, demands certain sacrifices. The rendering of the political situation, though always interesting, is hardly subtle: the bad guys are North Americans, diplomats, CIA agents, Cuban exiles, the henchmen of big busi-

ness, and the local military; the good guys are the suffering poor and the hard-line communists and radical priests who lead them—it’s almost as simple as that. The psychopaths, betrayers, weirdos, and commissars who throng the novel are vividly painted figures, highly effective for Stone’s narrative purpose but stamped out of thin metal.

Stone has taken more pains with his major characters. In the macho world celebrated in the fictional tradition to which he belongs, women exist primarily for man’s solace—or inspiration. Except for a few semi-masculine “comrades,” they tend to be idealized sufferers, gratifiers, or victims: one thinks of the self-sacrificing Alma in Conrad’s *Victory*, of Hemingway’s Catherine and Maria, and the meek, self-effacing wives and mistresses—often non-white—in Graham Greene. Though Stone attempts to humanize Sister Justin (who, symbolically enough, has taken her religious name from St. Justin Martyr, her given name being May), to show the “gristle” of self-concern at the base of her perfectionist strivings, I do not think he succeeds in breaking the mold set by his predecessors. Sister Justin is an appealing figure, her plight touching and, indeed, harrowing, but, for all her imputed insight and agonized self-scrutiny, the nun remains a sentimentally conceived heroine-victim, as inspirational and unconvincing as the women in Conrad and Hemingway. Holliwell sees in her “fires of the heart, of sensibility”:

There were plenty of *engagés*, he thought, plenty of them were honest and virtuous. She was different; she was heart, she was there, in there every minute feeling it. This kind of thing was not for him but he knew it when he saw it; he was not an anthropologist for nothing.

It’ll kill her, he thought, drive her crazy. Her eyes were already clouding with sorrow and loss. It was herself she was grieving and hoping for; for that reason she was the real thing. So he began to fall in love with her.

While these sentiments are Holliwell’s, there is nothing to indicate any modification of them, ironic or otherwise, on the author’s part; even the language, usually so firm, becomes a bit soggy here.

Holliwell is given a past, given an educated and reflective intelligence; he has considerable insight into the motives of others; he is said to be capable of both morality and heroism. But he is never made credible as an anthropologist, a man of standing in his profession. What comes through is a figure considerably more infantile than I think Stone intended. Father Egan also seems more the product of the author’s fictional attachment to drunks and losers than a character freshly perceived and freshly felt; his heterodox speculations (an odd mishmash of Neo-Platonic doctrine) appear to have come, like a jinn, from a bottle rather than from the harsh dictates of experience. There is, after all, a sentimentality of failure as well as of happy endings.

In a less panoramic and less densely populated work, these deficiencies of characterization, as I see them, would matter more than they do here. *A Flag for Sunrise* is essentially a romantic rather than a psychological novel, a book full of wonderful and terrible events, with a conclusion as bizarre as it is cruel. Thematically just as grim as Stone’s earlier novels, its grimness is more than offset by the excitement of a good story well told, a story in which a degree of melodrama and sentimentality is perfectly in order. *A Flag for Sunrise* is by far the best recent addition to the writings of the brotherhood. □

SHORT REVIEWS



.....
THE RETURN TO CAMELOT by Mark Girouard. Yale, \$29.95. Since Mr. Girouard is primarily an architectural historian, his study of “Chivalry and the English Gentleman” probably began with a survey of those phony but often delightful medievalisms erected during the nineteenth century, which in turn led him to wonder why a people prospering on the most modern industrial machinery should have wished to live in imitation antiquities. His investigation of this question leads through Victorian literature, art, manners, ethics, politics, education, and amusements, arriving finally at the Boy Scout movement and at World War I, which

put a quick end to the sanitized dream version of Arthur and the Round Table. Reality had always intruded, of course—the Eglinton tournament was rained out with a flurry of anachronistic umbrellas, and Daniel Maclise, having painted Sir Francis Sykes's family in armor and ermine, eloped with his patron's lady.

Mr. Girouard's account of all this high-minded folly is amusingly written, splendidly illustrated, and by no means unsympathetic, for however illogical in origin, many of those Arthurian confections were and remain beautiful objects.

THE FASHIONABLE MIND by *Kennedy Fraser. Knopf, \$14.50.* Fashions come and go, but fashion—that is, the conversion of novelty into financial profit—endures, and it is this point around which Ms. Fraser's lively essays circle. She brings to, or finds in, the essentially monotonous business of writing about women's clothes a remarkable variety of ideas.

THE VOYAGE OF THE ARMADA: THE SPANISH STORY by *David Howarth. Viking, \$13.95.* As an Englishman, Mr. Howarth cannot be expected to view the Spanish Armada as anything but a foredoomed disaster, but as a historian, he considers the traditional David-and-Goliath version of its defeat less than accurate. He has gone to Spanish sources, some never previously consulted, and to recent findings by underwater archaeologists, to construct a less romantic explanation. Mr. Howarth finds that the Spaniards used ships as a means to bring soldiers within weapon's reach of each other, while the English used ships themselves as weapons to sink the enemy, preferably at the longest range possible. Spanish ships were commanded by military officers, who did not necessarily understand what their subordinate sailing captains could do. English ships were commanded by sailors, who had no obligation to listen to ignorant landlubbers. The Spanish, in short, fought in medieval style against an enemy who had already invented modern naval tactics, and the result was Agincourt afloat. In the course of telling what happened and why, Mr. Howarth presents a mass of detail about ships, provisioning, guns, ammunition, and the dire conditions of service at sea. He demonstrates that

Philip II (whom he frankly loathes) suffered from a monstrously incompetent intelligence service and habitually gave specific orders on matters that should have been left to the commander on the spot, Medina Sidonia, for whom the author has a high regard. Mr. Howarth has combined research, historical imagination, common sense, and narrative skill to produce a fascinating tale.

THE OBSESSION by *Kim Chernin. Harper & Row, \$12.50.* Ms. Chernin complains that the current fashion for extreme slenderness in women is unhealthy, impractical, and the cause of mental anguish to the majority of the female population. She believes that the fashion arises on one hand from an unconscious masculine conspiracy caused by male fear of any manifestation of female strength, and on the other hand from a generalized sense of powerlessness on the part of women themselves, which they counteract by ferocious control of their own bodies. There are provocative suggestions scattered throughout the text, but the argument as a whole suffers from the author's habit of using the terms "large," "fat," and "obese" interchangeably and from her excursions into infantile psychology, which are unsupported by any practical evidence. She does provide, from her own experience, practical evidence of the existence of a group of women determined to fit into a size seven regardless of bone structure. One doubts that these people actually constitute a majority of the female population.

THE TROUBLE WITH FRANCE by *Alain Peyrefitte. Knopf, \$18.50.* The author has spent a lifetime in various official positions, most recently as minister of justice under Giscard d'Estaing, and if he maintains that the French are ungovernable and all French governments ineffectual, he should know. The purpose of his testy, intelligent book is to explain why such a situation exists. He finds the principal reason to be a centuries-old addiction to highly centralized, highly authoritarian government administered by bureaucrats who are personally responsible neither to the citizens whom they control rather than serve nor to the representatives elected by those citizens in the hope of procuring better arrangements. In such circumstances, stalemate, stagnation, and

THE LIFE OF THE POET

*Beginning and Ending
Poetic Careers*

LAWRENCE LIPKING

This book sets forth "not the biographies of poets but the biography that gets into poems: the life that has passed through a refining poetic fire." It is about the way great poets develop and realize themselves. By studying crucial moments in which poets find their identities, Lipking tries to discern patterns shared by all poets, from Virgil to Robert Lowell. \$20.00

University of Chicago Press

5801 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, IL 60637

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include an Atlantic label to insure prompt service when you write us about your subscription.

Mail to: Atlantic Subscription Processing Center, Box 2547, Boulder, Colorado 80322

ATTACH
MAGAZINE ADDRESS
LABEL HERE

Change of Address:

If you are moving please let us know eight weeks **before** changing your address. Attach label above and include new address below. If you have a question about your subscription attach this form to your letter.

Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip Code

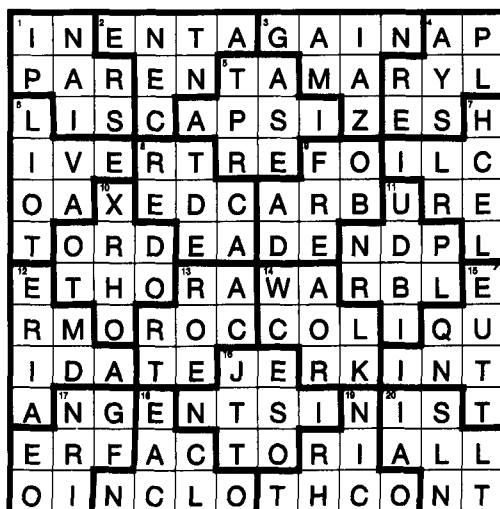
To Subscribe: Mail this form with your payment and check:

☐ New Subscription ☐ Renewal

Subscription Rates:

1 year, \$18.00; 2 years, \$33.00; 3 years, \$45.00 (U.S. and Canada only; all other countries 1 year, \$20.00; 2 years, \$37.00; 3 years, \$51.00.) Mail to: The Atlantic, Box 2546, Boulder, Colorado 80322

Answers
to the
October
Puzzler,
"PATCHWORK"



Threads. a. LIQUIDATE (anag.) b. JERK-IN c. TAN-GENT (pun) d. S(IN)ISTER e. FACTORIAL (anag.) f. LO-INC(LOT)H g. C(ON-TIN)ENT h. A-GAIN i. A-P-PARENT j. A-MAR-YLLIS (*silly ram* rev.) k. CAP-SIZE l. SHIVER (anag. minus d) m. T(REF)OIL n. CO(AX)ED o. CARBURETOR (anag.) p. DE-A(DEN)D (*ed* rev.) q. PLE(THOR)A r. WARBLER (anag.) s. MO(ROCC)O (*croc* anag.) *Patches.* 1. ASPIRIN(g) 2. CAN-TEEN 3. AMA-ZING 4. PARSLEY (anag.) 5. PAR(A)-SITE 6. VIOL-ATE 7. CH(ILL)ER 8. CRE(A-T)ED 9. F(ORB)ADE 10. O(RTHODO)X (*hot rod* anag.) 11. PU(R)B-LIND 12. MADE-IRA 13. RE(A)CTOR 14. WAR-LOCK 15. QUI(NTE)T (*ten* anag.) 16. JET-T(IS)ON 17. FO-REIGN (*of* rev.) 18. C(ONCE)AL 19. CORINTH (hidden) 20. IN-STALL

BE ACQUISITIVE!

(and hide your money from inflation.)

Where can you hide your money from inflation? Try The Rare Coin Guild, a monthly rare coin acquisition plan, offered by New England Rare Coin Galleries, the world's largest rare coin dealer. The Rare Coin Guild is the best way for you to acquire fine rare coins . . . without being a numismatic expert. Change your money from inflatable paper into a hard asset with excellent potential as a hedge against inflation. And through the Guild you can acquire rare coins for as little as \$100/month. Write for our free brochure.

The Rare Coin Guild A MONTHLY ACQUISITION PLAN

89 Devonshire Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02109
Toll-free 800-225-6794 □ In Mass. 617-227-8800

American Library Association



discover america

use your library

CLASSIFIED RATES

Per word (single insertion) 10 word min ..\$1.50
Per word 6 times in one contract year\$1.25
Per word 12 times in one contract year\$1.10

Classified Display: 1 time—\$90 per col. inch
6 times—\$80 per col. inch
12 times—\$70 per col. inch

Primary Circulation: 325,000

Copy should be received by the 15th of second month prior to issue. Adjustments on word count will be made if necessary. The Atlantic reserves the right to refuse advertisements which we consider to be of questionable taste or intent.

All Ads must be prepaid at the time you send in your insertion (If you are ordering more than one insertion, please send full amount to qualify for discount.)

Telephone numbers count as two words
Post Office Box Number count as two words.
Zip code counts as one word. We do not accept Atlantic box numbers at this time. If possible, please send sample or include brochure about product/service being advertised. This step will ensure insertion without delay.

Please write for additional information:

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
Classified Department
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Mass. 02116

resentment are the normal condition of affairs, and talk replaces action. Mr. Peyrefitte supports his case with examples from past history and his own experience. American readers will find some of the latter uncomfortably close to home. A good reason to read the book.

WITCHES by Erica Jong with illustrations by Joseph A. Smith. Abrams, \$19.95. What looks, thanks to the pretty illustrations, like a charming trifle got up for the Hallowe'en trade turns out to be a feminist tract lauding woman as symbol of muse, life force, great goddess, union with nature, and all that. Aroint thee, witch!

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF RAYMOND CHANDLER edited by Frank MacShane. Columbia, \$19.95. Chandler was a very fine letter-writer, because he was an intelligent man who thought seriously, wrote most amusingly, and assumed that his correspondents were as interested as he himself in such topics as the art of writing mysteries, the technique of making movies, the origin of slang terms, or the state of the English language. He once confided to his secretary that in looking over his letters he was sometimes "a little staggered . . . to think I could have been so brilliant for no money. What a pity it is that there is nothing in essay writing. I could have been a very fine essayist. . . ." He was joking, but it was true.

THE PEOPLE'S DOONESBURY by G. B. Trudeau. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$19.95 hard cover, \$10.95 paper. Run as separate, consecutive narratives rather than in the here-to-there ricochet pattern in which they turn up in the daily papers, Mr. Trudeau's cartoons are as maliciously funny and as satirically acute as ever. The presentation, in fact, emphasizes both the subtleties of his seemingly coarse drawing and the skill of his verbal parody.

AMONG THE BELIEVERS by V. S. Naipaul. Knopf, \$15.00.

GREEN THOUGHTS by Eleanor Perényi. Random House, \$15.50.

THE ULTIMATE RESOURCE by Julian Simon. Princeton, \$14.50.

Portions of these books originally appeared in *The Atlantic*, in somewhat different form.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

ATLANTIC CLASSIFIED

LITERARY INTERESTS

BOOK PRINTING—High quality work—low cost. Paperbacks or hard covers. 250 copies up. Write for free catalog and prices. Adams Press, Dept. AA, 30 W. Washington, Chicago, Illinois 60602.

EDITING, REVISING, TYPING manuscripts professionally. Marye Myers, P.O. Box 1019, So. Pasadena, Ca. 91030.

BOOK PUBLISHING—manuscripts and inquiries invited. Fiction, nonfiction and poetry. Free AUTHORS' GUIDE TO PUBLICATION. Write Dorrance & Company, Dept. M, 35 Cricket Terrace, Ardmore, PA 19003

For Free-Lance Writers

Honest instruction in writing for publication: THE WRITER, the monthly magazine with articles by leading authors and editors; plus up-to-the-minute lists telling where to sell manuscripts. \$14 a yr. For trial 5-month sub., mail \$5.50 to THE WRITER, 8-A Arlington St., Boston, MA 02116.

WRITING, EDITING, STATISTICS—Professional, confidential. Describe your assignment! RESEARCH UNLIMITED, Lockbox 300, Dayton, Washington 99328 (509) 382-2545.

Professional writing, editing, research. M&T Associates, Box 8366, Chicago, 60680. (312) 327-2582

THE MAN WHO ORCHESTRATED THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES (\$10) George Richert, Box 719, Bridgehampton, NY 11932.

\$300+ for short fiction. STORIES, 358 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, MA 02115.

BELLE'S LETTERS, a country journal: "funny, delightful." Subscription \$6. yr. Ma Belle, 1000 F Street, Petaluma, CA 94952

Trouble completing your manuscript? Problems with clarity, organization, writing technique? Blocked? We can help. Fair Copy Editorial Consultation. 420 28th St., San Francisco, CA 94131.

WANTED—Manuscripts for publishing. Write Gold Nugget Enterprises* Waukon, Iowa

EDITING. Fiction and non-fiction, general, academic and business. Expert in economics, statistics, mathematics, education, law enforcement, criminal corrections, drama. D. Datz, 762 No. El Centro Ave., L.A., CA 90038. (213) 461-9756. Messages: (213) 462-6565.

Short articles sell easily! Free booklet. Cooke, 58-a Madsen, Beaconsfield, Que. H9W 4T7

POETRY WANTED—GOOD MATERIAL FOR POSSIBLE INCLUSION IN QUALITY COOPERATIVE VOLUME. ENCLOSE SASE. EDITOR, BOX 447A, SKYFOREST, CA 92385

PROFESSIONAL RESEARCH, WRITING, EDITING—All fields!—Quality guaranteed!—Prompt, confidential.—Box 25916A, Los Angeles, 90025. (213) 477-8226.

SELL YOUR POEMS. STORIES. Instructional Material \$3.00, Publications, Box 483-A, Murfreesboro, North Carolina 27855.

PUBLISHING with a 'subsidy' publisher! Wait! We place books with 'regular' publishers on a subsidy basis. WORDSWORTH LITERARY AGENCY, Garnerville, N.Y. 10923

LITERARY INTERESTS

"I live my extraordinary life. I never tell your wife." *Thank You Michelangelo: Love Poems To A Married Man*. 80 p. \$5.95 plus \$1.00 postage & handling, prepaid. Rose Mary Prosen, Publisher, Box 506, 2300 Overlook Road, Cleveland Heights, Ohio 44106.

WRITER'S RETREAT, Northern California Redwood Coast, Secluded, Elegant, Reasonable: Week/Month, P.O. Box 5215, Scottsdale, Az 85260 (602) 948-2466

BOOKS

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 18, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, N.Y. 14619.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. YKK, 84 Fifth Avenue New York 10011.

INSTANT MEMORY . . . NEW WAY TO REMEMBER. Forgetting No Memorization. Release your PHOTOGRAPHIC memory. Stop forgetting! Free information, Institute of Advanced Thinking, 845-AT Via Lapaz, Pacific Palisades, California 90272.

GOOD USED BOOKS—WIDE VARIETY. intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction, social sciences, literature, misc. subjects. Send dollar for listing of 20,000 titles and prices. Editions. Desk AM, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

BRITISH PAPERBACKS. Free catalogue from BOOKS INTERNATIONAL, Box 523, Southampton, Bermuda

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS, BARGAIN BOOKS. 2,000 titles, all subjects! Free catalog: Hamilton's, 98-65 Clapboard, Danbury, CT. 06810

IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN TRUE HAPPINESS call TOLL-FREE 800/323-1717, Operator 37 (in Illinois 800/942-8881) to order your FREE, 150-page book, or write ECKANKAR, Dept. 99, Box 3100, Menlo Park, CA 94025.

DISCOUNT BOOKS — 20% OFF POSTPAID
Audubon, Peterson, Sierra Club, Time-Life, Garden Way & Other Gardening, Nature & Soft-Tech. Send Title, Author & list price less 20% (Add 5% in MD), allow 4-6 wks.

Earth & Works
8135 Ball Rd., Frederick MD 21701

SELF-IMPROVEMENT LIBRARY. CHOOSE FROM 400 TITLES. MANDERS, 474 ADAIR, LONG BEACH, CA 90805

EDUCATED AND CAN'T SPELL? Join the crowd! Send for Gilboy's SPELL IT FAST—a great idea from Acropolis Books Ltd. Better than a dictionary. 25,000 words organized in 60 common categories. \$7.50 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Dept. AM111, P.O. BOX 14472, Chicago, IL 60614

EXPLORE THE WORLD OF PAPERBACKS !! Discount prices. Exciting selection. Bestsellers, mysteries, novels, non-fiction. Fast delivery. Special introductory offer! Illustrated catalog, \$1.00. BOX 1473, Madison, Wisconsin 53701

The Elbert Hubbard I Knew by Mary Hubbard Heath. 1929, The Roycrofters, East Aurora, NY. I have reprints, few changes, but fresh appraisal of Hubbard's remarkable life. Clark W. Heath, 119 Phillips Ave., Rockport, MA 01966. \$12.50

BOOKS

Billions in Federal and Foundation Funds! Obtain your share by learning the secrets of *WRITING SUCCESSFUL PROPOSALS*. \$7.98, Durand International, P.O. Box 925, Lynwood, CA, 90262.

PUBLICATIONS

INSPIRATIONAL REVIEW. New concepts for a better life! Free information. Box 5610-AT, Los Angeles 90055.

CARIBBEAN-WATCHERS! Probing monthly newsletter covering region since 1970. Special \$15 yearly. Samples \$1. Caribbean News, 516-B Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036.

MIDDLE-CLASS TAXPAYER: Publication designed for you. Tax law update; deductions of particular interest; investments. \$3. MCT, Box 11973, Tucson, AZ 85734.

JOKES FOR SPEAKERS!

Topical Joke-Bulletin with approx. 100 funny one-liners, stories and roast-lines. Created by top Hollywood comedy writers. Ideal for Business and Club meetings, Banquets, etc. Humorize your speech for any audience; any occasion. Current issue, \$6.50. Send check or m.o. to:

JOKES UN-LTD.
1357 Miller Dr., Dept. C-1, Hollywood, Calif. 90069

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS

ANY OUT OF PRINT BOOK LOCATED. No obligation. Spinelli, 32 Elmwood, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15205

YESTERDAY'S BOOKS LOCATED, no obligation. OUT-OF-STATE BOOK SERVICE, Box 3253X, San Clemente, CA 92672-1053

LOOKING FOR A BOOK? FREE BOOK SEARCH IF NOT IN OUR LARGE STOCK. WRITE GEORGIA B. HAXTON BOOKS P.O. BOX 503 PERRY, OKLA. 73077

OUT OF PRINT BOOKFINDER. BOX 86AT, EUREKA, CA. 95534-0086 SEND WANTS

BOOKPLATES

FREE color catalog offers scores of hard-to-find home library accessories. Antioch Bookplate Company, Box 28HH, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

MUSIC

FREE Catalog! Harpsichords, harps, lutes, hammered or Appalachian dulcimers, banjos, mandolins. Completed or kits. HDC, 4419 West Colfax, AM, Denver, Colorado 80204.

Release your natural musical genius! The 12th Key Approach on cassette revolutionizes piano instruction with an original ear-touch formula. Write: 1259 El Camino, Suite 1620, Menlo Park, CA 94025.

500,000+ FILMUSIC SOUNDTRACK LPS! Catalogue—\$1.00. Soundtrack Valueguide—\$5.50. RTST, BOX 687, Costamesa, California 92627

ART

Art Lovers: Lithographic poster recreations! Free brochure: Posters, Box 573-AM, Hicksville, N.Y. 11801

ART

Indian Art Collectors! Genuine Navajo Rugs. An appreciating investment in Native American Art. Complements any decor. Southwestern Lifestyles, P.O. Box 909-A, Glendale, Arizona 85311



HAND-DECORATED FRAMES & MIRRORS
 Mattes cut to your specifications.
 A Complete Home Framing Service!
 Color Catalog: \$1.00 (refundable with order).
 The WallWorks RD #1 Box 503, Glens Falls, NY 12801

RECORDS & TAPES

RECORDS-TAPES! Discounts to 73%; all labels; no purchase obligations; newsletter; discount dividend certificates; 100% guarantees. Free details. Discount Music Club, 650 Main St. P.O. Box 2000 Dept. 37-1181, New Rochelle, New York 10801.

GIVE "CHRISTMAS WITH RENEE". Enchanting songs by incredible child star. Picturebook cover. Record \$5.00. M&M-Af. 330 Rampart, LA, Ca. 90017

SERVICES

DUPLICATING, FORWARDING. Efficient personalized lobbying. Reach every interest group in nearby D.C. Free Details. Kathryn Ainsley, Box 3150, Falls Church, VA 22043

GOURMET INTERESTS

FRESH COFFEE, TEA, SPICES. FREE FOLDER. RAMAIYA CLOVE & COFFEE CO. 2934 VICENTE SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94116

GINGERBREAD CHALET! Add holiday enchantment to your home. Easy to use kit. Three models, full scale patterns, manual, decorating ideas, four delicious gingerbread recipes. \$4.75. Gingerbread, Box 606A, McGraw, NY, 13101.

RECIPES

Liquid Smoke, many recipes explaining easy oven barbecuing. E. H. Wright, Box 899, Brentwood, TN 37027.

5 recipes change TOAST into delicious meals. \$2.70 Steward Enterprises, P.O. Box 28357, San Jose, Ca. 95159

What's a MAGENFEDEBER? a delicious dessert cake. Send SASE and 1.00 to WALSH, 24716 Sunset Lane, EL Toro, CA 92630

GREAT EATIN' FROM TEXAS KITCHENS! 5 unusual brunch entrees, \$2, OR 5 exciting Southwestern 1-dish meals, \$2. BOTH sets, \$3. Box 5527A El Paso, TX 79901

Continental Surprise Seafood Cocktail Sauce \$1.00. Truly Different. Box 810, Summerland, CA 93067.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE, always successful. Send \$2.00 SASE SPIRITS & STUFF, BOX 578, ELMWOOD, IL 61529

Enhance your Holiday meals Delicious, home-tested Recipes. Send \$2.50 to H. S. Garland, P.O. BOX 327, Shippensburg, Pa. 17257

FANTASTIC PIZZAS! \$1.00 & SASE. Richlin Enterprises, 11919 Crestwood, Harrison, TN 37341

ZUCCHINI PIE. simple. Looks, tastes beautiful! \$2, SASE, Everyday Gourmet, P.O. BOX 18, Glenham, NY 12527

FORMER FOOD EDITOR—FLORIDA/LOUISIANA Four most asked for Shrimp Recipes. Brunch, Lunch, Hors' d'oeu'vres, Entree. S. A. S. E. \$3.00 to SHRIMP, 638 26th Ave. N., St. Petersburg, FL 33704

LONDON BROIL—Easy, Elegant! \$2.00 SASE: B.E.V., BOX 3384, WICHITA, KS 67201

AUTHENTIC SOURDOUGH bread, biscuits, pancake recipes. Great taste, \$1.00. Jaytee, Box 20272, Salt Lake City, Utah 84120.

RECIPES

CHOCOHOLICS: Creative Crunch; Fantastic Fudge; an unusual, scrumptious pie. \$2.00, SASE, M. Carlson, 11521 Winnetka Road, Glenview, IL 60025

DELICIOUS SIN FOR CHRISTMAS! Best light and dark Christmas cakes we've ever tasted! Easy recipes. Send \$2.00: SIR EPICURE, Box 1683, Station A, Kelowna, B.C. Canada, V1Y 8M3.

BETTER THAN CHINATOWN! Sizzling fresh recipes: "Eight Great Chinese Meals Made Easy"—Send \$3.95 now! Silver Star Publications, Dept. AT4, PORTAL AZ 84632. GUARANTEED.

GRAM'S DOWN MAINE FISH CHOWDER RECIPE. Simply elegant. \$2.00 SASE Recipe Box 3037, Framingham, Massachusetts 01701

EVERYONE wants my unique CARROT CAKE recipe. \$1.00, SASE to Bonnie Petite, 1640 Marlowe, Cincinnati, Ohio 45224.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

MEDICAL SCHOOL in the Dominican Republic. Fully Accredited. Classes taught in English. For information and application: Admissions Office, CIFAS University, Suite C, 12820 Whittier Blvd., Whittier, CA. 90602.

ALTERNATIVE PH.D./ED.D. PROGRAMS FOR THE ACTIVE PROFESSIONAL Complete your individualized doctorate in one or more years with a four week summer residency and personally guided research semesters. Free catalog.

WALDEN UNIVERSITY Dept. A
 801 Anchor Rd. Dr. 591 Camino de la Reina, #814
 Naples, FL 33940 San Diego CA 92108

Approved by the Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of California as an institution whose "Curriculum is consistent in quality with curricula offered by established universities", and fully licensed by the Florida State Board of Independent Colleges and Universities.

NONRESIDENTIAL UNIVERSITY DEGREES

Bachelors, Masters, Doctorates, for the accomplished individual. State-authorized, inexpensive, efficient. Richard L. Crews, M.D., President

COLUMBIA PACIFIC UNIVERSITY
 150 Shoreline, Suite 8011 • Mill Valley, CA 94941
 Call Toll Free USA: 800-227-1617, ext. 480
 California Only: 800-772-3545, ext. 480

EDUCATION

HELP YOUR CHILD DO BETTER IN SCHOOL! Our new, easy-to-use manual contains a year's work in the basics. Available grades K-6. Get involved now in his education! Free information. New Leaf Enterprises, P.O. Box 218A, Bethlehem, Pa. 18016.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES by mail. Legitimate, prestigious, inexpensive, fast. Free details. Dr. John Bear, 9301-AU North Highway One, Mendocino, California 95460.

AUDIO-FORUM®

offers the best in self-instructional foreign language courses using audio cassettes, featuring those used to train U.S. State Dept. personnel in Spanish, French, German, Japanese, Arabic, Chinese, Greek, and many others.

Learn a foreign language on your own! Free catalog.

Call or write Audio-Forum, Dept. P-06
 On The Green, Guilford, CT. 06437
 (203) 453-9794

ASSOCIATIONS

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. Information: AM, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, PA 18036

HEALTH

Vitamin C-B Complex—our specialty! Are you sure you are taking the right product and the correct dosage? For information, SASE to T.A.D. Corporation, Box 193, Fair Haven, N.J. 07701

DON'T STOP SMOKING. Not until you know the facts. Independent study analyzes the 12 most popular methods. Send \$5.50 to Smoke Report, National Research Group, 614 Riverview, Suite 101, Capitola, CA 95010.

FINGERNAIL FUNGUS? Inexpensive natural cure. \$10. HMC, Box 325-P, Rocky Hill, NJ 08553.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

ROCKY MOUNTAIN EMPLOYMENT NEWSLETTER!! Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming!! Current openings—all occupations!! Write for free details: Intermountain-2C, 3506 Birch, Cheyenne, WY 82001.

USE YOUR FOREIGN LANGUAGE to get a better job. Factual, comprehensive book. \$6.00. Columbia Language Services, Department 23, Box 28365, Washington, DC 20005

ADULT LAYMEN JOIN PROFESSIONAL ARCHEOLOGISTS IN WINTER LABORATORY STUDY OF PREHISTORIC REMAINS. Center for American Archeology, Box 1499, Evanston, Illinois 60204 312-492-5300

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT

Men! Women! Jobs on Ships. American, Foreign. Worldwide travel. Guide \$3.00. Seafax, Dept. W-2, Box 2049, Port Angeles, Wash. 98362.

OVERSEAS—ALL OCCUPATIONS! Complete information plus Worldwide Directory—\$3.00. Opportunities, Box 19107-YY, Washington, DC 20036.

A-U-S-T-R-A-L-I-A . . . N-E-W Z-E-A-L-A-N-D WANT YOU!!—JOBS!!—PAID TRANSPORTATION!!—NEW REPORT!!—\$2—MONEYBACK GUARANTEE!!—"AUSTRALIA COMMISSION," 894-H11 NATIONAL PRESS BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20045

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT . . . \$20,000—\$60,000+. All Occupations! Free Report! Employment International, Box 29217-YY, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

JOBS OVERSEAS . . . (including Alaska). Free Details. Global Employment, Box 808-V, National City, California 92050.

OVERSEAS JOBS—NOW HIRING! 66 Countries. Top pay. Free transportation. Tax benefits. Latest Computerized reports \$2.00. Jobworld, Box 681-YY, Cypress, CA 90630.

AUSTRALIA—NEW ZEALAND! Big pay! Countless jobs! All occupations. Free transportation. Latest Employer listings \$2.00. Austco, Box 772-YY, Cypress, CA 90630.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

STAY HOME! EARN MONEY addressing envelopes. New Genuine offer 15¢. Lindco, 3636-AM Peterson, Chicago, 60659

ERASE DEBTS with little-known law—CREATE wealth!! Details FREE! Blueprints (#HH11), Box 100, LaGrangeville, NY 12540

ENJOY MAKING BUMPERSTICKERS—Inexpensive kit—Easy, Profitable, Portable. Free Details. POB 22791 (AE), Tampa, FL 33622.

MAILORDER OPPORTUNITY! Start profitable home business without experience or capital. Write for free book, case histories, plus details. No obligation. Mail Order Associates, Inc., Dept. 538, Montvale, NJ 07645.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

IMPORT-EXPORT opportunity, profitable world-wide, mail order business from home, without capital. We ship plan for no risk examination. Experience unnecessary. Free Report. Mellinger, Dept. M108B, Woodland Hills, California 91367

FREE! 5 monthly issues of Opportunity Magazine. Learn the secret to earning extra cash. Issues full of profitable success stories. FREE.

Write Opportunity, Dept. 625, 6 N. Michigan, Chicago, 60602

REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT LANDS... from \$7.50 Acre! Homesites, farming, vacationing, investment! "Government Buyer's Guide" plus nationwide listings—\$2.00. Surplus Lands, Box 19107-YY, Washington, DC 20036.

\$27,500.00 buys furnished home ideal spot of U.S.A., Write: Wahl, 821 Bliss St., Lake Arthur, La. 70549

Montana—Unique gift for Christmas. City lots in Broadview, public water, sewer, 25' x 140', Warranty Deed, title insurance, \$500.00 each, terms available, written verification to your questions, attorneys participation invited. Mrs. Rankin, 1241 Colton, Billings, Mt. 59102—406-259-2162

In Scotland you can own an estate or cottage in gorgeous country at a reasonable price. Write: Millbank Company, Millbank Cottage, Ascog, Isle of Bute, Scotland.

RETIREMENT LIVING

UNIQUE VILLAGE—live independently, inexpensively. Ranch house—only \$115 monthly or \$9,500 Life Lease, plus improvement charges, modest monthly fees. Bristol Village, Waverly, Ohio 45690.

For gracious retirement living, consider KIRKSIDE—in the lovely Catskill Mountain Village of Roxbury, N.Y. The elegant architecture and parklike grounds of this rambling 30-room country house are little changed since the days when it was the summer estate of Helen Gould Shepard, the daughter of financier Jay Gould. Full program of activities. Shops, a library, churches, and a bank are within walking distance. Nearby are cultural activities and golf, tennis, swimming, hiking, skiing, fishing, and hunting. Write: Director, Kirk-side, Dept. A, Roxbury, N.Y. 12474.

VACATION RENTALS

ORLANDO/DISNEY WORLD—condo, sleeps 6, pool, tennis, \$350-\$500 Weekly (617) 965-6235.

WRITE A BOOK

Ideal hideaway house. Rural Jamaica. Modern facilities for two. \$400.00 fortnite, \$695.00 monthly. Hotel beach nearby. Box 18088, San Antonio, Texas 78218.

BEACH HOUSE: ELEUTHERA, BAHAMAS UNDERDEVELOPED ISLAND, TRANQUIL SETTING, beautiful ocean views, fully equipped, one bedroom, accommodates four, \$295-325, weekly. Contact Bailey Conaway, 14888 Triadelphia Road, Glenelg, Maryland, 21737, (301) 442-2676

JAMAICA: Beachfront villa, maid-cook; rural fishing village. Tennis, snorkeling. Pictures: Noel, 141-A Ridgely, Hartford, CT 06112. (203) 247-0759.

TRAVEL

SOUTHWEST SAFARIS: Bushflying—Jeeping—Rafting—Hiking. Natural history expeditions explore remote southwestern frontiers. Geology/Archaeology/Botany. Brochure: P.O. Box 945, Dept. 116, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

REALISTICALLY learn French, French cooking, and wines in comfortable French home in rural BURGUNDY. Small numbers, adults only. For Information "Yteto", Pailly 89140 Pont sur Yonne, France.

TRAVEL

SLEEP CHEAP: 1400 tourist homes where two can stay for as little as \$10. nightly. Directory: \$5.45 postpaid. McBride/Publisher, 157-AM Sisson Hartford, CT 06105

Save 50% on cruises! Our members do. You can too! Details Free. TravLtips Association, Box 188A2, Flushing, NY 11358

FILMS AND COLOR SLIDES

GAF COLORSLIDES Worldwide catalog \$1.00. Worldwide 7427-A Washburn Ave., So. Minneapolis, Minn. 55423

GOVERNMENT SURPLUS

J-E-E-P-S, C-A-R-S FROM \$35.00! — 700,000 ITEMS! — GOVERNMENT SURPLUS — MOST COMPREHENSIVE DIRECTORY AVAILABLE TELLS HOW, WHERE TO BUY — YOUR AREA — \$3 — MONEYBACK GUARANTEE — "SURPLUS INFORMATION SERVICES", BOX 2238-GM11 SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA 93120.

GIFTS

NAVAJO RINGS (Ladies) Authentic, Sky-blue turquoise stones in lovely sterling silver settings. \$23.95 each. Brochure Prompt delivery. The Blue Wind, Box 13, Golden, Colorado 80401.

FREE TOY WITH PERSONALIZED SANTA CHRISTMAS LETTER addressed to your child. Satisfaction Guaranteed!! Send Children's names, addresses and just \$1.00 each letter. Silverbe, Box 218-C, Stonypoint, N.Y. 10980.

AGATE WINDCHIMES, kaleidoscope, full color catalogue of the most artistically designed gifts using agate in the United States. \$2.00 refunded.

THE TOUCHSTONES COLLECTION
P.O. BOX 2068A
Boulder, Colorado, 80306

YOUR CHILD'S the hero in personalized, enlightened story book. \$5.00. Send child's name, address, birthdate to LIZAWORDS, PO Box 874, Clermont, Fl., 32711.

UNUSUAL GIFTS

The **Winter Bicycle** *It's a Kick*
The traditional cross-country sled from Norway. It's versatile, practical & fun. Be the first in your neighborhood to own one! Children love them. Adults think they're a kick.

Send for FREE Brochure today!

CARDON, Inc. Dept. 95 Arlington, WI 53911

A Great Gift Too!

MISCELLANY

COLLECTING MILITARY MEDALS? List 50¢. Vernon, Box 387A, Baldwin, N.Y. 11510

LITERATE T-SHIRTS

Virginia Woolf, Sartre, Shakespeare, Thoreau, Cheshire Cat, White Rabbit, Beethoven, Freud, Austen, Sherlock Holmes, Tolkien, Poe, Twain, Nietzsche, Bach, Rasputin, Trollope, Kerouac, Van Gogh, Da Vinci, Robert E. Lee, others.

Sizes S, M, L, XL. T-shirt: (white, light blue, or red) \$10. 4/\$36. Sweatshirt: (grey) \$17. 2/\$30. Apron: \$11. 2/\$20. Shipping: 75¢ per piece. Canadians remit \$US. Illustrated brochure: 75¢.

Historical Products, Box 220YB Cambridge, MA 02238



VENI, VIDI, NON-VICI. Search for truth, serious and humorous, discussing: law, medicine, arts, etc. Send \$3.00 to: Adolph Sandole, 1619 Broadway, New York, New York 10019.

WIDE NECKTIES NARROWED to 2" or 3" width. Send 3 ties and \$12.50 to SLIM TIES COMPANY, Dept. I, 44 Monterey, S.F., CA. 94131.

Penfriends-England-USA, Make lasting friendships through correspondence. Send age, interests. Free reply. Harmony: Box 89AM, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11235.

MISCELLANY

SMILEY SMAD® SEAL gives you a math smile. In bright color; 3/4" round. Parents/teachers/students love 'em. You will too! 100 seals \$2.00 (+6% tax in Calif.). Send check/m.o. Smiley, 5621 Peabody St., Long Beach, Calif. 90808.

HANDCRAFTED PORCELAIN COMMUTER MUG for car office \$10.00 Catalog \$1.00 refundable Cruikshank, 328 Pope, Dept. A, Menlo Park, CA 94025

BASEBALL CARDS WANTED Check your attic! Buying baseball cards 1976 and before. \$2.00 for illustrated buying price list. Baseball cards, P.O. BOX 974, Groton, MA 01450

DO YOU WANT this to happen—Creationism taught as science, religious tests for public employees, censorship of books by Church Boards, abortion and contraception labelled acts of murder, government control of sexual behavior, favoritism for elites? These are goals of the ultra-right and Moral Majority who recognize humanism as their enemy. The Humanist features constructive alternatives and what individuals can do. It spearheads philosophical and religious diversity, public education, population restraints, ERA, conservation, energy frontiers, international solutions, including creative controversy by the famous and the anonymous. A lively hard to put down bimonthly that provides intellectual enjoyment. Subscription, \$12. The Humanist, Dept. ATM, 7 Harwood Dr., Amherst, N.Y. 14226

FINE ARTS NETWORK helps cultured singles find each other. Nationwide. Music, literature, art lovers. Free information with SASE. Box 4714AM, Cleveland, OH 44126.

GET OUT OF YOUR JEANS!

HEAVY COTTON DRAWSTRING PANTS
Durable Comfort in: Natural • Sky Blue • Navy
Russet • Plum • Black
State Hip/Waist Measurements
— \$15 postpaid —
Free Catalogue and Swatches
BEVA. A COTTAGE INDUSTRY
BOX AZT, BURKITTVILLE, MD 21718

HELP ENLARGE MY COLLECTION of mnemonic words, verses, and phrases. HOMES for the Great Lakes; ROY G. BIV for rainbow colors; etc. Send me your favorites. All contributions greatly appreciated, including technical and foreign. Norm Webb, 3415 S.E. 34th Circle, Troutdale, Oregon 97060.

CRAFT MARKETING HANDBOOK* Della Costa-5 Captain Richard Lane, Fort Salonga, New York 11768 \$1.75.

SWEDENBORG BEGINS WHERE RAYMOND MOODY ENDED. Report \$1. Swedenborg Information, Bryn Athyn, Pa. 19009

NEW. EXCITING RUBBER STAMP COLLECTION!! Hundreds of unusual designs. Catalog—\$1.50. Great Atlantic Stampworks, P.O. Box 172-M, Woods Hole, MA 02543.

AMAZING, PRACTICAL—Organized self-knowledge, self-direction. PERSONAL AWARENESS SYSTEM, \$5.00, Box 64, Cherryfield Road, Drayden, MD 20630.

T-SHIRTS
from everywhere!

Production overrun printed T-shirts from colleges, resorts, events, promotions and advertisers from all over the U.S!
Sample T-shirt \$2.00 p.p.d. Specify size: S M L XL
Free brochure **American Mills Sportswear**
Box 173L, Winchester, MA. 01890

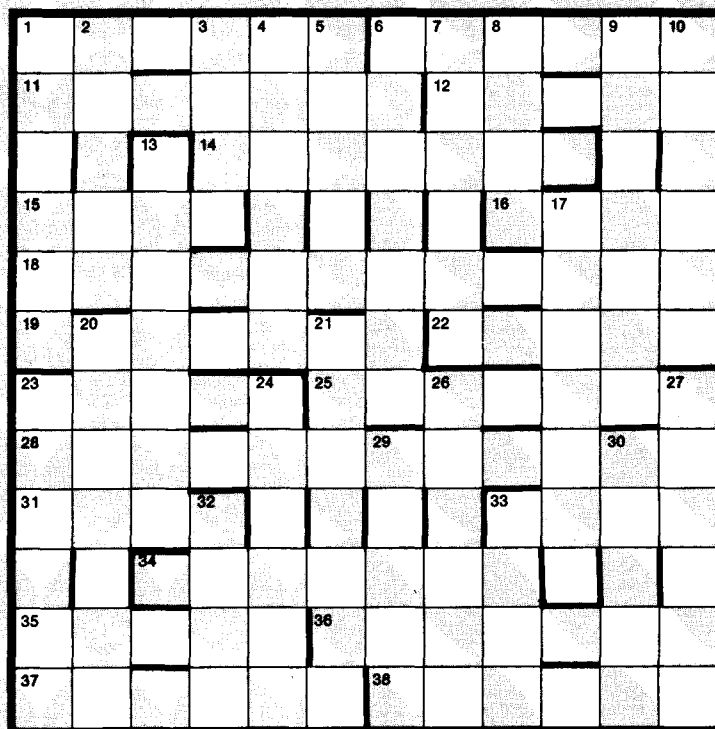
THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

LETTER BOXES

Answers to clues in this puzzle must have their letters sorted for entry, with vowels in order of occurrence being filed into white boxes and consonants likewise into shaded boxes. Answers include three proper nouns. Punctuation may be used deceptively.

*The solution to last month's
Puzzler appears on page 90.*



ACROSS

1. Make vowel in box (6)
6. Visitor from space has the shape of a doughnut, 3.28 feet around (6)
11. Rodents injected with appropriate virus (7)
12. Refusal to live shrouds one woman in constant tears (5)
14. Get lost, with map mistakenly going through wash (7)
15. Flush broken up by ace turned costly (4)
16. Most certainly a little red fly (4)
18. Young foreign woman having produced white wine, I accepted (12)
19. Plain but short woman (7)
22. I wander around with New Zealand native (5)
23. Offend with material (5)
25. For films, it's Kael's *Reeling* (7)
28. Rousing viola playing is full of pride (12)

31. Regressive English fellow's title (4)
33. Excellent, excellent drink (4)
34. Shudders after first error with guilt (7)
35. Fur on one mammal (5)
36. Drive past mounted cavalryman (7)
37. Tomboy is at home in sport (6)
38. Course goes east, then north by part of a forest (6)

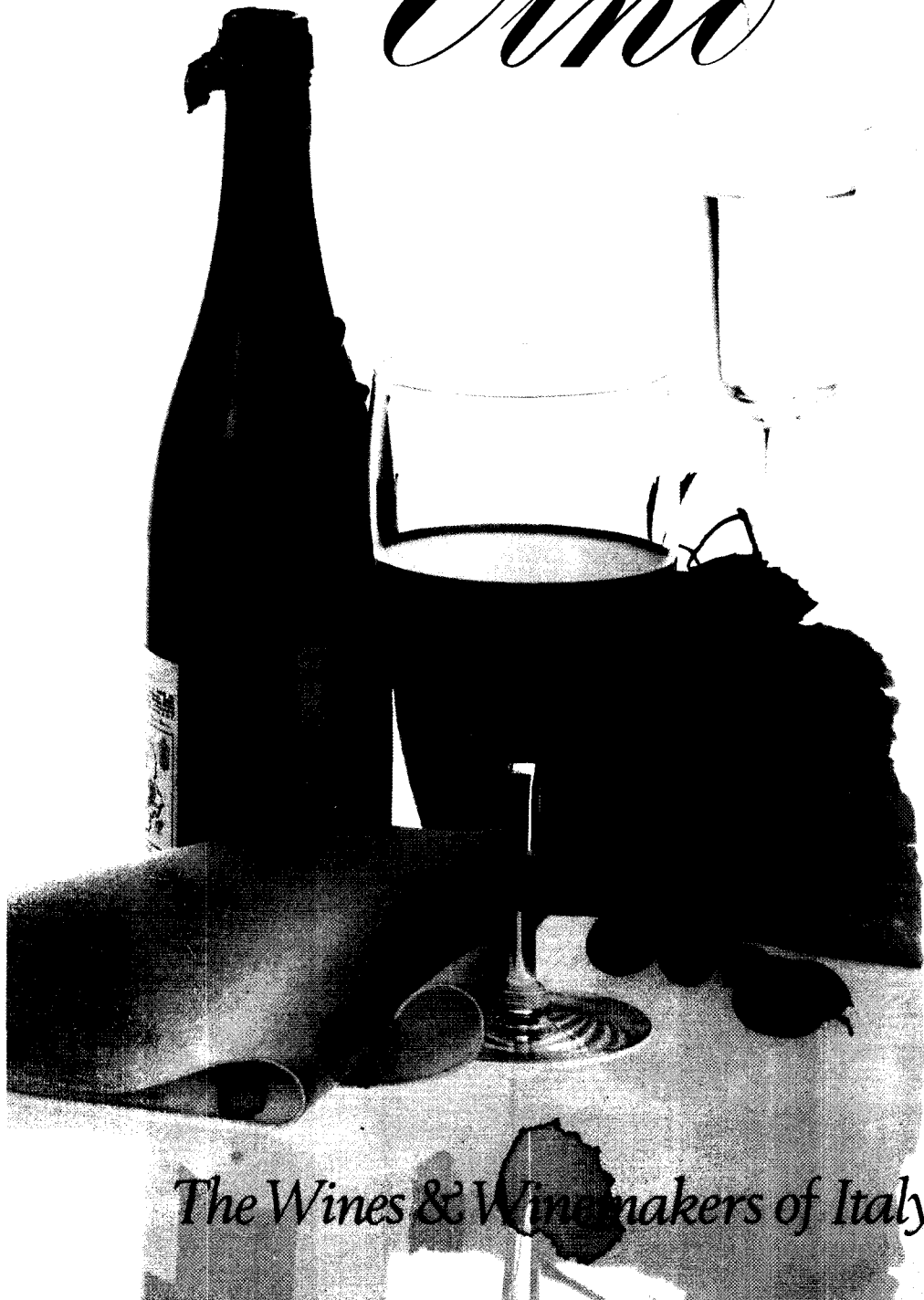
DOWN

9. Dance competition includes our number at the end (7)
10. Afterward (about one) returned to work as a salesperson (6)
13. Money collected from flat in Parisian street (7)
17. Boor pockets fine ring and watch (7)
20. Depression expert has a remedy (7)
21. Forbidden time to answer, complained loudly (7)
23. Amazon River enters by way of pass (6)
24. Jewel in one constellation (6)
26. Heard chief folk songs (6)
27. Peg caught by Susan lying (6)
29. Memorize Shakespearean role by the third of June (5)
30. Norse sailing man in Spain (5)
32. Overturning prison sentence, discharge (4)
33. Oxygen's found in lush black dirt (4)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, write to The Atlantic Reprint Department, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

BURTON ANDERSON

Vino



The Wines & Winemakers of Italy

\$19.95

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE NOW

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

Little, Brown

=NEW 100's!= Merit Ultra Lights.



**Only one ultra
light 100's gives
you the Merit
taste idea.**

**New Merit Ultra
Lights 100's—only
5 mg tar.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

5 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method

© Philip Morris Inc. 1981